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Christmas Shopping

Each one of us plays Santa Claus
With parcels full of cheer;
May our gifts bind fast the friendships
We have garnered through the year.
—P. D.-B.

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CLIQUES *Ruin* OUR SPORTS

Joan Hartigan's Plain Talk on "Snobs" of the Playing Fields

Why should Australian sports and recreations be spoilt by petty little cliques?

There are social snobs who want to play only with "nice people"; there are superior players who scornfully refuse to play with those they consider inferior.

Both types are found in nearly every tennis club, dividing players into antagonistic or warring groups.

Miss Joan Hartigan, leading Australian and international tennis player, deals with this provocative subject in a plain, outspoken way in the following article.

As a brilliant participator in a game that has more actual players than any other, and a world traveller who has won interclub, interstate and international records, Miss Hartigan writes with a clear knowledge of what goes on behind the scenes, even on our suburban sports fields.

A charming new study of Miss Joan Hartigan.
—Women's Weekly photo.

By JOAN HARTIGAN

THE success of sport depends, firstly, to a great extent, on the management, and, secondly, on the sporting proclivities of the players.

In all ages and all climes men and women have come together in groups for religious, social or sporting activities, and so on.

Sometimes, these groups are ruled by one strong character. More often two or three, possessing qualifications such as strength of character, higher social caste, or on a somewhat lower plane, mere cunning, gather around them a few sycophants.

The result is that what is commonly known as a clique is formed within the sporting association, or even among the players themselves.

Even casual observation will show how often these cliques are developed in social and sporting bodies. Among tennis clubs this sort of thing is found in all grades—but other sports suffer too.

It may be said that on some occasions a clique may really be for the good of the game, but generally speaking, it has a definite adverse influence.

We must assume that a sporting club is formed primarily for recreation purposes.

Such a club, however, has its social contact, and it is in this direction that so often a good deal of bitterness is engendered should a clique or cliques be formed among the players.

Down With the Cliques

THE elimination of these cliques with their attendant evils lies very much in the hands of the club members themselves, says Miss Hartigan.

When it comes to the question of management, the first attributes for the position of an executive body should be the ability of the person to organise and control the affairs of the associated members.

The question of whether that player is the social equal of another should not enter into the matter at all.

Bad Effects

THESE cliques may eventuate in various ways. In the actual field of sport itself the better type of players may gravitate together to benefit their own play by taking part in matches against other players of a similar or higher standard.

This, naturally, affects the poorer player, who is more or less prevented from obtaining an opportunity of competing with players of a higher calibre, and so is precluded from legitimately improving his or her game.

On the other hand, it has happened that a few members, with an undue consciousness of their alleged social superiority, will not play or mix on friendly terms with others whom they look upon as being of an inferior status.

This type of member will not exclude from its ranks altogether the high-class player, but consciously or unconsciously raises a barrier with a player perhaps of inferior type.

One naturally is somewhat sympathetic with a first-class player endeavoring to only compete with the best type of player. On the other hand, it is rather discouraging to those less skilled. Perhaps, may I say, it shows a lack of true sportsmanship on the part of a player in not at least occasionally playing with others whose grade of play may be inferior.

After all, everyone has to make a start. If one looks back on one's own early days of struggling to become a good player it will be found how gratefully appreciated were the opportunities of a game against a better player.

For this reason, I think one should make some small sacrifice in this regard. Ample repayment will be derived from the pleasure one can give.

Social Cliques

ON the social side a clique is generally founded on snobbishness. Such a clique is responsible for a great deal of heart-burnings in our tennis clubs.

This clique puts social status and affairs in the forefront, whereas I think that all members of a sporting club, particularly in the precincts of the pavilion and grounds, should at least meet on common ground.

On the question of the dissension that may arise among players by the formation of these cliques, it can, I think, be definitely stated that a lot of these bickerings and heart-burnings could be avoided by the captain and secretary of a club.

If these men or women are efficient in their jobs one of their first duties should be to see that every member is treated both justly and fairly, irrespective of social standing.

Many a player is robbed of the enjoyment of being a member of a club by it being made apparent that he or she is looked upon as more or less an outsider.

I have no doubt in my mind that with true sportsmanship and tactful people at the helm, a club could not only be made a splendid sporting institution, but also on the social side give a great deal of pleasure to its members.

These are facts which, I think, should be carefully borne in mind by members when selections are made at annual meetings for various office-bearers.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

28.17.27

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

—Rembrandt.

Delegate to Geneva Conference

MANY important industrial matters of interest to women were on the agenda for the International Labor Office Conference, Geneva, last month, to which Mr. G. H. Boykett was an Australian delegate.

He is one of our leading authorities on industrial matters, and has been secretary of S.A. Employers' Federation since its inception in 1907.

Leads Women Democrats

THIS is an age of youthful leaders, and every country is producing young men and women who are zealous for some cause or another.

Mrs. John Galleher, of Leesburg, Virginia, is Director of the Young Women Democrats of America. She is national vice-president of the Young Democratic Clubs, and was one of the advisory committee of fourteen which drew up suggestions for the party platform.

—Dickinson-Montreal.

Twenty-one Years Of It

THE Royal Agricultural Society of Victoria attracts many entries from women exhibitors throughout Australia, the president of which, Sir Charles Merrett, has held office for 21 years.

He is also president of another society for which many women work, the Victorian S.P.C.A., and chairman of several civic organisations, as well as of the combined Empire Societies.

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SHE'S CERTAIN *To Be* DIVORCED!

OUR ARTIST here depicts a woman of the type who is almost a certainty to be divorced according to the description by legal experts.

Types Can Now Be Classified

Lawyers, Doctors and Clergymen Know Them

We often hear of the marrying type—the young man or girl who is steady, domestic, and companionable. But investigators contend that there is also a divorce type, and that this type is becoming more prevalent.

Experienced divorce lawyers know the moment a man or a woman comes into the office whether he or she has come to try to get away from the matrimonial mistakes. Doctors, too, get to know this type of person, and so do clergymen.

HERE is roughly what they think the average divorced people are like:

They are generally childless, between thirty and forty, call themselves modern, are very fond of outside entertainment, and not at all fond of home life and the work involved thereby.

They are not very healthy and not very fond of quiet pursuits like reading and sewing . . though a number of bridge fiends are divorcees.

Doctor, lawyer, and parson admit that there are exceptions to such generalising, especially in the matter of age, for men of ninety have been known to sue for divorce, and girls and youths under twenty.

An eminent English solicitor has made out a table showing the percentage of divorces claimed by each of the professions. The services—Army, Navy, and Air Force—top the list; artistic professions come next, and leisured classes third. Doctors are very far down, and clergymen are last.

He explains these figures by the remark that "Lack of occupation is the father of divorce."

Service husbands and wives have plenty of leisure and are often separated for long periods, hence their falling from grace. The artistic classes work at home and get on each other's nerves.

In his view the leisured classes are not so high on the list as they might be because they have so little to gain by divorce. For one thing they are brought up to accept infidelity.

Doctors and clergymen are at the bottom of the list not because they are more moral or easier to live with than any other classes, but because they would lose their employment if any breath of scandal was known about them.

The high percentage of divorces and separations among the poor he attributes to overcrowding. His theory is that wealth does not bring happiness, but it makes misery less uncomfortable.

Discussing this subject with The Australian Women's Weekly, a leading Australian Divorce Court barrister said that what has been stated about England applies equally here.

Three Golden Rules For Happiness

WOMEN who seek legal advice about their marriages, without actually wanting to dissolve them, are given three golden rules for happiness by one well-known Australian divorce lawyer. He says:

Have at least one child.
Run the home efficiently.
Do not boss or nag.

Girl Bigamists

ALTHOUGH we have very few people in uniform, there are always ships arriving in port with uniformed officers and men. These visitors seem to exercise a peculiar fascination over some of our girls. This applies particularly to the crews of visiting warships.

"It may surprise many people to learn that many Australian girls have committed bigamy after having secretly married visiting sailors," he said. "The sailors have gone, and no one will ever hear of it.

Please turn to Page 8

PIMPLES, FRECKLES

BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, AND ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS, QUICKLY REMOVED BY NEW HOME METHOD

For years I was worried to death with unsightly Freckles and abominable Pimples and Blackheads. Other girls would avoid me. It was impossible for me to attend parties and dances, because both sexes would shun my company.

Whenever I went out I was actually dressed better and looked smarter than most other girls; nevertheless, I always felt miserable. Every cream and powder and lotion that I saw advertised I would try in the hope of removing these distressing blemishes, but one and all proved failures.

My father felt so sorry for me that he took me to France and Germany. During this trip, which occupied six weeks, I underwent the treatment of a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist. Within the first week after I commenced this treatment I noticed a remarkable change, and at the end of four weeks my face was quite clear of all blemishes.

I had about abandoned all hope of ever being able to hold my own in company. You can, therefore, realise my joy on returning to London to have my old friends stop me in the street and exclaim, "How well you look. I would never have known you!"

Since my trip I have never been troubled with my old complaints, because I learned just how to care for my skin.

If you will, therefore, simply send your name and address, with 3d. in stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I will send you free, in a plain, sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all trace of Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, and any other blemishes, by the wonderful method that overcame my troubles.

Remember, it is different to any that you have adopted in the past. It does not consist of cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage rollers, or other implements. No diet—no fasting—nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

Know the happiness of a radiant, smooth, young skin, as do the thankful thousands who have used my method. Write NOW, TO-DAY, while you think of it, to MISS ALMA P. CHALMERS, 94 Pitt Street, Sydney.

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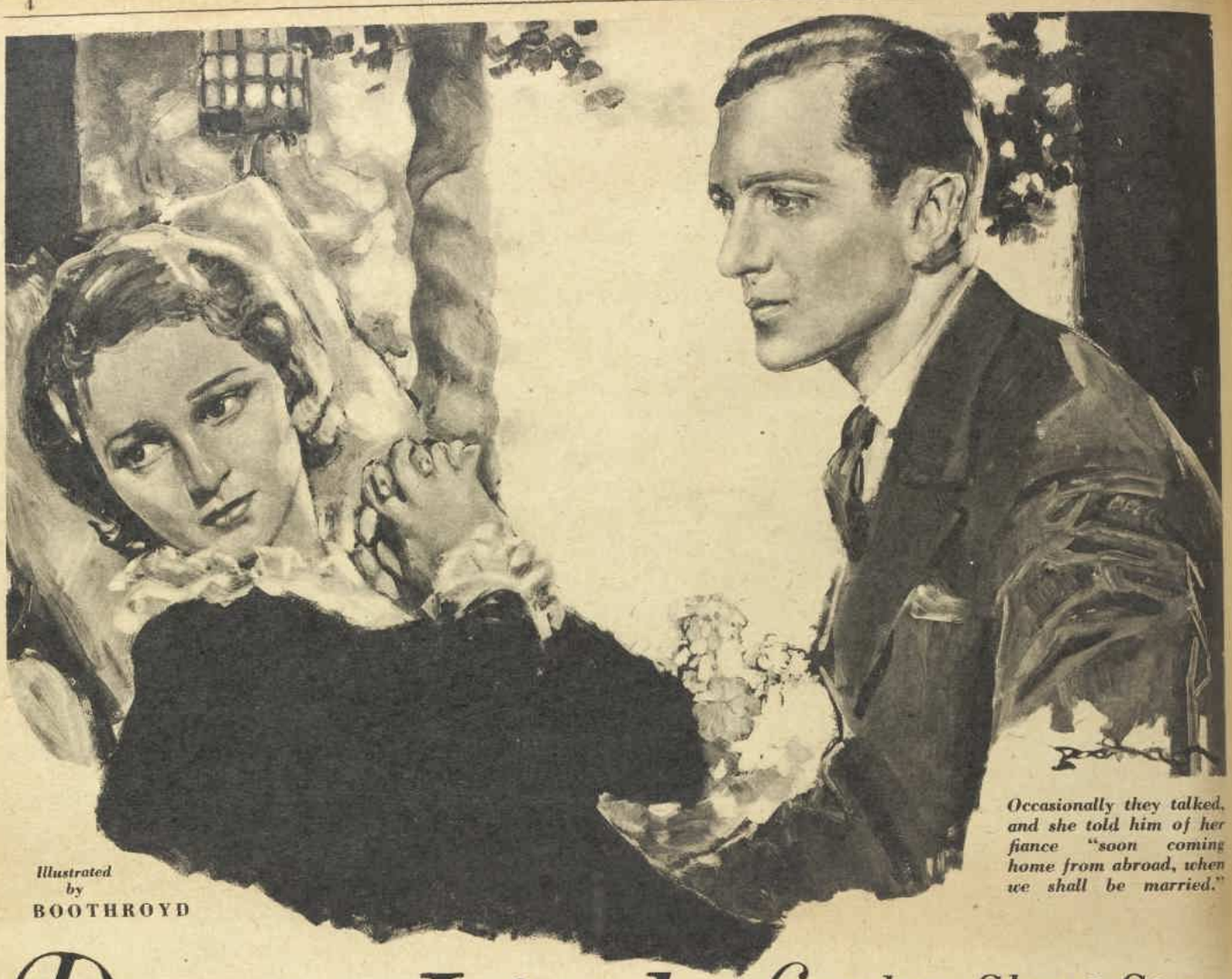

Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

Occasionally they talked, and she told him of her fiance "soon coming home from abroad, when we shall be married."

DEAR *Little* HOUSE

Complete Short Story by.. MAY EDGINTON

HER dream cottage was a roguish little house with a rose across the window. An independent little place standing by itself.

"SUCH a thing simply could not happen, Mr. Thatcher," said Doris, surprised and aghast, "because, you see——"

. . . . . .

The fact that Aubrey had read what Doris had so absently scribbled on her writing pad was unintentional. It was not his habit to peer into the private thoughts of a young woman, though very certainly it had become his habit to look closely and more closely—without exactly being aware of the fact—at Doris.

First of all, he had merely realised that she was the quietest, most reliable and, in spite of her almost total silence, most sympathetic of a sequence of secretaries. Then one gay morning all golden with sunshine, as, staring floorward for inspiration, he dictated a worrisome letter to Ceylon, he had noticed a lovely pair of ankles. It was not his habit to peer at ankles, either, for he was not only a bachelor, but a confirmed bachelor, and set in his ways and modes. But following these ankles upward as he hesitated in choice of a word, he had noted that Doris dressed very nicely, then that the little paw busy with pencil on pad was fragile and white, then that she looked too thin and pale, as if some worm in the bud was feeding on what should have been her damask cheek. Then he saw that her brown hair seemed peculiarly smooth and meek. Then . . .

Aubrey's next thought concerned himself, and might appear irrelevant. It was something like this: "I dare say I look quite old. I wish I'd let them try the Vibro-massage on my scalp. And what Poole's said about my waist measurement last time is certainly true."

These were the last unimportant thoughts that Aubrey allowed himself that morning, for there was the Ceylon correspondence to be got through.

Still, morning follows morning, and soon there was the one when Aubrey walked across his room towards the chair where Doris sat waiting for him. Very slowly and noiselessly—so that she should not hear him and rise—he walked; it was almost as if he wanted to look his fill at this girl, while she remained unaware. Ankles are not the only lures which catch the eyes of men. It is rumored that a certain squarish set of shoulder, neck coslly down into it at the back, while on front the throat rises long like the stalk of a flower, signifies a desirable temperament. Doris, although she was slender and small, had such shoulders, such a neck, and Aubrey was gazing at them while he came softly up behind her, and over her shoulder saw what she was scribbling on her pad dreamily:—

Dear Little House.

Dear little
house.

DEAR LITTLE HOUSE.
dear

She rose, tearing the top sheet from the pad, and stood while he seated himself. "Good morning, Mr. Thatcher," she said, sitting down again. "Good morning, Miss Bellair," he replied. They did the usual monthly letters to Peking.

Wistaria on the Porch

Matured bachelors are seldom nervous with the other sex; they are so ignorant that — like little children — they know not fear. Aubrey had been, but was no longer, such a one. He became conscious of his incipient bald patch, his waist measurement, and of the fact that he had already heard crisp young men on social occasions call him "Sir." Soon they might give him their seats in Tube trains at the rush hours.

In a mood of extreme sensitiveness, therefore, he asked Doris to luncheon.

He gave a dignified reason; that of a certain interest in her career; and he cunningly chose Saturday because that half-holiday they might linger at lunch, for secretaries off duty and bachelors do not have to go home.

"Saturday's a little difficult, Mr. Thatcher," said Doris, diffidently.

It was no use telling her that all his other lunch-times next week were full up. As his secretary, she would know this to be a lie. He clung to Saturday.

"Difficult?" he asked, as diffidently. "Why?"

"On Saturdays I—I go for a walk," she murmured. "I want to take a bus to Ealing, and then to walk down a road called Appleyard Avenue."

"It sounds delightful!" Aubrey cried, "but can't I walk, too?"

And the time was spring.

In passing through the ensuing incomprehensibly dazzling half-hour of Saturday's luncheon at a little restaurant, Aubrey felt it worth while to chronicle quietly within his mind—or to try to do so—his immediate sensations. One was: How little City female workers either eat or expect to eat.

Next he wondered how young women on three pounds ten a week—and no prospect of more as far as Arbuckle and Thatcher, tea-brokers, of Mincing Lane, were concerned—managed to dress so sweetly and be so dignified. Next he was taking Doris, or being taken by her—anyway, he was drifting very happily along—to the nearest omnibus stop for Ealing.

Then they got out at Appleyard Avenue, this small young woman and Mr. Aubrey Thatcher, who really should have been in the heart of Surrey playing golf on a famous links had he been following his regular and pleasant habits; and they began to walk down this road which consisted, so far as Aubrey's impressions were concerned, of two rows of damnable little houses, mostly in pairs, and of a depressing uniformity.

However:—

"Aren't the gardens pretty?" she kept asking as they walked along; and it was foolish, as he realised, to compare these domestic slips of flowering land with the gardens of comfortable houses where sometimes he stayed—week-end "cottages" of rich City men; or some fat vicarage or manor here or there where relations lived.

But at last they came to the end of Appleyard Avenue, at the right-hand corner of which lived a little house behind white palings that needed paint, just as did door and window frames. A wistaria grew on it contentedly; there was a bed of humble roses that needed pruning. It looked, with one of its eyes—a corner window—out over an almost clear space of a bit of valley in which lay what seemed to be actually some little dairy farm.

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Complete SHORT STORY

GREAT Faithful HEART

By.. F.A.M. Webster

Illustrated by FISCHER

Dick was on his feet now, and struggling to reload the rifle. At last it was done, and the rifle-bolt snicked home.

Dick's fist shot out and de Vere Tracey measured his length on the floorboards.

"SHE will live, my son, for the fever has passed. But, if you want her to go on living, you must send her home to England to make the grand recovery. She is very weak, and so wasted with fever."

Father La Touche, of the French Medical Mission, patted Dick Hilton reassuringly upon the shoulder and left the sick-room.

For a while longer the big Englishman sat quite still as he searched the drawn and haggard features of his once lovely Lalage. She was sleeping peacefully enough now, but the white transparency of her skin was such that the very soul of her seemed to shine through the encumbering flesh.

Presently, his head fell forward upon his arms and his shoulders shook. It was all very well for Father La Touche to talk about sending Lalage home to England, but how was he to find the money to do it? Two years ago, when he had brought Lalage as a bride to his East African home, he was a rich man; but the last year had altered all their fortunes. A swarm of locusts had destroyed his crops, an epidemic of rinderpest had devastated his herds, and a recent native rising had ruined his trade. He had been forced to borrow to keep things going, but he fancied that he was now pretty near to the end of his tether.

First, the bank had refused to increase his overdraft, then he had gone to the Mahindi money-lenders; but, recently, even the Hindoos had been pressing him to pay off the arrears of the last half-year's interest.

He sat up, clasping and unclasping his hands in a silent agony. Wasn't there anyone in the whole colony to whom he could turn for help in his hour of bitter need? He might try Da Souza or Ram Gupta, but he was certain that neither half-caste nor Hindoo would agree to increase his debt. There was also de Vere Tracey, amateur big-game hunter in Africa and dilettante man-about-town in England. Rich, handsome, blase de Vere Tracey could help if he would, but would he want to help?

Richard wondered. He had never liked the fellow; but Tracey had always proved himself mighty attentive to Lalage; perhaps he would agree to foot the bill, as it was for her sake. Dick got up and pitched on his pith helmet. He would go across to Tracey's bungalow and put the business before him right away.

He found the man stretched at full-length in a chair, a cheroot glowing beneath his moustache, and a long drink at his elbow.

"'Noon, Hilton," he said languidly, "how's Lalage?"

"Better, thank you, Tracey. She's sleeping now, but it's about Lalage that I've come to talk to you."

The man's eyes narrowed and his lips set themselves in a firmer line. He wondered if this muddle-headed East African farmer-trader had, after all, understood the hidden intentions which lay behind the many little services he had rendered to the charming Lalage, before she fell sick.

"Well?" he queried. "I'm listening."

For a moment longer Dick Hilton hesitated and stammered. At last he burst out:

"Look here, Tracey, it's this way: Father La Touche says that Lalage will never get really fit again until she goes home to England for a long holiday. It is, in fact, a matter of life and death, but I'm so utterly broke that I can't even raise the passage money, let alone the fees that will be required if she is to go to a proper nursing home, until she is fully convalescent."

Tracey did not raise his eyes, as he flicked the ash from his cigar.

"Well?" he drawled.

"Well," Dick repeated desperately, "I was wondering if you could see your way to putting up the amount that's needed?"

"Why should I? What's to be the quid pro quo?"

"Make it a matter of business," Hilton mumbled, "things are on the mend now. If we don't get another pest of locusts, or more rinderpest, the farm will pay all right. I'd be able to pay you back in a couple of years, and meantime you can charge me any interest you like to name."

"Any interest I like to name, eh? I wonder if you mean that?"

"Mean it? Of course, I do!" Dick answered eagerly.

Tracey's heels hit the floor with a crash, as he swung his long limbs out of the chair. He rose to his feet and stood staring straight into the eyes of his visitor.

"All right," he said evenly, "Lalage isn't well enough to travel alone. I'll take her home for you. I'll give her every comfort and every luxury that money can buy; but, later on, when she's well and strong again, you mustn't prove difficult if it turns out that we've got fond of each other. It might happen, you know. Anyway those are my terms, and it's up to you whether you take them or leave them. It's a sporting chance, whichever way you look at it, and I'm prepared to make the gamble."

NOT a muscle of the man's face moved, as he made his amazing proposal, but he stood nicely balanced on his feet, and his muscles were half-tensed, as he saw the blazing fury flame up in the blue eyes that stared back at him.

Dick's hard, heavy fists clenched and unclenched themselves, a slight shudder ran through him and he swallowed convulsively, but he mastered his rising passion by a superhuman effort of will. Twice he strove to speak, but finally swung round on his heel and walked away without a word.

As a bachelor, Dick Hilton would have faced his difficulties with a grim smile, and have been free of them long before this. But he had won lovely Lalage, whom a hundred men had courted and a hundred more desired, and he had brought her out here to African loneliness. For her he had worked, for her borrowed, and for her he was prepared to sin, aye, even to the selling of his immortal soul. For the insurance of her happiness and well-being he knew that there could be no sacrifice too great.

And so, when he reached home and found her waking, he went straight to the point, as is ever the way of such blunt natures, although in his own mind he deemed himself most wondrous diplomatic.

"Lalage, darling," he began, as he seated himself at the bedside and took her frail, ivory-white fingers between his great, mahogany-red hands, "how do you feel about Hubert Tracey? I mean to say, is he the type of man you could like tremendously?"

To his amazement she withdrew her hand as quickly as her strength would allow, and then, as she turned her face to the wall, he saw, with an ever-growing, horrified wonder, that a deep blush was stealing up from the white ivory of her bosom to the pure curve of throat and cheek.

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Eustacie's wild night ride through the country with the injured Ludovic. A thrilling incident in this absorbing serial.

A Brilliant New Serial

TALISMAN RING

CHAPTER 1

SIR TRISTRAM SHIELD, arriving at Lavenham Court in the wintry dusk, was informed at the door that his great-uncle was very weak, not expected to live many more days out. He received these tidings without comment, but as the butler helped him to take off his heavy-caped driving-coat he inquired in an unemotional voice: "Is Mr. Lavenham here?"

"At the Dower House, sir," replied the butler, handing the coat and the high-crowned beaver hat to a footman. He nodded austere dismissal to this underling, and added with a slight cough: "His lordship has been a little difficult, sir. So far his lordship has not received Mr. Lavenham."

He paused, waiting for Sir Tristram to inquire after Mademoiselle de Vauban. Sir Tristram, however, merely asked to be conducted to his bedchamber, that he might change his dress before being admitted to his great-uncle's presence.

The butler, as well aware as everyone else at the Court of the reason of Sir Tristram's sudden arrival, was disappointed at this lack of interest, but reflected that Sir Tristram, after all, had never been one to show what he was thinking. He led the way in person across the hall to the oak stairway and went with Sir Tristram up to the Long Gallery. Here, on one side, portraits of dead Lavenhams hung, and on the other tall, square-headed mullioned windows looked south over a well-timbered park to the Downs. The silence of the house was disturbed by the rustle of a skirt and the hasty closing of a door at one end of the gallery. The butler had a shrewd suspicion that Mademoiselle de Vauban, more curious than Sir Tristram, had been waiting in the gallery to obtain a glimpse of him. As he opened the door into one of the bedchambers he cast a glance at Shield, and said:

"His lordship has seen no one but the doctor, sir—once, and Mam-zelle Eustacie, of course."

That dark, harsh face told him nothing.

"Yes?" said Shield.

It occurred to the butler that perhaps Sir Tristram might not know why he had been summoned into Sussex. If that were so there was no saying how he might take it. He was not an easy man to drive, as his great-uncle had found more than once in the past. Ten to one there might be trouble.

Sir Tristram's voice interrupted these reflections.

"Send my man up to me, Porson, and inform his lordship of my arrival," he said.

THE butler bowed and withdrew. Sir Tristram walked over to the window and stood looking out over the formal gardens to the woods beyond, still dimly visible through the gathering twilight. There was a sombre frown in his eyes, and his mouth was compressed in a way that made it appear more grim than usual. He did not turn when the door opened to admit his valet, accompanied by one footman carrying his cloak-bag, and another bearing two gilded candelabra which he set down on the dressing-table. The sudden candlelight darkened the prospect outside. After a moment Shield came away from the window to the fireplace and stood leaning his arm along the high mantelshelf, and looking down at the smouldering logs.

The footmen drew the curtains across the windows and went softly away. Jupp, the valet, began to unpack the contents of the cloak-bag, and to lay out upon the bed an evening coat and breeches of mulberry velvet, and a Florentine waistcoat. Sir Tristram stirred the logs in the grate with one top-booted foot. Jupp glanced at him sideways, wondering what was in the wind to make him look so forbidding.

"You'll wear powder, sir?" he suggested, setting the pouncet-box and the pomatum down on the dressing-table.

"No."

Jupp sighed. He had already learned of Mr. Lavenham's presence at the Dower House. It seemed probable that the Beau might come up to the Court to visit his cousin, and Jupp, knowing how skilled was Mr. Lavenham's gentleman in the arrangement of his master's locks, would have liked, for his pride's sake, to have sent his own master down to dinner properly curled and powdered. He said nothing, however, but knelt down to pull off Sir Tristram's boots.

Half an hour later Shield summoned by Lord Lavenham's valet, walked down the gallery to the great chamber, and went in unannounced.

The room, wainscoted with oak and hung with crimson curtains, was warmed by a leaping fire and lit by as many as fifty candles in branching candelabra. At the far end a vast four-poster bed was set upon a slight dais. In it, banked up with pillows, covered with a quilt of flaming brocade, wearing an exotic bedgown, and the powdered wig without which no one but his valet could ever remember to have seen him, was old Sylvester, Ninth Baron Lavenham.

Sir Tristram paused on the threshold, dazzled momentarily by the blaze of unexpected light. The grimness of his face was lessened by a slight, sardonic smile as his eyes took in the magnificence and the color about him. "Your death-bed, sir?" he inquired.

A thin chuckle came from the four-poster.

"My death-bed," corroborated Sylvester, with a twinkle.

Sir Tristram walked across the floor to the dais. A wasted hand on which a great ruby ring glowed was held out to him. He took it, and stood holding it, and looking down into his great-uncle's parchment-colored face, with its hawk-nose and bloodless lips, and its deep-sunk brilliant eyes. Sylvester was eighty, and dying, but he still wore his wig and his patches, and clasped in his left hand his snuff-box and laced handkerchief.

Sylvester returned his great-nephew's steady look with one of malicious satisfaction.

"I knew you'd come," he remarked. He withdrew his hand from the light clasp about it, and waved it towards a chair which had been set on the dais. "Sit down." He opened his snuff-box and dipped in his finger and thumb.

"When did I see you last?" he inquired, shaking away the residue of the snuff and holding an infinitesimal pinch to one nostril.

Sir Tristram sat down, full in the glare of a cluster of candles set on a torchere pedestal. The golden light cast his profile into strong relief against the crimson velvet bed curtains. "It must have been about two years ago, I believe," he answered.

Sylvester gave another chuckle.

"A lovely family, ain't we?" He shut his snuff-box and dusted his fingers with his handkerchief. "That other great-nephew of mine is here," he remarked abruptly.

"So I've heard."

"Seen him?"

"No."

"You will," said Sylvester. "I shan't."

"Why not?" asked Shield, looking at him under his black brows.

"Because I don't want to," replied Sylvester frankly. "Beau Lavenham! I was Beau Lavenham in my day, but d'ye suppose that I decked myself out in a green coat and yellow pantaloons?"

"Probably not," said Shield.

"Damned smooth-spoken fellow!" said Sylvester. "Never liked him. Never liked his father either. His mother used to suffer from the vapors. She suffered from them—whole series of 'em!—when she wanted me to let her have the Dower House."

"Well, she got the Dower House," said Shield dryly.

"Of course she did!" said Sylvester snappishly, and relapsed into one of the forgetful silences of old age. A log falling out on to the hearth recalled him. He opened his eyes again and said: "Did I tell you why I wanted you?"

Sir Tristram had risen and gone over to the fire to replace the smoking log. He did not answer until he had done so, and then he said in his cool, disinterested voice:

"You wrote that you had arranged a marriage for me with your grand-daughter."

The piercing eyes gleamed.

"It don't please you much, eh?"

"Not much," admitted Shield, coming back to the dais.

"It's a good match," offered Sylvester. "I've settled most of the unentailed property on her, and

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TALISMAN RING

By...

Georgette HEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

EXQUISITE ladies in the colorful setting of another century. Romantic gentlemen of courtly grace and high courage. A glamorous and romantic story of a brave old world, bringing back to you a most popular writer, Georgette Heyer, at her best

Sylvester, from the bed, spoke: "Come here, my child, and you, Tristram . . . If you want a formal offer of marriage, Eustacie, no doubt Tristram will make you one . . . after dinner."

she's half French, you know—understands these arrangements. You can go your own road."

"She's not at all like her mother," said Shield discouragingly.

"She was a fool," said Sylvester. "Never think she could be a daughter of mine. She eloped with a frippery Frenchman; that shows you. What was his dashed name?"

"De Vauban."

"So it was. The Vidame de Vauban. I forget when he died. Maria died three years ago, and I went over to Paris—a year later, I think, but my memory's not what it was."

"A little more than a year later, sir."

"I dare say. It was after"—he paused for a moment, and then added harshly—"after Ludovic's affair. I thought France was growing too hot for any grandchild of mine, and by Heaven I was right! How long is it now since they sent the king to the guillotine? Over a month, eh? Mark me, Tristram, the queen will go the same road before the year is out. I'm happy to think I shan't be here to see it. Charming she was, charming! Years ago we used to wear her color. Everything was queen's hair—satins, ribbons, shoes. Now"—his lip curled into a sneer—"now I've a great-nephew who wears a green coat and yellow pantaloons, and a dashed absurd sugar-loaf on his head!" He raised his heavy eyelids suddenly, and added: "But the boy is still my heir."

Sir Tristram said nothing in answer to this remark, which had been flung at him almost like a challenge. Sylvester took snuff again, and when he next spoke it was once more in his faintly mocking drawl. "He'd marry Eustacie if he could, but she don't like him." He fobbed his snuff-box with a flick of his finger. "The long and the short of it is I've a fancy to see her married to you before I die, Tristram."

"Why?" asked Shield.

"There's no one else," replied Sylvester bluntly. "My fault, of course. I should have provided for her—taken her up to London. But I'm old, and I've never pleased anyone but myself. I haven't been to London above twice in the last three years. Too late to think of that now. I'm dying, and, damme, the chit's my grandchild! I'll leave her safely bestowed. Time you was thinking of marriage."

"I have thought of it."

Sylvester looked sharply at him.

"Not in love, are you?"

Shield's face hardened.

"No."

"If you're still letting a cursed silly calf affair rankle with you you're a fool!" said Sylvester. "I've forgotten the rights of it, if ever I knew them, but they don't interest me. Most women will play you false, and I never met one yet that wasn't a fool at heart. I'm offering you a marriage of convenience."

"Does she understand that?" asked Shield.

"Wouldn't understand anything else," replied Sylvester. "She's a Frenchwoman."

Sir Tristram stepped down from the dais and went over to the fireplace. Sylvester watched him in silence, and after a moment he said:

"It might answer."

"You're the last of your name," Sylvester reminded him.

"I know it. I've every intention of marrying."

"No one in your eye?"

"No."

"Then you'll marry Eustacie," said Sylvester. "Pull the bell!"

Sir Tristram obeyed, but said with a look of amusement:

"Your dying wish, Sylvester?"

"I shan't live the week out," replied Sylvester cheerfully. "Heart and hard living, Tristram. Don't pull a long face at my funeral! Eighty years is enough for any man, and I've had the gout for twenty of them." He saw his valet come into the room, and said: "Send mademoiselle to me."

"You take a great deal for granted, Sylvester," remarked Sir Tristram, as the valet went out again.

Sylvester had leaned his head back against the pillows and closed his eyes. There was a suggestion of exhaustion in his attitude, but when he opened his eyes they were very much alive, and impishly intelligent.

"You would not have come here, my dear Tristram, had you not already made up your mind."

SIR TRISTRAM smiled a little reluctantly and transferred his attention to the fire.

It was not long before the door opened again. Sir Tristram turned as Mademoiselle de Vauban came into the room, and stood looking at her under bent brows.

His first thought was that she was unmistakably a Frenchwoman, and not in the least the type of female he admired. She had glossy black hair, dressed in the newest fashion, and her eyes were so dark that it was hard to know whether they were brown or black. Her inches were few, but her figure was extremely good, and she bore herself with an air. She paused just inside the door, and, at once perceiving Sir Tristram, gave back his stare with one every whit as searching and a good deal more speculative.

Sylvester allowed them to weigh one another for several moments before he spoke, but presently he said:

"Come here, my child. And you, Tristram."

The promptness with which his granddaughter obeyed this summons augured a docility wholly belied by the resolute, not to say wilful, set of her pretty mouth. She trod gracefully across the room, and curtsied to Sylvester before stepping up on to the dais. Sir Tristram came more slowly to the bedside, nor did it escape Eustacie's notice that he had apparently looked his full at her. His eyes, still sombre and slightly frowning, now rested on Sylvester.

Sylvester stretched out his left hand to Eustacie.

"Let me present to you, my child, your cousin, Tristram."

"Your very obedient cousin," said Shield, bowing.

"It is to me a great happiness to meet my cousin," enunciated Eustacie with prim civility and a slight, not unpleasing French accent.

"I am a little tired," said Sylvester. "If I were not I might allow you time to become better acquainted. And yet I don't know; I dare say it's as well as it is," he added cynically. "If you want a formal offer, Eustacie, no doubt Tristram will make you one—after dinner."

"I do not want a formal offer," replied Mademoiselle de Vauban. "It is to me a matter quite immaterial, but my name is Eustacie, which is, enfin, a very good name, and it is not Eu-sta-ci-a, which I cannot at all pronounce, and which I find excessively ugly."

This speech which was delivered in a firm and perfectly self-possessed voice, had the effect of making Sir Tristram cast another of his searching glances at the lady. He said with a faint smile:

Please turn to Page 16

The Old House

The mellowed walls are net-worked
With shadows from the leaves,
The stately trees are guardian
Of birds beneath the eaves;
The quiet rooms hold welcome—
The stairs that twist and bend
Are lit by swinging lanterns
That nod, and call you friend.
The tears, the joy, the laughter,
The ghosts of bygone years,
To children coming after
Are never fraught with fears.
Time, like a benediction,
Has blessed this house and home—
To draw you as a lodestar,
Though all the earth you roam.

—*Pamela Stuart.*

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SHE'S CERTAIN *To* BE DIVORCED!

Continued from Page 3

"IN my experience the types that are most frequently seen in the Divorce Courts are seafaring people, actors and actresses, and people like commercial travellers, whose avocation takes them away from their homes for long periods.

In their travels they come into contact with many people in other parts, and frequently form friendships which result in domestic unhappiness.

"I quite agree that 'The means to do evil deeds, makes evil deeds done.' There does not seem such a strong bond to keep married people together when one of them is a bird of passage."

On the other hand, members of the farming community are rarely parties to divorce. They usually settle in one spot and rear their families and stay there together.

In Australian experience it has been found that childless marriages are associated with a great number of divorces.

"But 90 per cent. of the domestic unhappiness that results in divorce is due to the fact that girls are not brought up and taught how to make the home attractive to their husbands," says the barrister quoted above.

"The result is that after a short married life the husband would rather go anywhere than to his home.

"Instead of teaching girls a lot of rubbish at school, they should be taught what means a lot more to the nation—how to look after a home and make it attractive to a husband.

Good Wives

"WITH some people it is really an art, but there are others who prefer anything to looking after their homes.

"Modern facilities for transport, cheapness of travel, the aeroplane and motor cars are all doing their share of work for the Divorce Court by making for quick and easy marriages, which often turn out unhappily.

"Young men with motor cars break up more homes than any other class. The fascination of the motor car seems to have taken the place in this country of the fascination of the uniform in other countries."

Experience has shown that modern flat life is not the least prolific agent of the Divorce Court.

One divorce judge gave what he considered the characteristics of the successful husband and wife. "A good wife," he said, "is gentle and unaggressive. She likes company and hasn't much faith in herself. She loves children and household pursuits, and she has just enough brains to make herself attractive and be an amusing companion."

"The good husband is even-tempered and humorous. He doesn't mind being told what to do, and he doesn't object to having little duties in the home. He is cautious and well insured, and not very passionate in any direction. They are both healthy and energetic."

"Those types would be a bit dull," said a psychologist friend. "But I suppose really good husbands and wives are a bit dull.

"Badness is always more interesting to the student of human nature. The bad husband, for instance, is a type on his own. He is usually restless, moody, and undecided.

Men Won't be Nagged

"HE resents any form of discipline, and always thinks he is being badly treated, especially if his wife asks him to do anything for her. He is ambitious and conceited, but rarely does anything to justify that conceit.

"He always regards his wife as a hindrance to his work, but when she finally leaves him he doesn't do any better. He always blames his wife for everything that goes wrong.

"The bad wife usually suffers from 'nerves,' which is an excuse for bad temper, days in bed sulking, nagging, tears, and constant grumbling about conditions that can't be remedied."

Even the lawyers who make such a substantial income out of divorce are becoming alarmed by the number of marriages that are dissolved every year.

"The social ostracism that made people before the war think twice before writing 'finis' to their marriages no longer holds," said one solicitor. "In fact, in some circles it is considered 'the thing' to be divorced.

"I can't understand why some of my clients can't be happy together. Individually they are charming.

"To my mind women are more to blame than men when marriages go awry. Men are sentimental creatures, and most of them love their homes . . . but, of course, they can't stand being nagged. I always feel that a man who is henpecked has a right to get away at the earliest possible moment.

"Sometimes my women clients come to me for advice about their marriages, without actually wanting to dissolve them, and I always give them three golden rules for happiness: Have at least one child, keep the home efficiently, and do not boss or nag."

Divorce Tendencies

IN some States there is a greater tendency to divorce than others.

New South Wales, for instance, has about one divorce for every twenty new marriages—the highest ratio in the Commonwealth. Queensland has the lowest, with one divorce in 68 marriages; Victoria's ratio is 1 in 28, South Australia 1 in 26, West Australia 1 in 30, and Tasmania 1 in 40.

During the year South Australia became so perturbed at the increase of divorce that a marriage conciliator was appointed in an attempt to settle domestic troubles before they reached the courts.

If this experiment reduces the number of divorces other States will probably try a similar plan.

Taking the divorce figures as a guide, married couples in Tasmania have twice as good a chance of living happily as those in N.S.W., while in Queensland the prospects are more than three times rosier.

The average number of divorces and judicial separations in Australia has grown from 29 annually in 1890 to almost 2000 annually.

For every 25 new marriages contracted in Australia to-day, approximately one ends in the Divorce Courts.

There was a great increase in divorce in the decade ending in 1906 due chiefly to new divorce legislation in N.S.W. and Victoria, which made the separation of the marriage tie comparatively easy.

Another interesting aspect is that while divorce figures are increasing fewer children are born in the first, second, and third years of marriage.

"Couples are less inclined to-day to settle down immediately to the responsibilities of the family life as in the past," said a solicitor, commenting on this.

"The fact that they do not have children early in their married life is no indication, however, that the marriage will end disastrously. Many defer this responsibility for a few years until they are economically able to support children."

Quite a number of divorcees remarry. But men, more than women, are inclined to marry a second time according to investigations.

In 1934, for instance, 1907 of the 51,465 bridegrooms were making their second marriage venture, but there were only 145 divorced brides.

Shadows

One little wisp of sable cloud
In all the fleckless sky,
Has veiled my world in shadow-shroud,
And closed the sun's bright eye.

My heart was light as thistledown,
And life sublimely whole,
Till, 'midst your smiles, one little frown
Shut sunlight from my soul.

—ROBERT MAYES.

Delightfully refreshing Mitcham Lavender Liquid Bath Salts in sprinkler bottles. Prices, 1/6 to 17/6 each.

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Charming de Luxe bottle of Mitcham Lavender Talc, in gift box. Price 5/6.

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STORY Of OUR NEW PRINTING

Most Modern System In World To-day

TO OUR OLD READERS:

Your support in the past has enabled us to install the £130,000 plant on which this beautiful issue is printed. We are sure you will be thrilled at the wonderful improvement in our paper.

TO NEW READERS:

We feel sure you will like the marvellous Artgravure printing of The Australian Women's Weekly. But we want you to know that the general contents of the paper represent our regular high standard of stories, fashions and features.

THE production of this first issue on our new Artgravure press marks an epoch, not only in the history of Australian printing, but of printing in the British Empire.

We are proud of this issue. But, of course, we are not satisfied. Readers who have followed the development of The Australian Women's Weekly since it was originally published know, without being told, that we are always managing to surpass our past achievements.

Already we are able to plan brilliant improvements which will be incorporated in succeeding issues.

We do not intend to alter the character of the paper. We think it has the right note for the average Australian home. For this we thank our readers who have always helped the Editors to make our paper the best of all papers.

* * *

AS far as the English and American women's magazines are concerned, The Australian Women's Weekly has long been able to compare with them in contents. Our old method of printing, however, left something to be desired.

Our aim is to continue improving until eventually the whole paper is printed in a manner equal to expensive overseas magazines.

The decision to install the high-speed artgravure press was arrived at after lengthy investigations.

That is why we are able to claim that there is no more modern type of press in the world. Even in England and Germany, which countries were the home of good printing, there is nothing of the kind like it.

Two years ago Mr. Frank Packer, managing director of The Australian Women's Weekly, visited Europe and America investigating modern printing methods. Last year Mr. G. W. Warnecke, Editor-in-Chief of The Australian Women's Weekly, also went abroad, and spent considerable time in visiting the leading printing establishments of the world.

The new process of high-speed artgravure printing was only invented last year, and Mr. Warnecke was fortunately present at the earliest demonstrations in America.

It must be remembered that, in the past, high quality color printing has been exceedingly costly.

For this reason Australian newspapers have not been able, hitherto, to compare in appearance with the best English and American magazines.

The new system is still very costly, but far less so than the old system. We feel confident that the heavy outlay of £130,000 will be fully appreciated by readers.

* * *

EQUIPMENT for the installation is highly complicated. In order to secure the very latest in all departments we bought equipment in England, Germany and America.

From those three countries we obtained the benefit of the best technical assistance. This, we desire to acknowledge, was most willingly given in all cases.

The highest praise is due to our own Australian technical, printing and engineering staffs who had the responsibility for this elaborate and complicated installation.

Let us repeat once more that this issue is a landmark in Australian printing. It places us years ahead of anybody else in Australia.

But from week to week there will be rapid improvements enabling The Australian Women's Weekly to continue from triumph to triumph.

THE ARCHDUCHESS ADELAIDE, the beautiful Austrian, whose engagement to King Leopold, of Belgium, is expected to be announced at Christmas. The Archduchess is 22. See story this page.

EUROPE'S *New* GIRL-QUEEN

King of Belgium and Charming Austrian

From Our Special Representative in Brussels.

Europe will have a beautiful new girl-Queen in 1937, with the expected marriage of King Leopold, of Belgium, to the Archduchess Adelaide, of Austria.

It will be the second Royal wedding in that corner of Europe. Holland will also be celebrating the wedding of Princess Juliana and her fiance, Prince Bernard.

IN the last three years Belgium has mourned the deaths of King Albert, in a mountain accident in 1934, and the young, beautiful Queen Astrid, wife of King Leopold, who was killed in a car accident last year.

Since the death of his wife, Queen Astrid, Leopold has made only three visits to Stuyvenberg, where the Royal couple spent such happy days.

On the first occasion the gardeners, with their rakes and spades in their hands, hastened respectfully to welcome and give him the comfort of their humble but friendly presence.

But the King smiled so sadly that they hurriedly withdrew without saying a single word.

One of them remarked to me: "I felt angry at the gravel for making so much noise under my heavy shoes. It was so evident that His Majesty wanted to be alone with the past."

With bowed head the King slowly walked around the chateau. When he came in front of one window he stopped and gently raised his eyes to the closed shutters.

He was lost in memories of the sunny morning when a dazzling young woman, having combed out her flaxen locks, watched him drawing near with the rose he had plucked for her in the garden. For a long time he stood there without moving.

Then he drew himself erect and quickly, almost running, he departed without one backward glance, as if he were escaping from some horror.

There is a strange air of desolation around the chateau of Stuyvenberg, where Leopold and Astrid knew their most lasting hours of happiness.

The sentry-box at the iron gate is empty. The two guards who once walked up and down in front of it are doing their pacing elsewhere.

What use would it be for them to remain? Never again can they see the world's most conscientious King returning merrily at the wheel of his car.

His Majesty has given up driving. The chateau is uninhabited, except for the gardeners, who clip their rose bushes and water their geraniums.

The three little children of Astrid and Leopold live at the chateau of Laeken.

Josephine Charlotte, Princess of Belgium, is now nine years old. Baudouin, Duke of Brabant, is six, and Albert, Prince of Liege, is beginning his second summer.

The tragedy of their mother's death affected each of them differently. Princess Josephine Charlotte was the only one old enough, when the terrible news came, to be deeply wounded by that blow of fate.

The Princess of Belgium quickly realised her misfortune, when the palace of Stuyvenberg was filled with the disorder that follows great tragedies.

Officers of the Guard were stiffer than usual, and maids-of-honor hurriedly wiped their eyes as the Royal children went by.

Continued on Page 20

Youngest Queen

WITH her marriage to King Leopold, the Archduchess Adelaide will become Europe's youngest Queen. She is 22.

She is the elder sister of the Archduke Otto, the head o. the House of Hapsburg, and the pretender to the throne of Austria.

STOP WEARING GLASSES

Before Eye Culture.

After Eye Culture.

If you suffer from

OLD SIGHT, NEAR SIGHT, FAR SIGHT, ASTIGMA, EYES TURNED IN, EYES THAT CANNOT STAND GLARE

and the headaches caused by these eye-defects; if your eyes are weak and sore, from strain, or are affected in any way, EYE CULTURE can correct it without the aid of glasses.

EYE CULTURE is nature's own method of ridding those so affected of eye troubles, enabling glasses to be dispensed with. It is based upon a most exacting scientific knowledge of the human eye and its functions, as well as a most profound knowledge of the whole human system, as it is related to the eyes. By EYE CULTURE congestion and strain are eliminated, the eye muscles strengthened, and the eyes gradually restored to their normal condition. Eye Culture is a positively safe and harmless system, and can be practised with success by young and old alike. A short time daily with EYE CULTURE can render glasses absolutely unnecessary, relief being experienced within an amazingly short time, followed by a definite improvement in the condition.

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"I am glad to inform you that from the very first week I commenced your Eye Culture treatment I had no further trouble with my eyes, besides feeling one hundred per cent. better in my general health. I have had no difficulty in following the instructions so clearly set out, in the course, and have done, and will continue to do my best to interest others in this excellent and inexpensive treatment." These reports are typical of many others we have on our files.

Everybody should learn about their eyes and how to preserve their precious sight. Call and see me personally—advice is FREE, or if you are unable to call, send a 2d. stamped addressed envelope for particulars. Eye Culture will solve your eye troubles for you, easily, NATURALLY, and do away with the necessity for glasses.

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SMART ECONOMY...

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They stay lovely for ages

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Exquisite undies made of Courtaulds Rayon have been designed by the leading Australian underwear manufacturers. You'll love their daintiness and the slender way they fit! Look for the Courtauld Housemark when you buy undies and be sure of getting loveliness that lasts.

COURTAULDS RAYON

COURTAULDS

Sold at leading stores everywhere.

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Stop worrying about perspiration—its odour and damage to clothes. Use Odorono regularly and see what a difference it makes... Daily baths or temporary deodorants cannot give the complete freedom from perspiration that Odorono does... Odorono was invented by a doctor. It stops perspiration in the small area of the underarm and this, authorities agree, is a healthful and sanitary practice.

Odorono is made in two strengths—"Regular" for use twice a week and "Instant" for daily use, or for people with more sensitive skin.

ODO·RO·NO

Prices 1/-, 2/- and 3/6

DEAR *Little* HOUSE

Continued from Page 4

AND:—

"Isn't it a dear little house?" cried Doris, beside herself with worship.

It seemed to Aubrey to be unaccountably small. But:—

"The perfect size," Doris was saying.

Aubrey became extremely apprehensive.

"For what?"

The girl dreamed.

"One large bedroom," she crooned, and then he saw her blush, "and a—a little dressing-room."

This blush was something Aubrey had not missed.

"Dressing-room? Isn't that another bedroom?"

"Oh, no," she became positive. "No. It's—just not."

"I'm sure house-agents would call it two bedrooms, with"—he gazed upwards—"good attic storage."

"I don't mind what house-agents call it. It is a bedroom and dressing-room. The bath is in the scullery."

"Indeed."

"Very convenient for the particular kind of people who are going to live here."

Here fear took Aubrey so that he hardly dared a question.

They inspected the bath.

"Isn't it a nice living-room!" crooned Doris, "and the wee kitchen—you couldn't improve on that."

"Electricity——"

She remained loyal.

"The particular people who are going to live here prefer an old stove like that one."

"Do these—er—people like these wallpapers?"

She awakened and glanced round.

They were not Mr. Thatcher and Miss Bellair of the office, but two people looking over a house; and being a woman she knew best, now, about everything.

"Oh, no. They will paint and paper it from top to toe—I mean gradually, of course. As they can afford it."

"Light colors, I suppose," said Aubrey contentiously.

"Sunshine colors," Doris murmured, "all sunshine." And again she lost herself.

"Mr. Thatcher," she said—again for a horrid moment they were boss and subordinate—"I really ought to beg your pardon for letting you come here, for I'm afraid—I mean I meant—to prune the roses—it's getting far too late to do it, really—and I meant to weed the beds, too."

"Won't these 'people' mind?"

"I told the house-agent I should do it to-day. He said: 'Well, it can't do any harm.'"

"I know something of gardening, and would love to help you."

The next Saturday he drove her to the house again.

When he drew up his car at the white palings, he saw with distinct pleasure a pantechnicon outside the gate. Strong men struggled with a gateleg dining table.

"I'm afraid the place is sold and they're moving in," he said, turning to her with an expression of guilty joy. "Had we not better go right on, and——"

But she jumped out and addressed the strong men authoritatively. Then, turning to Aubrey: "I have bought this dear little house, and am moving in. If you care to help, I'd love it."

"My dear child—Miss Bellair—why not have allowed me to assist with my advice—before——"

She rushed her answer, laying a loving hand on an armchair that stood on the path he had weeded. "Because I'm afraid of people's advice. I don't like people's advice. People would have said 'don't.'"

"Er——"

"Come in," she begged; and he could see with what ecstasy of joy she stepped over the threshold.

THEY passed into the living-room, whither the dining-table and the armchair followed them, and sat down on a fixed window seat that was already there.

Aubrey remembered the light that never was on land or sea, which lay in Doris' eyes.

He could see, and also smell, that a little whitewashing and papering had been done already here and there.

"Explain," he said humbly. "You haven't been very"—he sought for a word and craftily chose the perfect one—"very friendly over all this."

She turned her eyes from the movements of the strong men, and for the first time—Aubrey received this impression clearly—recognising Mr. Thatcher as a human being.

"Oh, Mr. Thatcher, I'm sorry if I've seemed selfish and wrapped up in my own affairs. . . . That lino for the kitchen, please!"

"Try to treat me as a friend; tell me about it all."

"On Saturday last my grandmother died—while we were actually here. It was too far away for me to go to the funeral. She left me five hundred pounds. It was a miracle."

"But—er—is probate granted already?"

"The lawyers got the money advanced for me."

"Um."

"I TELEPHONED the house-agents here—they had come to know me quite well, you see—and they told me how to go to a building society."

"Um."

"And I put down three hundred pounds of the purchase price; they only want five hundred for this dear little house; and I bought the furniture and I shall do the paintings in my evenings."

"Um."

"That rug up in the bedroom, please!"

Please turn to Page 32

EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO

GIVES TO THE HAIR A SUBTLE TOUCH OF REFINEMENT AND CHARM.

"ORDINARY" for Dark Hair
"CAMOMILE" for Fair Hair
"SHAMPOO BLEU" For White Hair

Of all Chemists & Hairdressers

Sole Agents for Aust: R. G. Turnley & Son, Melbourne.
N.S.W. Agents: Turnley's Ltd., Sydney.

Last night's Bourn-vita is helping her now!

Hospital Matron's happy experience

She made a 'find' that produced a remarkable change in her . .

. . this is what she wrote to Cadbury's about it!

Dear Sirs,

For some months now I have had very restless nights, only sleeping fitfully, but since I have taken Bourn-vita I have slept very much better, and I find Bourn-vita a most pleasant drink before going to bed . . . I cannot speak too highly of it!

I am, Yours truly,
E.L.P. (Assistant Matron).

A GENEROUS SAMPLE — FREE!

To enable you to prove for yourself how good Bourn-vita is, how delicious it tastes, we will send you a generous sample on receipt of name and full address and 3d. in stamps (to cover packing and postage). Mail your request to CADBURY'S, Dept. D, Claremont, Tasmania.

Read below how Bourn-vita gives this wonderful help.

YOU, TOO, like this hospital matron, can get the same help from Bourn-vita, because—more than other food-drinks—it assists and soothes digestion, you are able to sleep better, and to wake up refreshed and full of energy. Bourn-vita is also a very nourishing food-drink—a delicious combination of malt, full-cream milk, eggs and chocolate. Start taking Bourn-vita to-night and note the improvement in your energy to-morrow.

Cadbury's

OBTAINABLE AT CHEMISTS AND GROCERS
1/6 ¼lb.; 2/9 ½lb.; 4/9 1lb.
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

BOURN-VITA

for DIGESTION, SLEEP AND ENERGY

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FOR THE first time in her glamorous career Madge Elliott, whose lovely clothes have always been a feature of her stage appearance, will discard her filmy skirts and feminine frills at Christmas for the silk tights of Principal Boy. She will be Fairy Prince to Edna Best's Cinderella in the Drury Lane pantomime. Madge, as will be seen from the photograph, is slimmer than ever, and is looking forward to her first pantomime experience. —Air Mail photo.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY *Mourns* . . . . .

Early Death of Jessie Tait, Famous Fashion Writer

It is with the deepest regret that we record the death of Mrs. J. C. Bancks, known so well to our readers as Jessie Tait.

Mrs. Bancks joined the fashion staff of The Australian Women's Weekly on the inception of the paper and her "Fashion Parade" quickly became one of its most popular and valued features.

ELDER daughter of Mr. E. J. Tait, managing director of the theatrical firm of J. C. Williamson, Ltd., and Mrs. Tait, Mrs. Bancks was the wife of Mr. James Bancks, famous creator of "Ginger Meggs."

Keenly interested in fashion work, and with a natural flair for designing, she early found scope for her talents in her father's firm, and for several years was fashion adviser to J. C. Williamson.

When The Australian Women's Weekly offered her a staff appointment she welcomed the opportunity of increasing the sphere of her usefulness, and from the first issue of the paper worked most brilliantly to give her readers of her very best.

When she knew she had to enter hospital she prepared several pages in advance so as not to break the continuity of the series. She was then happily expecting the birth of her first child, but complications subsequently developed which resulted in the tragic loss of both mother and baby.

Evidence of the success of her fashion work is to be found on all sides. Hundreds of leading Australian fashion houses keep special records of "The Fashion Parade." Practically every woman who enters an Australian dressmaking establishment to-day is offered a book containing pasted-up pages of "The Fashion Parade" so that she may make her choice of a style from the designs carrying the hall-mark of Jessie Tait.

Her countless personal friends looked upon her spirit of helpfulness as the leading trait in Jessie Tait's nature. No trouble was too great for her to take to help her friends and she was widely loved among them for her gentle and kindly disposition. Apart from this, much of her time was dedicated to charity.

Her death, while still in her twenties, makes a sad gap in the social and charitable circles of her home city, as well as being a material loss to those to whom her work as a fashion specialist was a very real service.

THE LATE MRS. BANCKS (Jessie Tait)

COLORED LIGHT *To Cure* SHYNESS

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special London Correspondent

In these high-pressure times, social diffidence has become a distressing problem—particularly for the debutante.

But a new Mayfair clinic is coming to the rescue of the young English society miss. Anyhow, doctors at this new clinic are speculating in curing shyness—with colored light!

SHYNESS is one of the major worries of the debutante making her bow to society.

The British Institute of Chromotherapy was founded originally for the very scientific treatment of all sorts of ailments by the use of colored light.

Then it was visited by a prominent West End actress whose nerves were in a particularly jangled state.

The doctors conferred. They did not quite know how to tackle the problem. The head of the Institute, Dr. R. Douglas Howart, decided on a new course of treatment, worked on German, French and English theses.

The actress was given a daily bath of green light, regulated to penetrate to a certain skin depth. Within a fortnight her frayed nerves were healed and she was back on the stage more vigorous, more enchanting than ever.

She happened to be the life-long friend of a prominent Mayfair mother whose youngest daughter, a shy, diffident—though very beautiful—girl was due to face the ordeal of her first London season. The actress advised a conference with the institute.

The debutante attended daily for a week, with the result that every sign of social awkwardness was eliminated.

Green, blue, yellow, orange and red are the principal colors used in the treatment.

The theory, in general, is that certain biological maladjustments will respond to colored light applied at frequencies decided on after careful diagnosis.

"THANKS OLD DUTCH *for my beautiful* SILVERPLATE & CUTLERY..."

★ OLD DUTCH'S AMAZING OFFER OF TABLEWARE

Users of Old Dutch, the safest, most economical cleanser in the world, can now get A1 Silverplate and Cutlery at a fraction of its real value. Women everywhere are collecting—to build up a complete tableware set, or to add to their present sets such items as Fish Knives and Forks or handsome Fruit Spoons and Forks. This exquisitely beautiful "Old English" pattern tableware lends grace and distinction to any home. It makes splendid presents or bridge prizes, too. Start collecting now — and have some before Christmas. Your grocer will give you folders containing full particulars, illustrations of all the pieces and order forms. Or you can use the form below and send for your first item at once!

THE HALLMARK

Made by VINER & HALL LTD.,

Cutlers to His Late Majesty, King George the Fifth. The Silverware is genuine A1 Heavy Plate. The knives are hand-ground and stainless throughout. Every piece guaranteed for years of service.

TRY THIS ECONOMY TEST

Old Dutch goes farther than any other cleanser. Prove it this way: Pencil the date on the tin when you start to use it. When it's empty, look at the calendar. You'll be amazed how long Old Dutch lasts, and how it gives you many more square yards of efficient, *scratchless* cleansing per penny. Harsh, gritty SANDSOAPS, PASTES and SCOURING BRICKS DO UNTOLD DAMAGE to your possessions. Always use Old Dutch, it's made with SEISMOTITE and *can't scratch.*

HOW TO GET THE TABLEWARE

Send 2 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and 2/6 Postal Note for *each* unit listed. You may order one unit or as many as you wish. They are all guaranteed A1 Silverplate or Stainless Steel.

1. 4 TEASPOONS (value 12/- per dozen).
2. 2 DESSERT SPOONS (value 30/- per dozen).
3. DESSERT KNIFE and FORK (value 5/- per pair).
4. 2 SOUP SPOONS (value 30/- per dozen).
5. TABLE KNIFE and FORK (value 5/6 per pair).
6. 2 TABLE SPOONS (value 35/- per dozen).
7. 1 PAIR FISH EATERS (value 5/- per pair).
8. 3 FRUIT SPOONS (value 20/- per dozen).
9. 3 FRUIT FORKS to match the Fruit Spoons (value 20/- per dozen).
10. 1 SERVING SPOON, Gold-lined bowl (value 7/6).

ORDER FORM

CUDAHY & CO. LTD.,
ELGER STREET, GLEBE, N.S.W.

I enclose _____ windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and Postal Note for _____ for which please send me (post paid)

Units number _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

W.W. 5/12/36

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An Editorial

DECEMBER 5, 1936.

WITH PRIDE WE ANNOUNCE . . .

IN this issue readers will note the introduction of a new style of printing. This is Color Artgravure, the latest invention in magazine production overseas, by means of which it is possible to set a new standard in artistic color presentation as vivid and beautiful as the artists' originals.

The introduction of this type of printing called for the installation of special machinery. The plant installed by The Australian Women's Weekly is one of the latest type, only a few others of this model being in use throughout the world.

It is, in fact, the first machine of this type to be installed by any newspaper or magazine outside the United States of America, the home of color printing.

The introduction of Color Artgravure marks a tremendous advance in magazine production. In this issue the superiority of the method is clearly demonstrated. The results will be still more striking in our forthcoming issues.

In the installation of any new mechanical process there are, naturally, many technical difficulties to overcome before perfect adaptation is attained. We can promise our readers constant progress in this respect.

We are fully confident that the results will equal the best yet produced elsewhere by this process—results, by the way, attained so far only by the more highly-priced magazines overseas.

In providing its readers throughout Australia with this advance in magazine production, The Australian Women's Weekly is following its original policy—to supply the most varied and up-to-date presentation of women's interests, while retaining the basis of direct home appeal.

Complete attainment of this objective has been hampered by technical difficulties in the reproduction of illustration and design. With the aid of the new process these difficulties will vanish. Our readers will now reap the benefit; we have no uncertainty as to their verdict on the result.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN

Humor and Hubby

A FILM actress more or less known to fame has gone to Reno, the quick divorce centre, to get rid of a husband who has no sense of humor.

It's rather a big problem the lady is setting the law, for who is to decide what is a sense of humor? Most people seem to think it is the ability to laugh at something; on the contrary, it is the ability to laugh it off.

Perhaps a sense of humor in the first place would have saved the lady herself from Reno. A sense of responsibility would also have shown her that stunts of this nature are not even good publicity nowadays.

Slanguage

THE Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly says that if murdering the King's English were an indictable offence, practically all of us would be in trouble.

"We hear 'Oh yeah,' 'you're tellin' me,' and 'I get you, Steve,' from old and young," he said. "If you tell a man anything you are either 'drumming him,' or 'tipping him off.'"

While even the most easy-going of us must resent the use of slanguage in our conversation, it is unwise to condemn all local slang. It represents the strivings of the people for a more picturesque speech — something concise and significant which the language does not provide for.

Even the purists to-day condemn our everyday conversational lapses in words which were considered bad English less than a century ago, but which have found their way into the dictionaries by force of general usage.

Kiss-drunk

LIPSTICK flavored with alcohol is the latest Continental novelty. So far it has not taken on here. If it does, it might add another phrase, "kiss-drunk," to the language, for there will always be the foolish fellows who will mix their drinks.

If You Can't Sleep—Read!

HAVING discovered that a dull book cured insomnia, Senor Rio Caselli, an Italian film director, made a hobby of collecting the most boring books.

But when a well-known Italian author discovered that 11 of his books were in Caselli's library, he considered it an insult to his honor, and demanded satisfaction.

A duel was fought and so much public interest aroused that the author's books came in for a steady demand.

Writers everywhere are greatly interested. There is said to be keen competition among them to have their books labelled the "dullest book of the month."

—Lyric of Life—

My Garden Gate

A little child went laughing by,
Beyond my garden gate,
A little child with head held high,
With satchel and a slate.
The years were light upon her brow,
And innocent her eyes . . .
That child's a grown-up woman now,
And time has made her wise.
My garden gate is worn and bent,
Yet still she passes by,
In eyes no longer innocent
Life's bitter secrets lie.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Bringing Up Father

A MAN who was given the job of looking after a 12-months-old baby on the trip from England by mail boat is now a great admirer of women. He was given a practical demonstration of the number of things a baby can do, and the millions of things it can't, and consequently developed a respect for women that years of living in a home with his family would never have created.

Although he said he would not do the job again for a king's ransom, women do it, not with one child, but with a whole family. So deeply has this impressed him that he suggests that the father should rear at least one child.

Most women will smile over the man's plight on the ship with the one-year-old, but the majority will agree that one baby in the house bringing up father might be a greater strain on the mother than doing the job herself.

HERE IS VENUS DI MILO in real life! Genevieve Grant, called the "perfect model" in the United States, has been found by actual measurement to have a figure so closely approximating that of the classic that the differences are not worth mentioning.

Too Early

WHICH is the better thing to do? Send young three-year-olds to school, or keep them at home for another few years?

The British Board of Education has just concluded an exhaustive investigation which reveals that the toddlers appear to do better at kindergarten than at home under parental control. The standard of general health among children who have been attending play schools since the ages of three and five is higher than those who attended at five years.

Classes taught the children better control over their limbs and they had more grace and freedom. Early contact with the world also taught them discipline.

This sounds all very nice, but what of the much-vaunted happy hours of childhood if a youngster is to have contact with the world and discipline in school at the age of three? After all, it does seem a little too early to take up the "white man's burden."

State Shelters Children from Life's Storms

The changed attitude of society in regard to its responsibility towards young children is one of the most interesting and outstanding features of the age.

THIS applies particularly to the case of destitute children in Australia to whom the Governments of each State fulfil the duties of parents, and do it in such a way that the "red tape," so much heard about, is practically non-existent.

Destitute children in Australia are well cared for. It would be almost impossible under the system of Child Welfare that exists in this country for an orphaned child to be in want, and, what is even more important, to lack contact with some source of human love and understanding, which are almost as great a necessity as food and shelter to the growing mind.

The State, in its role of foster-parent, recognises the child's value as a potential citizen, and recognises also that "man does not live by bread alone."

It strives to provide not only for the material needs of the children which come under its care, but for their mental and spiritual development. The same applies to Church and kindred organisations which maintain homes for children bereft of both, or one of, their parents.

The term "orphan" is given a very liberal interpretation by Child Welfare departments in Australia.

Within its category come not only children who have lost one or both their parents, but foundlings, those of unmarried mothers, of destitute parents, and those who have been deserted or neglected.

Helps Mothers, Too

IN New South Wales, for instance, the department begins its care of the child even before its birth. It provides pre-natal treatment for the mother, a layette, maternity hospital accommodation, Child Welfare clinics, and other things besides.

Since a great percentage of the illegitimate children born in Australia annually are born in public institutions, it is there that the welfare officers usually do their work.

By making unmarried mothers conscious that the children to whom they have given birth will not be entirely bereft of the care and advantages that come to those born in wedlock, the department's officers have given fresh hope and courage to many troubled women, and, incidentally, blotted out the once-frequent cases of murdering newly-born children.

Where possible, a mother is encouraged to keep and look after her own child, but if for any valid reason this is not possible, arrangements can be made for the child to be boarded out or legally adopted.

The children are cared for in private homes, licensed by the Government, or in institutions either owned by the Government or supported by private subscription.

The majority of the latter are denominational. Many children are adopted at an early age by persons willing to rear and regard them in every way as their own.

Care in Adoptions

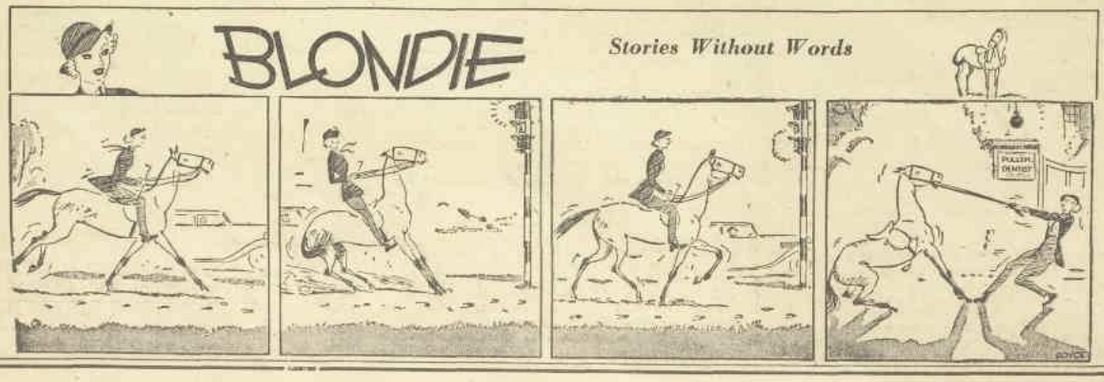
IN connection with the adoption of children a note of warning should be sounded in order that well-intentioned people may fully appreciate the necessity of having adoptions properly arranged by the Child Welfare Department.

A case recently came under notice where a child was adopted in response to a wireless broadcast appeal. Inquiries showed that the child was being reared under quite satisfactory circumstances. Yet the persons involved were liable to a fine of £25, although they were ignorant of the law's requirements.

In 1934 there were 296 private homes licensed to board young children; 500 children were thus cared for, while 51 institutions housed 1649 orphans.

Their identity known only to departmental officers, many men and women now in prominent professional and business positions started life as orphans cared for by the State.

The system, which gives orphans chances comparable to those of children who have the benefit of parental upbringing, looks after each individual until old enough to be self-supporting.



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PRESENTING *the News Before It* HAPPENS

What Artgravure Means—If It Means Anything

By L. W. Lower
Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED By Wep

I hope you appreciate the new Artgravure sections in the paper. I don't.

They have driven most of the staff grey-haired during the past few months. My moustache has gone quite white, and I have to give it a rub over each morning with a bit of boot polish in order to preserve my youthful looks.

As I have been shown over the works by an expert who explained everything to me, it might be interesting if I passed on this knowledge to you so that you will cease marvelling.

IT seems that they photograph a photograph to get a negative, and then make a negative positive of it. It is then re-touched and a gelatine-coated carbon board is jammed on it. After that it is exposed to high-powered arc lights and then put in hot water and something is peeled off something.

Then it goes into five different kinds of acids, and the thing gets etched, and they sprinkle talcum powder over it. Or it might be rock salt. Blowed if I know.

After that it is flattened on to rollers which are dipped into stuff, and no one is allowed to smoke on the premises. Then there is a machine that barks like a dog, with handles and wheels and things and dials.

By this time the process is about halfway through. The completed product looks like something anyone could have done with a blunt penknife if he had nothing else to do.

The maddening part is that pictures of Paris riots or things like that have to be taken a month before they happen.

Is It Worth It?

OF late the Editor has frequently stormed into my presence saying, "Where is your story for January nineteen forty-eight? You know we go to Press early this week!"

I sit opposite my typewriter, when someone hasn't pinched it, and say to myself, "Is it worth it? What is there in all this hurtling?"

What I would like is a small cabin in the bush. Just a little shack with roses round the door and Uncle Joe strumming on his old banjo, and a candle in the window, a vacant chair, and a wireless set that wouldn't work. And an old spinning wheel in the corner.

Girls! The amount of money I've lost on those spinning wheels! Still, a man's luck must change some time.

I am afraid I am getting sentimental. In this machine-age there is no room for sentiment. If you could only see the mighty presses whirling and thundering through the night, the glistening steel and smooth, panther-like movement of the things that slide up and down while thousands of papers dash out the business end, to be hurried to all parts of the world!

The Pity of It

WHAT a pity they are used to wrap up fish and chips and to line kitchen shelves!

One of the best articles I ever wrote is now lining the bottom of our dustbin. Life is like that.

One of the best dinners my wife ever cooked was left mouldering on top of a saucepan while I was out. . . I forget the word she used.

Gallivanting; that was it. Gallivanting with my so-called friends—hounds who sit up all night playing dominoes.

But about machinery! I am usually frightened of machinery, but I had a great victory over our mincer last week. The screw part where it clamps on to the table came loose, so I wound cotton round it, and now it screws wonderfully.

I have a propelling pencil, however, which has me baffled. You screw the end of it, and the lead pencil part of it is supposed to come out the other end, but in my case it doesn't. I shall have to call in a qualified engineer, I suppose.

Next Venture

STRANGE people engineers, but dull.

For instance, the man who took me around the artgravure machinery had a weird idea that I understood what he was talking about.

I just said, "Ah! I see!" and "Is that so?" and "A great idea!" He became quite enthusiastic. If he would have let me pull a few levers and turn a wheel here and there I might have learned something. He might have, too.

He is a rotten engineer, anyhow. I am going to present him with a Meccano set for Christmas, so he can get a bit of practice for our next great venture—ultra-artgravure. It will be done mostly with mirrors, like sawing a woman in halves, and invisible rays, and it will have a lot of dials on it, which mean nothing at all, just to make it harder.

Progress is the watchword of this paper—unfortunately.

We may even develop some intricate scheme whereby you may read the paper without buying it. That will leave me free to go rabbit-trapping.

If there are any friends among you I'd like them to send a few letters telling me all about the artgravure section.

L. W. LOWER has a nightmare, the result of having to write his stories before the events happen—which he always did in any case, anyhow.

£25 CASH MUST BE WON

Xmas Box Competition

PROFITABLE PROBLEMS

Twenty-five Pounds Cash will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct answer to the puzzle. Should no competitor be correct the nearest correct will be declared the winner. In the event of ties, prize-money will be divided equally.

Here is a splendid new competition consisting of six simple problems, each of which has a numerical answer. They are separated by arithmetical signs—thus converting the whole into a single problem.

The first for example: "The number of half-pennies in 12/4½," when solved, is 331; this is multiplied by the answer of number two problem, and so on, until the complete sum is worked out to the final answer.

This is a competition involving skill only. There are no alternative answers.

All you have to do is write your six answers, and the final result on a sheet of paper; add your name and residential address.

Enclose a postal note for 1/- with each entry and mail your solution not later than Friday, December 11th, to—

PROFITABLE PROBLEMS
G.P.O. BOX 3834T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

1—The number of half-pennies in 12/4½.

X (MULTIPLIED BY)

2—The number of days a frog takes to climb out of a well, 10 feet deep, if he ascends 2 feet each day, and slips back 2 feet each night.

+ (PLUS)

3—The total of all numbers of one digit.

— (MINUS)

4—The number of years between 1st January, 1699, and 31st December, 1751.

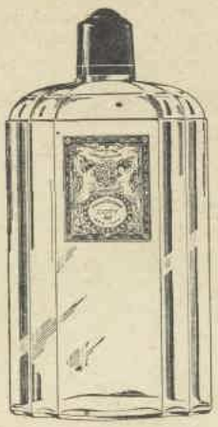
+ (PLUS)

5—The number of days between and including 1st January, 1752, and 1st January 1753.

— (MINUS)

6—The number of pounds weight in 100 bricks. If a brick and a half weighs a pound and a half, and half a brick.

Prize-money is deposited with The Australian Women's Weekly. Results will be published in issue dated December 26. Prize-money will be posted to arrive Christmas Eve. Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final. In no case will any winning competitor receive less than his or her entrance fee. Any enquiries may be made to J. Montgomery and Co., 1 Yorkshire House, Spring Street, Sydney.



Refreshing . .
Cooling . . .
Invigorating!

The Perfume with a hundred uses . . . for weariness, headache, and tired nerves! Most people know these uses . . . but have you tried Coty Eau-de-Cologne as a face, body, and foot friction . . . as a hair friction . . . in the bath and hand-basin . . . or as a mouth wash—diluted with water according to the sensitivity of your skin? Coty Eau-de-Cologne benefits you in so many ways . . . and every one of these leaves you refreshed and emanating for hours afterwards one of the subtlest and most distinguished perfumes of all times. Coty Eau-de-Cologne is more than a toilet accessory—it is one of the world's best perfumes.

In six sizes . . . . . 2/6, 4/6, 7/9, etc.

When packing for the holidays—remember to take Coty Eau-de-Cologne.

Coty
EAU DE COLOGNE

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ECZEMA

Sufferers from ECZEMA, PSORIASIS, DANDRUFF, TINEA, PRURITIS, ACNE, VARICOSE VEINS and ULCERS, PILES, and other SKIN DISEASES, listen-in to Station 2SM, SKIN SPECIALIST, Mr. J. J. McHugh, Ph.C., Consulting Chemist and Skin Specialist, 4th Floor, 124W Liverpool St. (Opp. Snows), SYDNEY. Phone MA5028.*

STEELO

IS EASIEST FOR ALUMINIUM!

Light rubbing with Steelo gets everything off . . . cleans and polishes in one operation. Buy a packet . . . 5 pads and special soap . . . enough for 5 weeks.

GREAT *Faithful* HEART

Continued from Page 5

"GO away," she whispered feebly. "Oh, why must you worry me when I am so ill? Why must you plague me with such stupid questions?"

The words she spoke should have reassured him, but he was worried nearly to death already; that tell-tale flush of crimson had set him thinking, and a devil was slowly awakening in his heart.

With a sign to a native woman to take his place, he rose and left the room.

Dinner was waiting, but he waved away the native who would have served him, and left his food untasted. He did, however, help himself to a liberal allowance of whisky and splashed but the barest modicum of soda-water into the glass.

He was beginning to remember many things and believed that, at last, he was seeing them in their true perspective.

De Vere Tracey was a handsome, devil-may-care sort of fellow and a great raconteur, but he had an evil reputation for his taking way with women. Dick told himself bitterly that he, himself, was too dull and prosaic a sort of beggar to ever hope to hold the affections of a sunshine-lady like Lalage, in competition with Tracey, amidst the utter boredom of the African wilderness.

Then the black mood lifted for a moment. They had been so tremendously happy together, Lalage and he, until her illness had come.

Dick groaned aloud, as his spirit labored and he strove to solve his problem. Out of the darkness, to crouch at his master's feet, came stealing Karamanga, the old Nandi hunter who had served him through twelve hard years when he was building up the lost fortune which had enabled him to marry Lalage.

The native was like some faithful dog, which senses that his master is troubled and, without understanding the nature of the ill, offers the comfort of its silent sympathy.

"Ugonjwa, bwana?" he suggested.

"No, I'm not ill, Karamanga, only most desperately worried," Dick answered.

THE minutes ticked away and neither man nor master moved, save from time to time when Dick recharged his pipe and starred the darkness with the match that lit it.

Dick stretched his weary limbs, and was about to rise and relieve the black woman of her vigil in the sick-room. Then, suddenly, from very far away, a shrill, trumpeting scream rang through the night. Simultaneously Karamanga's hand closed upon his master's knee in a vice-like grip, a native drum began to throb madly and, far and farther off, others took up the message and passed it on.

"Elephants!" breathed the native.

"Yes, I know it's an elephant, Karamanga," came the answer, "but what's all the drumming about?"

"Bwana, it is the elephant, the great monster of the mountain forests, who is so savage that even the Wandorobo dare not hunt him, and whose tusks are so long that he is said to rest their points upon the ground."

Dick's breath escaped from between his teeth in a slow hiss.

"Ivory! I hadn't thought of that. Are **you** afraid to hunt this father of all elephants with me, Karamanga?"

"Bwana, I am afraid," confessed the native, "but, nonetheless, I will go with you."

In the darkness Dick's eyes glistened. He had known that old Karamanga would not fail him.

He had heard many times of the lone elephant of the mountain forest; the value of his fabulous tusks would be enormous. If he had those "ivories" all problems would be solved, because, even if he was dead, Lalage would still have the money to take her home, or to leave her independent of Tracey, should she choose to marry the man and come afterwards to regret it.

"And the drums, Karamanga, why are they being beaten?"

"Bwana, the message the drums are sending says that the big tembo has come down from the mountain and is destroying villages and crops."

"Then that means that he won't be hard to find," said Dick, joyfully. "Go to your hut now, Karamanga, for we start at dawn."

BEFORE the dawn broke, however, Dick Hilton had despatched a runner to the French Mission station with a note asking Father La Touche to come over and take charge of Lalage during his absence upon important business, the nature of which he did not specify. Nor, for that matter, did he give his wife even a hint of what he contemplated when he bade her good-bye. Upon the other hand, he left a sealed letter for Father La Touche, giving full instructions as to what was to be done in the event of his death. For some reason he was strangely uneasy about the forthcoming adventure.

Nor was the peculiar apprehension he experienced in any way abated later in the morning when he and Karamanga came to the cave of the local witch-doctor. Old Katawa was squatted at the side of a small, smokeless fire in the opening to his underground habitation.

"I see you, white man," he called.

"I see you, Katawa," Dick responded, but when he would have passed on the witch-doctor raised a cackling, eerie laugh and beckoned with a skinny hand. At the same moment Karamanga touched his master's arm.

"Ask him to tell us the luck of our farcing, Bwana," he urged.

As Dick approached him, the witch-doctor gathered up the bones and sat nursing them in the palm of his hand.

"You seek riches, white man, and you shall win them."

Again he cast the bones, and now the frown returned.

"A life for a life," he muttered. "You will take a life and must pay with a life in return."

Dick shifted his feet uncomfortably, for he had lived too long in Africa to laugh at the potency of the power of native prophecy.

"And for me?"

KARAMANGA held out a coin as he asked the question.

Katawa waved the coin aside.

"Imekwisha Kabiasa. It is finished entirely," he pronounced with an air of grave finality.

After a while, Dick turned to Karamanga as they trudged along.

"If we find the big elephant and he finishes me," he said grimly, "use the second rifle you are carrying, but get him at all costs, and see that the tusks are taken to the Good-man-doctor from the French mission."

Karamanga snapped his fingers uncomfortably.

"I am afraid of that big tembo, Bwana, but I will try to be faithful," he murmured.

Please turn to Page 49

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Mrs. Smith (suspiciously): Not if it's one of them places likely to get raided, Miss!

"WHAT is a chef, Father?" asked Willie.

"A chef, my boy, is a man with a large enough vocabulary to call soup by a different name every day," replied his father.

OLD LADY (to parachutist): I really don't know how you can hang from that silk thing. The suspense must be terrible.

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WIFE (to doctor): I wish you could make my husband sleep better. He wakes up in the middle of such interesting conversations.

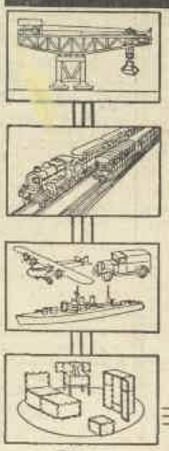
BATSMAN (as ball flies through a cottage window): What's that—six!

Umpire: No, six-and-six to you. That's my cottage.

WILLIE: It says in this book that in the olden days much trouble was caused by the sudden pouncing down of outlaws.

Dad: And nowadays much trouble is caused by the sudden pouncing down of inlaws!

MECCANO



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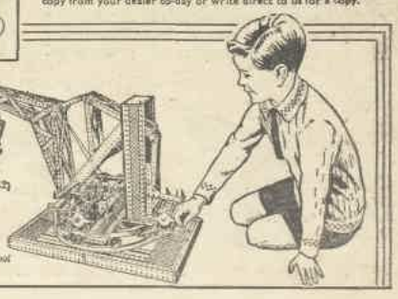

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TALISMAN RING

Continued from Page 7

"I HOPE I may be permitted to call you Eustacie, cousin?"

"Certainly; it will be quite convenable," replied Eustacie, bestowing a brilliant smile upon him.

"She's eighteen," said Sylvester abruptly. "How old are you?"

"Thirty-one," answered Sir Tristram uncompromisingly.

"H'm!" said Sylvester. "A very excellent age."

"For what?" asked Eustacie.

"For marriage, miss!"

Eustacie gave him a thoughtful look, but volunteered no further remark.

"You may go down to dinner now," said Sylvester. "I regret that I am unable to bear you company, but I trust that the wine I have instructed Person to give you will help you to overcome any feeling of gene which might conceivably attack you."

"You are all consideration, sir," said Shield. "Shall we go, cousin?"

Eustacie, who did not appear to suffer from gene, assented, curtsied again to her grandfather, and accompanied Sir Tristram downstairs to the dining-room.

THE butler had set their places at opposite ends of the great table, an arrangement in which both tacitly acquiesced, though it made conversation a trifle remote. Dinner, which was served in the grand manner, was well-chosen, well-cooked, and very long. Sir Tristram noticed that his prospective bride enjoyed a hearty appetite, and discovered after five minutes that she possessed a flow of artless conversation, quite unlike any he had been used to listen to in London drawing-rooms. He was prepared to find her embarrassed by a situation which struck him as being fantastic, and was somewhat startled when she remarked:

"It is a pity that you are so dark, because I do not like dark men in general. However, one must accustom oneself."

"Thank you," said Shield.

"If my grandpapa had left me in France it is probable that I should have married a duke," said Eustacie. "My uncle—the present Vidame, you understand—certainly intended it."

"You would probably have gone to the guillotine," replied Sir Tristram, depressingly matter-of-fact.

"Yes, that is quite true," agreed Eustacie. "We used to talk of it, my cousin Henriette and I. We made up our minds we should be entirely brave, not crying, of course, but perhaps a little pale in a proud way. Henriette wished to go to the guillotine en grande tenue, but that was only because she had a Court dress of yellow satin which she thought became her much better than it did really. For me, I think one should wear white to the guillotine if one is quite young, and not carry anything except perhaps a handkerchief. Do you not agree?"

"I don't think it signifies what you wear if you are on your way to the scaffold," replied Sir Tristram, quite unappreciative of the picture his cousin was dwelling on with such evident admiration.

SHE looked at him in surprise.

"Don't you? But consider! You would be very sorry for a young girl in a tumbril dressed all in white, pale, but quite unafraid, and not attending to the canaille at all, but——"

"I should be very sorry for anyone in a tumbril, whatever their age or sex or apparel," interrupted Sir Tristram.

"You would be more sorry for a young girl—all alone, and perhaps bound," said Eustacie positively.

"You wouldn't be all alone. There would be a great many other people in the tumbril with you," said Sir Tristram.

Eustacie eyed him with considerable displeasure.

"In my tumbril there would not have been a great many other people," she said.

Perceiving that argument on this point would be fruitless, Sir Tristram merely looked sceptical and refrained from speech.

"It must be a great relief for you to find yourself in Sussex," he said presently.

She fixed her large eyes on his face, and said:

"Yes, but—do you not like exciting things, cousin?"

"I do not like revolutions, if that is what you mean."

She shook her head.

"Ah, no, but romance, and—and adventure!"

He smiled.

"When I was eighteen I expect I did."

A DEPRESSED silence fell.

"Grandpapa says that you will make me a very good husband," said Eustacie presently.

Taken by surprise, Shield replied stiffly: "I shall endeavor to do so, cousin."

"I remember now," said Eustacie "You do not like women."

Sir Tristram, uncomfortably aware of the footman behind his chair, cast a glance at his cousin's empty plate, and got up.

"Let us go into the drawing-room," he said. "This is hardly the place to discuss such—er—intimate matters!"

Eustacie accompanied Sir Tristram to the drawing-room, and said, almost before he had shut the door: "Tell me, do you mind very much that you are to marry me?"

He answered in an annoyed voice: "My dear cousin, I do not know who told you that I dislike women, but it is a gross exaggeration."

"Yes, but do you mind?"

"I should not be here if I minded."

"Oh!" said Eustacie doubtfully.

She sat down on a sofa upholstered in blue and gold striped satin, folded her hands and looked expectantly at her suitor.

Please turn to Page 67

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Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

Sydney Hairdresser Tells How to Make Remedy for Grey Hair

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, a hairdresser for more than twenty years, recently disclosed the following:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair without use of 'crude' dyes, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and ½oz. Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger, and cannot be detected. It does not discolor the scalp; is not sticky or greasy; does not rub off, and cannot affect waving of hair."

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RUSSIAN BALLET—*Sydney's Christmas Attraction*

IRINA VASSILIEFF, second principal ballerina in the Monte Carlo ballet, considered to be one of the most promising of the younger ballerinas. Vassilieff will be seen with Leon Woizikowsky and Helene Kirsova in many of the beautiful ballets to be produced when the company opens its Sydney season on December 26.

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Glimpses of the Stars Behind the Footlights

An Impression Specially Written for The Australian Women's Weekly by One Who Attended the Ballet's Australian Premiere

Backstage, before the curtain rises on the night performance of the Monte Carlo Russian Ballet, is like a paint-box. Each dancer has her own individuality, her own style. She is like a tube of color waiting for the canvas on which she is to represent a vital part.

THE curtain rises; the stage is the canvas, the colors appear liquidly, individually, or en masse until the scene has become a glorious, changing, moving picture.

There are crisp shirt-fronts, bald heads, sleek heads and gorgeous frocks all round one in the audience, but at no time are they part of the picture.

The ballet-master, in his gold shoes and his maroon sweater with the tear in it, has worked like a demon to make the picture perfect; so have the lovely creatures on the stage.

Helene Kirsova is, in actual fact, creamy-yellow. Her skin, her hair, her inimitable movement, all seem the color of creamy coffee.

"L'APRES MIDI D'UN FAUNE," "The Afternoon of a Faun." A ballet in one act created by the famous Nijinsky, who danced the Faun in the original cast.

Beautiful Fantasies

TAMARA TCHINAROVA, with her black hair parted severely down the centre and her complexion browned from the Red Sea sun (she admits to loving the sun), carries an illusion of a deep chocolate color wherever she walks or dances. She wears a huge jade ring for contrast.

The brown-limbed Nina Ralevska is like a streak of burned orange on the stage as her one pose merges into another. Yet off the stage she is soft and feminine, with her dark hair caught at the back into Early Victorian curls that practically rest on her shoulders.

Xenia Golovina's home is in London. She loves clothes and cannot resist buying them if she happens to fall in love with them. Fortunately, they always suit her. And so above the footlights her pleasure in lovely things makes itself felt.

The scene on the stage moves continuously, and, down in the audience, one wishes one had several beings to absorb everything in that orderly pandemonium of movement in such phases of the dance as the massacre scene from "Scheherazade," where every person on the boards demands attention, and so much is happening at once.

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BETTY'S *'Racey'* NARRATIVES

If Bookmakers Only 'Frocked' for Randwick Like They Used to Years Ago!

By BETTY GEE

What a foil it would be to race-frocking if bookmakers wore the correct clothes at Randwick during its high-carnival periods!

My grandfather tells me that before they were allotted stands and that sort of thing, the bookmakers simply walked about among the populace. There was nothing to distinguish them from the crowd who wanted to bet with them, so they wore raiment of many colors—long gowns over their suits like a Gypo's burnous, only possessing more hues than the rainbow.

Well, now, tell me, how would Joe Matthews, Ernie Vandenberg, or Jack Shaw appeal, dressed up thus as a Sheik for the next Christmas carnival at Royal Randwick? They'd get all the business from us girls, you can bet your life.

IF BOOKMAKERS would only think more of fashion notes than pound notes they'd attract more feminine business.

LATER periods saw the bookmakers still dressed for effect. Even my father can remember when Barney Allen was the last word in sartorial showmanship with golden sovereign, real ones, mark you, for vest and coat buttons, and wrist buttons. Barney was the "big noise" in bookmaking 35 years ago. He drove a high dogcart down Collins St., Melbourne, and the horses wore little gold tinkling bells, and the dashboard of his vehicle was inlaid with gold and ivory.

Truly, "them wuz th' days"!

Then there was "Silver" Bryant, of Sydney, who evidently didn't belong to the same strata of the bookmaking aristocracy as Barney, seeing that he was content with silver caparisons. But, nevertheless, he was a striking figure on the racecourse with crown pieces worked into his scheme of ornamentation, and even adorning the outside of his bookmaking bag.

These were "champagne and turkey" bookmakers. The men of to-day lack the colorful setting in which their predecessors worked. The days of "corned-beef and cabbage" have descended upon us.

Gone even are the "loud" check suits. It isn't so long since bookmakers—good bookmakers—wore a scheme of chequered broadcloth possessing garish inch-square patterns, and a derby to match! Now there's not a man dare wear even a one-sixteenth-inch design to make a book upon our modern racecourses.

Why, Oh, Why?

WHY is it? Have our bookmakers been so tamed? Breathes there a man who would wear a derby at all to the races these days, except that good old owner-sportsman, Mr. John Spencer Brunton?

Among the few remaining knights of sartorial effect in the Randwick ring is Edgar Forsyth. He dons a topee or a straw, or panama of curious weave, to suit the day. This and his fine linen are merely rational, but he catches the eye.

Lionel Bloom is a sun-helmet man, but merely for comfort, and Reub. Clayton's thick-wrought straw of fruit-basket design for Warwick Farm and Moorefield came direct from Korea's paddy-fields.

But there is one picturesquely courageous bookmaker operating in Sydney just now. He is Jack Shaw. Drab winter o'er, he emerges from his chrysalis like a butterfly ready to don the robes prescribed by aesthetic taste. White linen, delicately pencilled, and silken shirts of varied hue, display. *His father, W. C. Alldritt, who takes an annual leave to England or America, has a much more varied wardrobe, and better-cut suits, obviously from Bond St., London.*

Joe Matthews, Bill McDonald, Ernie Vandenberg, Alf. King, Tom Powell and Suwanee Schwarz all mirror the best-cut suits a "pony" (£25) can buy in Sydney, and when you look at their clothes you realise there are Australian tailors who can build suits.

Almost all the others of the paddock ring fail to get into the Beau Brummell class. They have forgotten how to dress. Isn't it only a few years since Sid Baker's tall figure came not alone sartorially perfect to Randwick or anywhere else, but his three "clerks," too, were garbed like Princes of the Realm, in suits of impeccable cut?

Now the only "clerks" who could thus dress are those who have "interests" in their masters' books. And they're too well off to care.

Chauffeured to Races

JACK SHAW is driven to his race meetings by a liveried chauffeur, the while he lounges indolently in the back seat. But the commencement of betting sees a revitalised creature, young, handsome, and platinum, who springs like an unleashed hound into the vortex of gambling. Coat off and sleeves rolled up, he is the ring's live-wire, the "Dancing Dervish of the Bookmakers' Ballet."

Albert Sluice's assam silk ensemble is another of the few remaining distinctions of Sydney's betting ring. His busy black crayon for writing bets adorns it with a design of futuristic pencillings before the day concludes, and his face doesn't escape, either.

Some big bets have been written on his face, he confesses, while, crayon hand to mouth, he bawls "I'll lay, I'll lay any price some of these outsiders."

Frank Alldritt is another who is chauffeured to the races by the liveried driver of his Rolls Royce, but he goes racing only to work. No

Linen, Cutlery, Glassware Valued One Hundred Pounds Given Away Next Month

Every woman longs for lovely linen, glorious glassware, choice china and costly cutlery, and who wouldn't be thrilled to receive one hundred pounds worth of these beautiful things as a Christmas Gift

Someone will receive £100's worth of linen, glassware, cutlery, and china, specially selected by the expert from Mark Foy's (Liverpool Street, Sydney), this Christmas, and it will cost only one shilling. Imagine getting all the things shown here at a cost of only one shilling!

Bedspreads and blankets, sheets and shams, damask and dinner sets, d'oyleys and duchesse sets, table cloths and tea towels, coffee set and cutlery, serviettes and supper sets are all included in this wonderful display and will be given away soon.

This beautiful present is the fourth prize in the Golden Chest Art Union, which closes this month. The tickets are only 1/- each, and are attractive cards for sending Christmas Greetings. What Christmas thought would be more appreciated than a card that brings good wishes to a friend, and at the same time gives the opportunity of winning not only wonderful household goods, but over 200 other prizes as well!

The first prize in the Golden Christmas Chest Art Union is valued at £3000 by Saunders Ltd. (Jewellers), and, in addition, there is a £500 Pontiac Sedan Car, £100 Treasure Trousseau, £50 Model Kitchen, a £50 Wireless, and 200 other prizes valued at £1 each—all perfect Christmas gifts.

Stan McCabe, popular International cricketer, is the Honorary Secretary, and has given his services to help provide food and clothing for poor children through the Food for Babies Fund and Dalwood Health Home. The whole of the profits will benefit these two charities.

Readers can bring pleasure and profit to themselves and their friends and help bring happiness to others this Christmas, by sending a postal note for 1/- (or for as many tickets as they would like at 1/- each) and a stamped envelope, with their name and address, to Stan McCabe, Hon. Sec., Golden Christmas Chest, Desk WW4, Box 4005VV, G.P.O., Sydney. By return, Stan McCabe will gladly send the tickets, which may win this beautiful gift from Mark Foy's or any of the 200 other prizes.

DON'T DELAY, POST TO-DAY. THE GOLDEN CHEST CLOSES THIS MONTH.

THIS DISPLAY in Mark Foy's window includes some of the £100 worth of linen, cutlery and glassware—fourth prize in the Golden Chest Art Union.

REDUCE SAFELY
with FORD'S CORPOREAL CAPSULES

A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 8 stone 2lbs." This is a scientifically correct treatment, endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment, 5/6; six weeks, 10/-; at all chemists, or post free from NOEL F. FORD, M.P.S. (Syd. Uni.), Chemist, 247 King Street, Newtown. Tel. LL11.

CATARRH AND COLDS

Tiger Salve clears up catarrh and colds. Heals cuts, burns, sores, bruises and sprains, etc.

2/- at Chemists and Stores.

Tune in to 2SM EVERY SATURDAY (7 to 9 a.m.) and hear the famous Langford method of teaching demonstrated by Len Langford himself. Jazz planists are in demand. Let Len Langford teach you to read at sight any modern popular song in a few weeks. No knowledge of music is necessary; no scales; no exercises. You learn just from the first lesson. Money is refunded if you are not satisfied. Postal or personal tuition. Write for particulars to

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FARMER'S

12/9 Velvet court. Matching feather trim. Blue, black, green. 4's, 2-7.

12/9 Marocain Grecian. In blue, black, brown. 4's, 3 to 6½.

12/9 Quilted Marocain. Padded sole. Blue, black, salmon, green. 2 to 7.

9/11 Black brocade Grecian court. Louis heel. In half's, 2-7.

SLIPPERS

Santa orders 40,000

No, we weren't bowled over. Just a part of Farmer's service. We've got together 40,000 of the best. Every conceivable new style and colour in velvet, satin, figured marocain, and the prices start from only 2/9. All grouped together in Farmer's huge Xmas Slipper Bazaar, on the Third Floor. Packed in a bright gift box with card. Use the Lay-by! It's the easy way!

Only 1/- in every 5/- deposit to lay-by!

6/11 English velvet, silk trim. Black, rose, blue, red, green. 2 to 7.

6/11 Marocain Court. Three blue designs. Sizes 2 to 7.

14/9 Marocain Blue, grn, black. Halfs, 2-6½.

Almost half

Sensational purchase of "Lenci" Dolls. Usually 63/-

Farmer's buyer scoops 50 right in time for Christmas! Popular for children. Or welcome additions to lounge furnishings. "Lenci" dolls are in most colours, and are dressed many different ways. Price, **39/6**

Fourth Floor, Country Carriage Extra

THRILLS!

10,000 FEET UNDER the SEA

Farmer's dazzling Xmas Show for children! Exciting adventures in Santa's secret caverns

See the Model Train Circuit that Malcolm Campbell built for his son.

Farmer's recent secured this marvellous electric railway in London, bringing it to Sydney specially for the Christmas show. Eight trains run at a time.

Gliding Serpent Train

Deep down through the waves — a breathless trip in and out the watery submarine caverns, finishing at Santa's secret doorstep.

"The Barrier-Reef Pirates"

Or "Wrecked on Neptune's Doorstep". A thrilling playlet, that brings to life all the old villains we read about.

Speed Gordon's Submarine

The magnificent speed hero of land and sea alike, will show you all the wonders of his world-famous submarine. He's as wonderful as you've pictured him!

Other attractions.

The Old Galleon Treasure Chest Dips, The Enchanted Fairy Wishing Shell, Slippery Dip through Coral Gardens.

ADMISSION TO GALLERIES

—is by dockets from Toys, Books, Infants' Departments, Children's Barber Shop — one person for every 6d. of docket's value.

10/6 Silk Hose now 6/11

Crepe pure silk hose. Fully fashioned. A delightful dull-finish. Summer colours. Fine even texture. "Mediums".

4/11

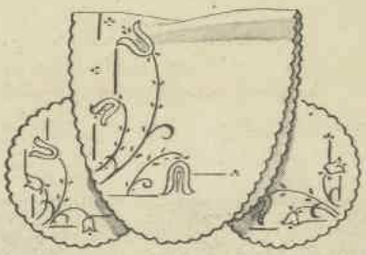
Ground Floor

Xmas gloves

Slip-on gauntlet of a special "Simplex" fabric—hard-wearing, good-looking. In new beige and sand shades. Only 4/11

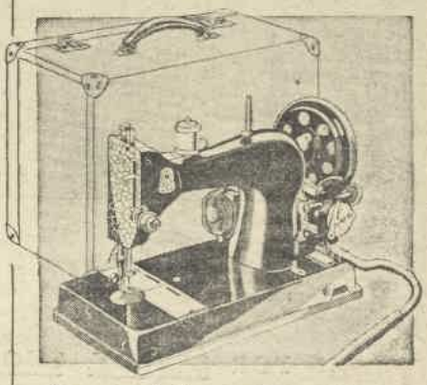
DINNER SETS, 32/6 Pure Irish Linen damasks. Hand-drawn hemstitched borders. 66 x 66. Six serviettes, 32/6. 66 x 86. Six serviettes, 40/-.

LINEN gifts at special prices make an opportunity to lay-by for Xmas



BOXED DUCHESS SETS, 5/11 Exquisite white linen centre with neat coloured embroidery. Two matching doyleys. In a Christmas box with a presentation card.

Fancy Linens — Ground Floor



Portable electric sewing machine

In neat leatherette carrying case. 20/- dep. Easy payments. Lay-by!

Sews in any direction without the material being turned. Operates on any ordinary power point. Smooth-running and powerful electric motor with shaded light. In green, blue, red, black. **£18/18/-**

Lower Ground Floor, Country Carriage Extra

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— The Lowest!

AND ANGUS & COOTE'S OWN TRUSTWORTHY GUARANTEE WITH EVERY RING.

The magnificent array of exclusive diamond rings on display in Angus & Coote's showrooms is worthy of a visit of inspection.

Your ideal ring is sure to be included—but if it isn't, then the factory is overhead to produce it to your own individual taste.

£12/10/- and £13/10/-
With its twin-heart under-rail, pierced with Cupid's arrow, this is indeed a unique engagement ring. It is £12/10/- or £13/10/-, according to the size of the diamonds. 18ct. gold and platinum settings.

£12/10/- and £16/10/-
This beautiful solitaire ring is either £12/10/- or £16/10/-, according to the size of the main diamond. It is a richly engraved 18ct. gold ring—with platinum settings. Note the diamond-studded shoulders.

£4/-/-
Pretty little gold ring of dainty design—set with well-cut diamond.

£7/10/-
Such a pretty style! It is solid gold, set with brilliant diamond.

£15/-/- £20/-/-
This very popular ring is shown with centre diamonds of two sizes, at either £15 or £20. In each the mount is solid 18ct. gold—white or yellow as preferred. Shoulders are studded with diamonds. Settings are platinum.

"RINGS OF ROMANCE"
is the title of a book of rings which should be studied by all who are about to become engaged. It is free and post free, and makes ring selecting a perfect pleasure.

£4/10/-
This lovely little ring is only 90/-. The mount is solid 18ct. gold, richly carved, and set with a beautiful diamond.

£11/10/-
The heart motif inspires this ring. There are seven diamonds altogether. The mount is 18ct. gold. Settings are platinum, and most secure.

ANGUS & COOTE
500 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

EUROPE'S *New* GIRL-QUEEN

Continued from Page 9

WHEN one of the dead Queen's dearest friends tried to prepare her eldest daughter for the sad news by using phrases too childish for her years, Josephine Charlotte burst into sobs and cried, "Don't say any more. I know. Mama is dead."

Little Baudouin, seeing his sister in tears, began to weep, too.

"Where is Mama?" he sobbed. "I want to see her."

Albert of Liege, then only 13 months old, was not present at this sad scene.

If he suffered—and who can dare say that even an infant in arms does not suffer when deprived of its mother?—it was not in a direct attack of grief, but more subtly by a change in the atmosphere around him. Never had a child been more cared for, more tenderly fondled than he.

Royal Pupils

NOTHING was as it had been before in the nursery of the little Royal children. The angel of death had passed. Astrid's smile would never flash there again.

The three children were taken to Laeken, and have never left it. Their young lives are unrolling there, in a succession of tranquil hours, amid work and play, in an apprenticeship to greatness.

Every morning, Josephine Charlotte goes to school. It is a school like any other school, although the blackboard and the chalk and the desks are in a Royal palace.

Belgium's princess has several other little girls to keep her company. Among them are the eldest daughter of Mr. Van Zeeland, Prime Minister of Belgium, and the daughter of the Countess De Roy de Blicquy, who was lady-in-waiting to the late Queen Astrid.

The teacher, Mlle. Berger, who can reward the children with delightful stories when they really have been good, conducts her class just as simply as any other class in Flanders or the Walloons.

KING LEOPOLD, of Belgium, at work in his study.

Queen Astrid often used to visit Mam'selle's pupils. And when Josephine Charlotte received black marks, she was publicly reprimanded.

I have been told that the Royal Mother used to pucker up her forehead so that her little daughter might know that she was terribly angry.

But it was hard for her to hide her smiles, for in the Swedish as well as the Belgian Court roguish youth has always been preferred to the gloomy achievements of bookworms.

Prince Baudouin is a turbulent little boy who is afraid of nothing. He tries to climb every tree in the park, and one day his nurse caught him perched many yards from the ground on the main trunk.

"What are you doing there, Baudouin?" she asked.

"Don't bother me," said he, "I am very busy."

"What on earth are you doing?"

"Can't you see?" he replied, "I am up in the sky with Professor Piccard."

The Prince is, in truth, one of the most ardent admirers of that illustrious explorer of the stratosphere. Some day he will be King.

The Prince of Liege, the youngest child, has not yet outgrown the toys and games suitable to very small children. He never goes out of his nursery except when he is taken for long promenades in the park.

He is fair-haired, strong, and healthy, always in good spirits, and all who come in contact with him know him as a boy who is always laughing.

RAGGED *Girl Now* WORLD DIPLOMAT

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

A fairy tale come true—this is how Miss Mina Mossina, the only accredited woman diplomat in London, describes her life.

TWELVE years ago, Mina arrived in Moscow, cold, hungry, clothed in rags, homeless, and frightened. She was one of a batch of Siberian peasants who had been sent down to the capital to be educated.

To-day, as vice-president of the Soviet Trade Union Delegation, that hungry, frightened child is a suave and friendly young woman, with dark, solemn eyes, and a perfectly bewitching smile.

"I was too young to remember either the war or the revolution," she told me. "I was born in a peasant's hut, and my father died before I knew him. If my mother had lived I should have become the wife of one of the villagers—a life of hard work, childbearing, and more hard work. I thought that with her death my life had ended, but I found it had just begun.

"The State took charge of me and sent me to school in Moscow, and I discovered that I loved lessons.

"From school I went on to the University, and was lucky in getting my Doctorate in Science. That again was simply because I enjoyed studying. You see, it was my life. I had no family distractions. I was ambitious, too.

"From the beginning of my schooldays I was interested in trade, and I was overjoyed when I got a position in the State Grain Trust. But, of course, I never dreamt it would lead to my becoming a person of some importance with my own pleasant office and my own maid to look after me."

At one moment Miss Mossina is just an enthusiastic girl, at another she is quietly fanatical about the Soviet Union, and a minute later she is the hard-headed business woman, pitting her wits against clever men, and at a disadvantage because she is thinking in a foreign language.

But in every mood she is interesting, attractive, and forceful, the amazing product of an ultra-modern system.

A Gas Copper

FOR SPEEDY, THOROUGH BOILING

To get the clothes really white, you must boil them thoroughly. And here is one of the great advantages of a modern gas copper. It boils in record time, and for as long as you need, without the necessity of stoking and watching. Moreover, with a gas copper you get the wash finished in half the time, in a cool, clean laundry. The consumption of gas is very low, and a gas copper is simplicity itself to use. Gas copper washing has certainly revolutionised the laundry!

Call in of your gas company and ask about the low price and easy payment system of installing a gas copper. Your gas company will arrange to demolish your old fuel copper and replace it with a modern gas copper.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA

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- *Leaves the mouth sweet and fresh.*
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WIRELESS

Telling how a man used the radio to play ghost, in a bid for a fortune

Complete Short Story

— by —

Agatha Christie

A soft step outside the door startled her. The will fell from her fingers into the grate.

ABOVE all, avoid worry and excitement," said Dr. Meynell, in the comfortable fashion affected by doctors.

Mrs. Harter, as is often the case with people hearing these soothing but meaningless words, seemed more doubtful than relieved.

"There is a certain cardiac weakness," continued the doctor, fluently, "but nothing to be alarmed about. I can assure you of that."

To the old lady's nephew, Charles Ridgeway, the doctor was slightly more explicit.

"Do not misunderstand me," he said. "Your aunt may live for years, probably will. At the same time, shock or over-exertion might carry her off like that!" He snapped his fingers. "She must lead a very quiet life. No exertion. No fatigue. But, of course, she must not be allowed to brood. She must be kept cheerful and the mind well distracted."

"Distracted," said Charles Ridgeway, thoughtfully.

CHARLES was a thoughtful young man. He was also a young man who believed in furthering his own inclinations whenever possible.

That evening he suggested the installation of a wireless set.

"I don't know that I care for these new-fangled things," said Mrs. Harter, piteously. "The waves, you know—the electric waves. They might affect me."

Charles, in a superior and kindly fashion, pointed out the futility of this idea.

Mrs. Harter, whose knowledge of the subject was of the vaguest, but who was tenacious of her own opinion, remained unconvinced.

"All that electricity," she murmured timorously. "You may say what you like, Charles, but some people are affected by electricity. I always have a terrible headache before a thunderstorm. I know that."

Charles was a patient young man. He was also persistent.

"My dear Aunt Mary," he said, "let me make the thing clear to you."

He was something of an authority on the subject. He delivered now quite a lecture on the theme; warming to his task he spoke of screen-grid valves, of automatic volume-control, of high frequency and low frequency, and of condensers.

Mrs. Harter, submerged in a sea of words that she did not understand, surrendered.

It took all Charles' enthusiasm to reconcile her to it.

Charles was in his element; he turned knobs, discoursing eloquently the while.

MRS. HARTER sat in her high-backed chair, patient and polite, with a rooted conviction in her own mind that these new-fangled notions were neither more nor less than unmitigated nuisances.

"Listen, Aunt Mary, we are on to Berlin. Isn't that splendid? Can you hear the fellow?"

"I can't hear anything except a good deal of buzzing and clicking," said Mrs. Harter.

Charles continued to twirl knobs. "Brussels," he announced with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Harter could not help smiling at him. She was very fond of Charles. For some years a niece, Miriam Harter, had lived with her. She had intended to make the girl her heiress, but Miriam had not been a success. She was impatient and obviously bored by her aunt's society.

Miriam had been returned to her mother with a curt note, much as if she had been goods on approval. She had married the young man in question, and Mrs. Harter usually sent her a handkerchief case or a table-centre at Christmas.

Having found nieces disappointing, Mrs. Harter turned her attention to nephews. Charles, from the first, had been an unqualified success.

Highly satisfied with her new acquisition, Mrs. Harter had written to her lawyer with instructions as to the making of a new will. This was sent to her, duly approved by her, and signed.

And now, even in the matter of the wireless, Charles was soon proved to have won fresh laurels.

It was about three months after the wireless had been installed that the first eerie happening occurred. Charles was absent at a bridge party.

THE programme for that evening was a ballad concert. A well-known soprano was singing "Annie Laurie," and in the middle of "Annie Laurie" a strange thing happened. There was a sudden break, the music ceased for a moment, the buzzing, clicking noise continued, and then that, too, died away. There was dead silence, and then, very faintly, a low, buzzing sound was heard.

Mrs. Harter got the impression, why she did not know, that the machine was tuned in to somewhere very far away, and then clearly and distinctly a voice spoke, a man's voice with a faint Irish accent.

"Mary—can you hear me, Mary? It is Patrick speaking. . . . I am coming for you soon. You will be ready, won't you, Mary?"

Then, almost immediately, the strains of "Annie Laurie" once more filled the room.

Mrs. Harter sat rigid in her chair, her hands clenched on each arm of it. Had she been dreaming? Patrick! Patrick's voice! Patrick's voice in this very room, speaking to her.

No, it must be a dream, a hallucination perhaps. She must just have dropped off to sleep for a minute or two. A curious thing to have dreamed—that her dead husband's voice should speak to her over the ether. It frightened her just a little. What were the words he had said?

"I am coming for you soon, Mary. You will be ready, won't you?"

Was it, could it be a premonition? Cardiac weakness. Her heart. After all, she was getting on in years.

"It's a warning — that's what it is," said Mrs. Harter, rising slowly and painfully from her chair, and added characteristically:

"All that money wasted on putting in a lift!"

She said nothing of her experience to anyone, but for the next day or two she was thoughtful and a little preoccupied.

And then came the second occasion. Again she was alone in the room. The wireless, which had been playing an orchestral selection, died away with the same suddenness as before. Again there was silence, the sense of distance, and finally Patrick's voice, not as it had been in life—but a voice rarefied, far away, with a strange, unearthly quality.

"Patrick speaking to you, Mary. I will be coming for you very soon now. . . ."

Then click, buzz, and the orchestral selection was in full swing again.

Mrs. Harter glanced at the clock. No, she had not been asleep this time. Awake, and in full possession of her faculties, she had heard Patrick's voice speaking. It was no hallucination, she was sure of that.

In a confused way she tried to think over all that Charles had explained to her of the theory of ether waves.

Mrs. Harter rang the bell for her maid, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was a tall, gaunt woman of sixty. Beneath an unbending exterior she concealed a wealth of affection and tenderness for her mistress.

"Elizabeth," said Mrs. Harter when her faithful retainer had appeared, "you remember what I told you? The top left-hand drawer of my bureau. It is locked, the long key with the white label. Everything is there ready."

"Ready, ma'am?"

"For my burial," snorted Mrs. Harter. "You know perfectly well what I mean, Elizabeth. You helped me to put the things there yourself."

Elizabeth's face began to work strangely.

"Oh, ma'am," she wailed, "don't dwell on such things. I thought you was a sight better."

"We have all got to go some time or another," said Mrs. Harter practically. "I am over my three-score years and ten, Elizabeth. There, there; don't make a fool of yourself. If you must cry, go and cry somewhere else."

Elizabeth retired, still sniffing.

Mrs. Harter looked after her with a good deal of affection.

"Silly old fool, but faithful," she said, "very faithful. Let me see, was it a hundred pounds or only fifty I left her? It ought to be a hundred. She has been with me a long time."

The point worried the old lady, and the next day she sat down and wrote to her lawyer asking if he would send her her will so that she might look over it. It was that same day that Charles startled her by something he said at lunch.

"By the way, Aunt Mary," he said, "who is that funny old josser up in the spare room next to mine? The picture over the mantelpiece, I mean. The old johnny with the beaver and side-whiskers?"

The Best Laid Plans . . .

Mrs. Harter looked at him austerely.

"That is your Uncle Patrick as a young man," she said.

"Oh, I say, Aunt Mary, I am awfully sorry. I didn't mean to be rude."

Mrs. Harter accepted the apology with a dignified bend of the head.

Charles went on rather uncertainly:

"I just wondered. You see——"

He stopped undecidedly, and Mrs. Harter said sharply:

"Well? What were you going to say?"

"Nothing," said Charles hastily. "Nothing that makes sense, I mean."

For the moment the old lady said nothing more, but later that day, when they were alone together, she returned to the subject.

"I wish you would tell me, Charles, what it was made you ask me about that picture of your uncle."

Charles looked embarrassed.

"I told you, Aunt Mary. It was nothing but a silly fancy of mine—quite absurd."

"Charles," said Mrs. Harter in her most autocratic voice, "I insist upon knowing."

"WELL, my dear aunt, if you will have it, I fancied I saw him—the man in the picture, I mean—looking out of the end window when I was coming up the drive last night. Some effect of the light, I suppose. I wondered who on earth he could be, the face was so—Early Victorian, if you know what I mean.

"And then Elizabeth said there was no one, no visitor or stranger in the house, and later in the evening I happened to drift into the spare room, and there was the picture over the mantelpiece. My man to the life! It is quite easily explained, really, I expect. Subconscious and all that. Must have noticed the picture before without realising that I had noticed it, and then just fancied the face at the window."

"The end window?" said Mrs. Harter, sharply.

"Yes, why?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Harter.

But she was startled all the same. That room had been her husband's dressing-room.

That same evening, Charles again being absent, Mrs. Harter sat listening to the wireless with feverish impatience. If for the third time she heard the mysterious voice, it would prove to her finally and without a shadow of doubt that she was really in communication with some other world.

Please turn to Page 40

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BEAUTY SHAMPOOS

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

THE OLD LADY *Shows Her* METTLE

Splendid Family Study

That indestructible pillar of American small-town fiction, "Grandma," bobs up again in Karlton Kelm's "Cherry Bed," a racily-told story of middle-class folk.

THE rest of the family do not matter much. They serve only as background for the vigorous, rough-hewn, unpolished, but strangely courageous old lady.

In fact, this is emphatically grandma's book. The author says his novel is a biting satire. So much is true. The bite is administered to the family by grandma's nimble and comprehensive vocabulary, but it is as a character study of a vital and valiant old woman that the book has its main value.

There is a salty ring of naturalness about her. She may be impossible and uncouth to the younger generation, but among the "jittery" youngsters she stands out single-minded, dominating and good-hearted to the highest degree.

Survived the Wreck

THE depression swept away Grandma Corley's money, but it dissipated not one iota of her courage. She survives the wreck of her hopes without undue complaint, and spends her time visiting her children. Grandma is not the type for the seat by the fire and the mumbling memories of senility.

Everywhere she goes, there go, too, her individuality and her possessions—her birds, her pot-plants and her cherry-bed.

She bestrides the book like a Colossus, sorting out the problems of her family, making quarrels and settling them; takes sides outrageously, and enjoys herself thoroughly in the process. Grandma has one very feminine failing: She adores the black-sheep son of the family. She fights valiantly for him against the smugness of the rest of the family, and proves her judgment right, after all.

She's a nonagenarian cyclone, which breezes through a book which, for its humor and honesty, women will enjoy.

"The Cherry Bed" (Karlton Kelm. Harrap, 8/6.)

BOOKWORM'S CHOICE

"PLEASE DON'T SMILE." Johann Rabener. A German novel, with no heavy-footed humor about it. On the contrary, it moves with the swiftness and ease of a Wodehouse farce.

Joachim, a young novelist, runs away with his friend's wife, Martina. Very soon it is revealed that Joachim really loves his work and that all Martina's affections are bound up in Edda, her precocious daughter. Using this as the theme of one man's perplexity, the author writes a vastly entertaining book, studded with epigrams and full of amusing situations. Great leisure hour reading with here and there a situation to make you sit up and think. (Boriswood. 7/6.)

Short Reviews

"THE SILVER KEY," Emma Bonn. The title of this story refers to memory, which opens the door of half-forgotten childhood. It is a painstaking study, but a lot of the matter is a discursive and unnecessary overburdening of the tale. Bettina and Martin are children in the home of a widowed German banker, and we follow their lives in New York and later at Frankfurt. There is insight and sympathy in the book, but somehow the children seem a little wooden and self-conscious in all they say and do. (Heinemann. 7/6.)

❖ ❖ ❖

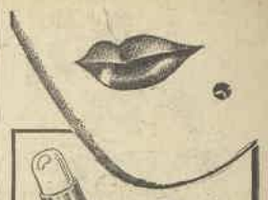
"THE FAITHFUL LOVERS." J. D. Beresford. This is a romantic novel which nevertheless does not lose contact with life. It begins as a Cornish love idyll when a boy of seventeen falls in love with a farm girl, and carries us through the war and the soul-searing experiences of the man who is a conscientious objector.

The real value of the book is its humanity and a fine understanding of the world. A charming book, brilliantly—but not too brilliantly—written, with an especial appeal to women readers. (Hutchinson. 7/6.)

❖ ❖ ❖

"SAINT JOAN." V. Sackville West. Almost every author of repute has written, or thought of writing, a story about Joan of Arc. Some have presented her as a "beauteous maid in shining armor" and others as a person suffering from delusion. Bernard Shaw made of her a country girl with a Yorkshire accent, yet this failed to destroy the beauty of St. Joan's life and the magnificence of her mission. In fact, it was Shaw's best play.

Miss Sackville West contents herself with giving us a portrait of Saint Joan which seems to have the ring of authenticity about it. Historical accuracy makes the book all the more readable. A fine study recommended for more serious reading. (Cobden-Sanderson. 10/-.)



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Blonde Scarlet Vivid
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SIZES:—Large—Popular

Michel adherent compact rouge gives a flattering complexion. Michel cosmetique glorifies the eyes. Is waterproof, non-irritating.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

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STEP BY STEP.

New! instructive series of 9 crochet folders!..

The first folder is simple enough for the beginner; the second a step more advanced, and so on. See the complete series at your needlework shop—choose the folder that matches your ability and *graduate up* to the more ambitious designs. Each folder costs 1d. (2d. if posted). The Series Comprises: 1. Edgings and Joinings. 2. Crochet Edgings. 3. Edgings and Corners. 4. Handkerchief Edgings and Collar. 5. Crochet Collars and Cuffs. 6. Crochet Mats. 7. Crochet Medallions. 8. Crochet Luncheon Mats. 9. Filet Crochet.

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These new instruction folders, "Crochet Today" and "With your Crochet Hook" present many simple and easy to work items. "Crochet-made Easy" is an illustrated booklet showing all useful crochet stitches. These are on sale 2d. ea. including postage at most needle-work shops, or use the coupon provided.

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I enclose ..... in stamps for one copy each of leaflets *Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. "Crochet Made Easy" "Crochet Today" "With your Crochet Hook." *Strike out leaflets NOT required.

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Address.....

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Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: Master with magic, and
LOTHAR: His faithful Nubian servant, who are trying to capture
SAKI: Brilliant thief and master of disguises, who has stolen the Star Sapphire from
SIR OSWALD: An Englishman, and
JANE: His lovely daughter. Saki escapes, with Mandrake and Lothar in hot pursuit, but, by means of disguises, he eludes them and returns to Sir Oswald's home disguised as Sir Oswald. Jane learns his identity, and decides to go to her fiance. Saki, however, overcomes
CHARLES: The chauffeur, takes his place, and it is only when they are well on their way that Jane learns the truth. Meantime, Charles has been discovered, and Mandrake, in a desperate effort to reach Jane, concentrates furiously. Suddenly, next to them in the car, his figure image appears, and speaks. NOW READ ON.

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PSORIASIS
Permanently Banished!

Included among the remarkable number of successful treatments of skin diseases achieved by Mr. R. Richard Diamond, the well-known chemist of Bondi, are long-standing cases of Psoriasis for which the patients had hopelessly sought relief for many years.

Mr. R. Richard Diamond.

By his special method of diagnosis and new scientific treatment, Mr. Diamond was able to bring about prompt and lasting relief.

Mrs. E. D. writes:—

"After only six weeks of your treatment, my complaint, Psoriasis, is completely cured. I think this is wonderful, as I have had the complaint for over three years, during which period I was treated by several doctors, and was told that the complaint was incurable; but I am now cured and am truly grateful."

Mr. Diamond's success with this phenomenally effective course of skin treatment has been responsible for the release from skin torture of many grateful patients, not only in his district, but all over Australia. Many patients had previously spent pounds over a period of years in the hope of permanent relief.

Skin complaints successfully treated include Eczema, Psoriasis, Germ-under-nail, Ulcers, Ringworm, Tinea, Acne, Boils, Pimples, Pruritis, Varicose Veins, and other irritating and disfiguring diseases.

Every treatment is personal, and readers afflicted are advised to get in touch with Mr. R. RICHARD DIAMOND, Consulting Chemist and Skin Specialist, 96W. Hall Street, Six Ways, Bondi Beach, N.S.W.***

DEAR *Little* HOUSE

Continued from Page 10

"YOU can direct beautifully from here," said Aubrey, soothing her. "It is a mistake to run about after furniture men. You couldn't have chosen a better spot than this window seat—with the door open—for directing them."

"But I can hardly keep my hands off the beautiful things."

"I know, Miss Bellair, I understand. But please do let me advise you." He meant to keep her quiet beside him for what might be the innocent or awful explanation.

"I want you to put that stair carpet down for me."

"All right, lady."

She turned suddenly to Aubrey. Her eyes were positively dewy. "Wouldn't you like to go away, Mr. Thatcher? Really?"

"I'd rather stay. In fact, I am going to stay. How are you spreading the rest of the payment out?"

"Five pounds a month."

"Um."

"And the furniture - only half paid for; because, of course, I realised there would be other odd expenses—cash down."

"My dear child, how, on three-ten a week, can you possibly keep up these payments?"

She interrupted him in the softest voice, cooing: "That's another story."

"Um."

He could think of nothing else to say.

"Directly I saw this dear little house I imagined myself living in it for the rest of my life."

"So that's all, is it?" said Aubrey, mopping his brow, "a woman's whim. Now, will you listen to me?" he asked desperately, and heard her cry: "That old oak press on the upstair landing please, and be careful."

Then she turned to him very sweetly; she had taken off her hat and the sun was on her hair; and she said, surprised:—

"Why, of course; I would love to listen to you, Mr. Thatcher, only not advice, please. Not 'don't!'"

"It isn't advice. It's—what do you think of me?"

"Why, you're awfully popular at the office, Mr. Thatcher, and what I think is that you deserve it all."

"No, no. Not like that. I mean, looking at me—well, what age am I?"

She guessed kindly: "Thirty-three."

He groaned in spirit. He was twenty-eight.

"Well, what kind of a fellow am I? Interesting? Would women like, me, a girl such as yourself, for instance—you're about twenty-six, aren't you—would such a girl—er—consider me—er—at all exciting or attractive? Would she marry me?"

"Oh, but Mr. Thatcher, surely you'd marry—if you did marry—someone a little older. I think someone a little older would appreciate you more."

"Um."

"That is the kitchen cabinet. Put it opposite the stove, please."

"Doris, confound the kitchen cabinet and everything. Will you marry me yourself? My dear!" And never had Aubrey Thatcher said those two little words in such a voice before.

"Oh . . . Oh! Such a thing simply could not happen, Mr. Thatcher," said Doris, surprised and aghast, "because you see——"

Then she told him.

"SO Archie was sentenced to three years," said Doris, "just because, through the most tragic ill-fortune, Mr. Thatcher, he badly needed money, and a woman a great deal older than himself offered to assist him. He explained to her that he should see she got this wretched money back a hundredfold, and suggested making some investments for her in a diamond mine that he knew all about."

"Um."

"It is so involved, Mr. Thatcher, with this horrible woman who was the means of sending him to prison, and with another woman who came forward and told the most dreadful lies in Court about having backed a bill for him and then being called upon to pay; and there was a widow who was passionately in love with him, and who was obliged to say in the witness-box that he had put some money of hers into a business which went down, but how gladly she would help him again and marry him. But then there was somebody else's sister-in-law—a great, horrid spinster kind of woman; such a hard face—who had wanted him to advise her about money, too, and of course they were all in love with Archie. All he had meant was to help inexperienced women—at least, he thought they were inexperienced. I call them harpies.

"Double-dyed harpies," Doris added, and paused for breath, because she was now more emotional than Aubrey had ever seen her.

"The story is confusing to tell you about—so involved," said she.

HOWEVER, Aubrey had followed this story with remarkably little difficulty. He put a question:—

"And did the spinster lose money, too?"

"I'm not sure, Mr. Thatcher. It was all, as Archie told me, just a fatal sequence of events."

"Um."

"I shan't ever forget that stormy night on the pier—there was hardly anyone there except ourselves, because of the storm."

"What pier?"

"Margate. I was on holiday. He was staying in the same little boarding-house."

"Made love to you?"

"We fell in love," Doris corrected him reproachfully, "the first moment we saw each other. Oh, I'll never forget that night on the pier, when he told me he was in terrible trouble, his enemies had hounded him down.

Please turn to Page 38

Xmas is just around the corner and Xmas gift buying is the order of the day. What better gift for your feminine friends than Lingerie and Stockings by Lustre.

From Dept. Stores and Specialty Shops — everywhere.

THE SIGN OF QUALITY

THIS SEAL IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY AND VALUE

By Lustre

New Shampoo-Rinse safely prevents Light-Blond hair from Darkening — MAKES MOUSY, BROWNISH HAIR **2-4 SHADES LIGHTER**

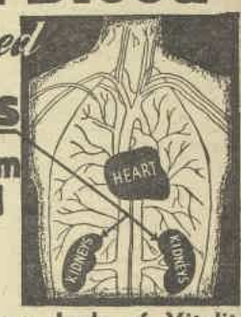
Her hair was once as gleamingly light and golden as her little daughter's but, like all blond hair that has been neglected, it darkened, became brownish and dull. Then she used STA-BLOND, the wonderful shampoo and rinse *all-in-one*, specially made for natural blond hair. Quickly her hair became shades lighter and regained the beautiful natural golden colour and silky softness of her childhood. STA-BLOND is the very thing for her daughter's hair too—will keep it for ever fascinatingly blond and lovely.

STA-BLOND contains *no injurious bleaches* and is used by over a million blondes all over the world. Also makes "perms" last longer. All you "used-to-be" blondes, get a packet of STA-BLOND today and give back to your hair its glorious youthful blondness. If you are not delighted with the results simply ask for your money back.

Known in America as **Blondex.** Sole distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 3679, s.s. Sydney.

STA-BLOND THE BLONDE'S OWN SHAMPOO

Acids in Blood-
must be removed
by Kidneys
Or your system is poisoned



Your Health is Undermined and You May Suffer from Nervousness, Circles Under Eyes, Lack of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Dizziness, Leg Pains, and Feel Tired, Run-Down, and Worn Out.

There is nothing that can so quickly undermine your health, strength, and energy, as an excess of acid in your blood. Most people when thinking of Acidity think of the stomach. However, the type of acidity that undermines health is that arising in the blood and often caused by worry, overwork, fear, late hours or over-indulgence, thus placing a heavy strain or load on the kidneys.

Nature has provided an automatic method of getting rid of these excess Acids in the blood. This is accomplished by your Kidneys, the most intricate and delicate organs in your body. Each kidney, although only the size of your clenched fist, contains 4½ million tiny, delicate tubes or filters. Your blood circulates through these tiny filters 200 times an hour, or so frequently that in a 24-hour period the kidneys actually filter and purify a barrel of blood, so that the Acids and poisonous wastes may be removed.

Causes Many Troubles

Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, U.S.A., recently stated: "Modern foods and drinks, nervous strain, worry, and overwork, place a tremendous load on the kidneys. For this reason it is estimated that millions of men and women at times are troubled with poorly functioning kidneys. In fact this condition is often the real cause of thousands of people feeling older than they should, run-down, exhausted, nervous, and worn out."

If your kidneys slow down and do not function properly and fail to remove approximately 3 pints of Acids, Poisons, and liquids from your blood every twenty-four hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these Acids and Wastes, and slowly but surely your system becomes poisoned. Kidney and Bladder Troubles cause many diseases, such as Nervousness, Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Colds and Headaches, Rheumatism, Pains, Swollen Ankles, Circles under Eyes, Backaches, Loss of Vitality, Burning, Itching and Smarting, Acidity.

Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Chemists and doctors in 51 countries throughout the world think that the right way to help your kidneys function is with the doctor's prescription, Cystex, which is scientifically prepared in accordance with the requirements of the United States and British pharmacopoeia to act directly on the kidneys. For instance, Dr. C. Van Straubenzee, noted European physician, stated: "I consider Cystex one of the most meritorious formulas I have ever examined, and recommend it most highly." And Dr. C. J. Roberts, formerly of the Philadelphia General Hospital, states: "In my years of practice I have employed many medicines and prescriptions to improve the functional action of the kidneys, but in my opinion there is no preparation that excels the prescription known as Cystex."

Make This 8-Day Guaranteed Test

If you are rundown, worn out, feel older than you are, or suffer from the diseases previously mentioned, Kidney and Bladder Troubles likely are the real cause of your trouble. At any rate it will do you no harm to put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. Under the guarantee, in 8 days' time it must do the work to your complete satisfaction, or you merely return the empty package and the full purchase price is refunded without question or argument. With Cystex there is no long waiting for results, because it is scientifically prepared to act directly on the kidneys. For that reason most people report a remarkable improvement within the first forty-eight hours and complete satisfaction within 8 days. In testing Cystex, you are the sole judge of your satisfaction. You must feel younger, stronger and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work thoroughly and completely, or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. Cystex costs little at chemists, and as the guarantee protects you completely, you can not afford to take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or any medicine that is not good enough to be guaranteed. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Sis-tex) today.

SWING TIME IS HERE!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5801677

LET'S GIVE *These Babies a Bonus,* TOO . . .

It's Time the Government Paid for Twins and Triplets

Australia's baby bonus payments to mothers are not doubled or trebled when twins or triplets are born.

Under this glaring anomaly, financial aid has been withheld from those those mothers desperately needing it—those to whom the Stork has unexpectedly brought a set of twins, triplets, or more.

IT IS JUST as well the Johnson quadruplets (who are shown above with their nurse) were born in New Zealand. Had they been Australians their parents would have received only one baby bonus, whereas they were given £100 by the Dominion Government.

WHILE Australia is clamoring for a greater population and politicians urge mothers to do their duty and bear bigger families, the Commonwealth Government, under its baby bonus scheme, paradoxically regards two or three babies born together—twins or triplets—as merely one birth and pays only one bonus.

Multiple-birth children and their mothers need special financial and medical facilities, and the numbers of such births, over 1000 a year, indicate they need help in a big way.

One baby is problem enough for any mother, but when the Stork brings twins of triplets, the mother, especially if she is in poor circumstances, needs extra care and extra medical and other facilities.

Some State services are already available for the mothers of single or multiple-birth children, but they are not universal or adequate enough for helping the mother of multiple-birth babies.

A multiple birth brings added problems to the mother, not only because she has two or more tiny babies to look after at once, but because multiple births are usually premature and therefore often more delicate than babies born in the normal time.

Commonwealth statisticians do not analyse infant death figures, so that it is not possible to compare the number of deaths among single births with those among multiple births.

But as multiple births are usually premature, and premature births provide the highest percentage of the total infant death rate, it can be assumed that multiple-birth babies are not as strong as others.

American statistics for 1922 to 1932 show that 96 per cent. of single births live, as against 92 per cent. of twins, 86 per cent. of triplets, and 72 per cent. of quadruplets.

As a rule it is possible to detect plural birth beforehand, so that with more facilities for pre-natal care and education of mothers it should be possible to give multiple babies a better start in life.

The baby bonus should contribute towards this idea. Its benefits are about to be liberalised and here is one direction in which it should be extended.

An important step in aiding the mother of twins or triplets, or more, is to persuade the Commonwealth Government that triplets count as three, and not as one.

The mother now receives the baby bonus for only one birth, although the twins or triplets are recorded as two or three births in the Commonwealth statistics.

How this works out can be judged from the followtng table which gives details of children born in Australia in the five years ended December, 1934:

	Single	Twins	Triplets	Quads	Total
1930	125,530	2846	19	4	128,399
1931	115,987	2492	30	—	118,509
1932	108,742	2177	14	—	110,933
1933	108,983	2233	33	—	111,249
1934	107,158	2284	33	—	109,475

The twins, triplets, and quadruplets columns represent a total of 12,185 babies. Yet, under the one-confinement-one-bonus plan of the Commonwealth Government, only 6070 were recognised. This, of course, does not provide for the income and other requirements that have to be satisfied under the maternity payments system.

Certainly it is one way of balancing the budget, but that is poor consolation for a mother who is credited with only one baby bonus when she should get two or three.

Our Cooking Classes

DURING the week beginning December 5, cooking classes, in which the making, baking and icing of Christmas cakes will be demonstrated by Mrs. Ruth Furst, our cookery expert, will be held as follows in The Australian Women's Weekly kitchen, Room 49, Royal Arcade, between Market and Park Sts., Sydney:

Monday, 2.30 to 3.30 p.m.; Tuesday (business girls' class), 6.30 to 7.30 p.m.; Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 2.30 to 3.30 p.m.

The fee for each class is 2/-.

Those desiring to attend should book in advance by telephoning or calling at The Australian Women's Weekly office, 321 Pitt Street.

Sydney's premiere Hairdresser offers:

LORRAINE MACHINELESS SELF-SETTING ENDS 12/6
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LORRAINE MACHINELESS VAPOR WAVE 21/-

(Self Portrait given with all Permanent Waves.)

You only have one head of hair and it's much too precious to risk it with a "cheap" permanent wave. An unfortunate experience teaches that there are no "bargain waves." Women everywhere share this view. They have found that Lorraine permanents protect their hair—are more comfortable and natural, easier to manage and last much longer. The Lorraine processes of waving are cooler, which means absolutely no discomfort, no dry or frizzy ends. Your hair is gently bathed in a mild harmless vapor which duplicates Nature's own method of curling.

Senior operators only employed under supervision of Mdm. and Miss Lorraine.

First Floor GEORGE STREET — WEMBLEY HOUSE Central Square

'Phone: MA2428.

Lorraine (Est. 12 years) is in no way connected with any other hairdresser of a like or similar name.

How to make a marvellous

Strawberry Short Cake

Ingredients:

- ½ lb. flour
- 1½ teaspoons Aunt Mary's Baking Powder
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 dessertspoon butter
- 1 egg
- ½ gill milk
- 1 gill cream
- 2 dozen strawberries

Method:

Sift flour and baking powder, rub in butter, then add sugar. Mix into a fairly dry dough with the beaten egg and milk mixed. Turn on to a floured board and knead slightly into a round shape. Place on to a greased flat tin as for a damper, and bake in a quick oven with a decreasing heat for about 20 minutes. Split in two and butter whilst hot. When cool fill with some of the cream whipped and sweetened, with about half the strawberries crushed and added to it. Place the rest of whipped cream on top and decorate with whole strawberries.

You can be sure of success when you use—

AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER

Send One Shilling and Twopence to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Sydney, for YOUR copy of Aunt Mary's Cookery Book—212 pages — 400 recipes and useful hints.

Save 50 Clean Lids for Handsome Surprise Packet.

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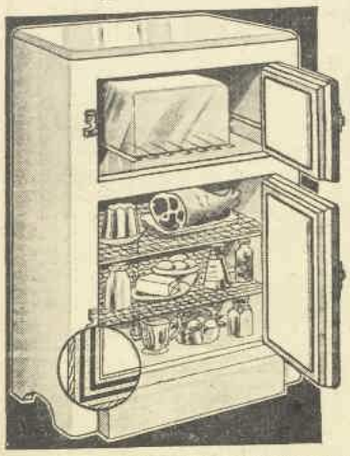
BEBARFALD BLUEBIRD REFRIGERATOR

—needs ice only twice weekly
—keeps 5 degrees colder!



The Bebarfald BlueBird Cold Air Conditioned Ice Refrigerator is the only Ice Refrigerator which does the work of a £50 Refrigerator without any mechanical worries. It is the greatest success since the invention of refrigerators! Air Conditioning principle absorbs food odours. Doubly insulated with a patent foil insulation (used only in best imported refrigerators.)

Special Introductory Offer!

£8/17/6

With Free Ice Cuber!

Make delicious Summer drinks more acceptable with Ice Cubes, made from your own ice with this Ice Cuber.

EXCLUSIVE PATENTED FEATURES!

The patent double insulation and patent grid of the Bebarfald BlueBird Ice Refrigerator keep the temperature at least 5 degrees below that of an ordinary Ice Chest and MAKE ICE LAST AT LEAST 50% LONGER—nearly 4 days. Extra large size—42 inches high, 24 inches wide, 16 inches deep. Porcelain-lined throughout . . . easy to clean. Rubber cushioned doors keep it cold-tight.

Every Refrigerator is sold under the

Guarantee

of the following Conditions

NEEDS ICE ONLY TWICE WEEKLY. Twice as economical because it is doubly insulated.

Temperature keeps 5 degrees COLDER than Ice Chests. Preserves food like a refrigerator.

Patent Air Conditioning. Air is cooled by passing beneath ice. Drip Bath absorbs odours.

NO ODOURS. No tainted food! Hygienic glass trap reveals any impurities. Exclusive feature of the BlueBird.

£1 deposit obtains delivery! And only a few shillings weekly; we trade-in your old ice waster as part payment.

See Special Displays, 4th floor, or write for
FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET TO

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Please send me, without obligation, particulars of your patented Blue-Bird Ice Refrigerator at £8/17/6.

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Serving the State

"Serving You" . . . the bank has been intimately associated with the aspirations, the plans, the problems and the progress of the individual. It has financed, advised and assisted thousands in the realisation of their aims.

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Service has no more practical interpretation, and the Rural Bank welcomes the support which makes it possible.

Interest bearing fixed deposits are accepted and cheque accounts opened at all branches throughout the State.

The RURAL BANK of N.S.W.

Head Office: 14 Castlereagh St., Sydney
Sydney Branch: 350 George Street, (Opp. Wynyard Street.)

Commissioners:
C. R. McKerihan (President); H. Rogers, P. Kearns

"GOING—GOING—GONE!" Miss Rose Cooper, attractive New York girl, is America's one and only lady stamp auctioneer. She has been in the stamp business for ten years, but her auctioneering started but recently. The only men she's interested in, she says, are those who are interested in stamps. —Air Mail photo.

FRENCH *Chef* . . . for KING

But His Majesty Still Wants Simple Food

By Air Mail from Our London Office

England's King has a French chef. Tubular, immaculate, moustached, stiffly-built, he was brought over from Paris to take charge of the kitchen at St. James' Palace.

THE cuisine-master's name is M. Legros. There is not a robust dish, not a palate-tingling confection, not a thistle-down souffle of which he isn't master.

He is more than a master, this quick-talking, bird-eyed M. Legros. He is an artist. He will tell you so himself—and there can be no further doubt on that point.

But—and this isn't exactly filling cuisine-master Legros' heart with bubbling enthusiasms—the King likes severely-simple food.

M. Legros is more or less resigned to concentrating on simple dishes like good old roast beef, baked lamb, and shellfish soup, plain gingerbread, and "baked sweet sticky."

He realises that he must not be disappointed if the King orders a luncheon of apples and custard—or declines lunch at the last moment.

M. Legros will sigh a little over this—but his dancing eyes will soon light up again.

For he is an artist. Not for nothing has he made a lifetime study of the art of tempting people's palates—royal palates among them.

When the Coronation comes, when kings and statesmen and captains of industry gather beneath the royal roof for luncheons and dinners, M. Legros will be really able to let himself go in the grand Gallic manner.

It was Sir George Clerk, British Ambassador in Paris, who selected M. Legros for St. James' Palace. Sir George believes him to be the greatest living master of Continental cookery.

FOOT TROUBLES

A Doctor just recently in the Women's Weekly stated:

"(Extract) "Any haphazardly-chosen arch supports in the shoe will not do. The best plan, of course, is to have a plaster cast made of the foot and then to have the arch support fashioned after that. No two weak arches are alike."

"CORRECTA" Supports give immediate comfort, being designed and made from your own Plaster Casts and cost you no more than ready-made ones. Advice Free.

STREAT & CO., Foot Specialists
Also manufacturers of Surgical Belts, Elastic Hosiery, Trusty Trusses.
175 Pitt St., Sydney (3 doors from Prouds)
Open Friday Nights—others by appointment.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 2/-. Resent a substitute.

Saturday Afternoons On 2GB

Skies may be overcast, but there is not a dull moment ahead if you tune to 2GB's bright Saturday afternoon musical programme, with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, brilliant Wide-range Artists, and Orchestras, and your favourite film stars.

P.M.	
1.15	Tunes from "The Radio Library"
1.45	"The Garden Beautiful" (By Mr. S. H. Hunt)
2.15	NEW RECORDINGS
2.30	FILM QUESTION BOX
2.45	ARTISTS AT HOME
3.00	Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians
3.30	JEWEL BOX
3.45	Birthday Party Calls
4.00	SWEETHEARTS OF YESTERDAY
4.15	NEW TUNES FOR OLD

2GB

"The Favourite Station"

SWING TIME IS HERE!

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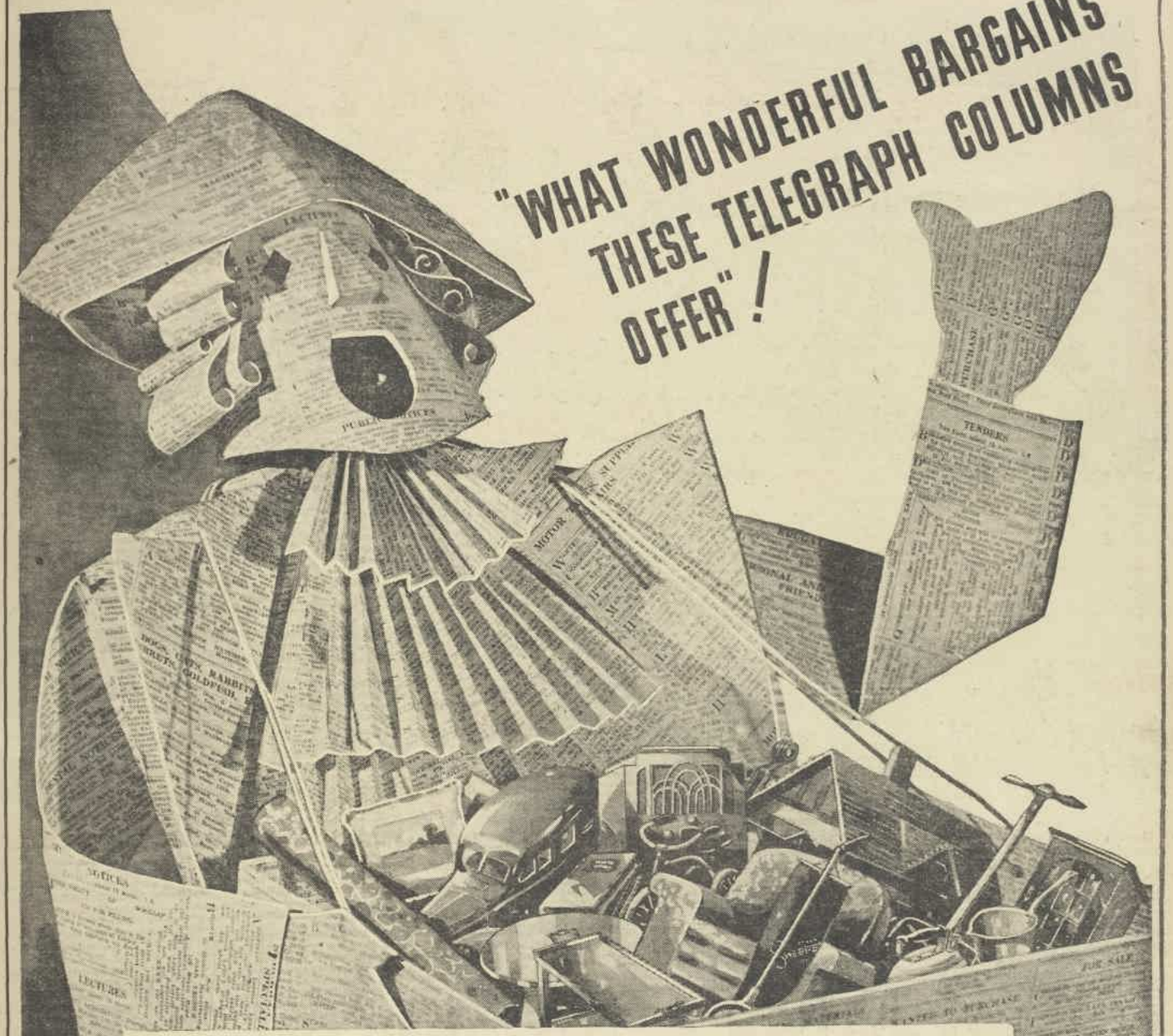

Bargains, indeed! Cars and carpets—books and bicycles—radios and refrigerators . . . everything and anything, and almost certainly just the thing to fit both your need and your purse . . . all gathered together in one mighty market place—Daily Telegraph Classified Columns — Sydney's newest shopping centre.

Every day column after column—crammed with opportunities to buy or to sell—are published. Look through them carefully every morning, for they may bring you news of the new house or the holiday cottage, the extra furniture, or the kitchen utensils which you have long been wanting.

Perhaps you have something to sell—something you no longer really need, yet which may represent an opportunity to be instantly grasped by some eager buyer. Then remember to look in the "Wanted To Buy" column.

If it is not mentioned there advertise what you have to offer. Dial BW3017 and a trained operator will advise you how best to word your message. For a very few pennies you can thus get into instant contact with 152,000 men and women—a mighty crowd which represents 41% of the people who want to buy or sell—152,000 families waiting with money to be spent, some of which money may soon be in your purse.

Remember that the Daily Telegraph now has two offices, one at 99 Pitt Street, three doors from Hunter Street, and the Head Office at 168 Castlereagh Street. You may hand in your message at either office or go direct to your newsagent, and, of course, you can always ring BW3017 up to 10.30 any night.

DAILY TELEGRAPH CLASSIFIED ADS.

PHONE BW 3017

99 PITT ST. — 3 DOORS FROM HUNTER ST.

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℞ PRESCRIPTION for tired Housewives

An All Electric Home

There are so many housewives—all over the country—wearing themselves out with the constant monotonous round of housework. Cleaning, washing, cooking, ironing day in and day out—it never stops. Is it any wonder that their nerves get frayed—that their appearance suffers . . . that they are too tired and weary at the end of each day to enjoy any leisure that they may have?

It's so unnecessary—for Electricity has banished drudgery from the home. Electricity will do all your work at the turn of a switch—it will cook your meals, wash and iron your clothes, wash your dishes, keep your home spick and span—and all with an absolute minimum of manual effort—in many cases it does the work without any attention.

And the amazing part about it is that it is actually cheaper. It costs less to run a home by the electrical way than the old-fashioned way. Let us prove it to you. Call at the Electricity Undertaking and let us show you the many marvellous labour-saving devices that are now available. Let us demonstrate to you how you can make substantial savings by making full use of Electricity.

★ **30% REDUCTION**

By installing an approved electric range in your home the cost of all your secondary kilowatt hours is reduced to .7d. Thus, in addition to reducing the cost of your cooking, it costs you less to operate all your other electrical appliances.

FREE INSTALLATION. The Sydney County Council will install any approved range free up to £6 (average cost of installation).

SWITCH TO ELECTRICITY

THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL . . . ELECTRICITY UNDERTAKING . . . Queen Victoria Building, George Street, Sydney.

EA.5.75

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CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

IT'S YOUR PAGE!

Letters on this page reveal the things our readers are talking and thinking about this week. Read them. Then write your opinion on the topic that interests you—or on some new topic of your own.

WHY WE ARE BORED!

WHILE not wishing to become the proverbial "wet blanket," I would caution the young people of this generation against succumbing to boredom, brought on by too much pleasure.

If a person eats all day he fails to appreciate a good meal at night. In the same way many of us take so much pleasure that eventually we lose our capacity for enjoyment.

Why not a diet of fun as well as of food? Let us practise as much moderation on our amusements as we do on our menus, and we won't be bored.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. Ruby A. Penna, 70 McMillan St., Victoria Park, W.A.

♦ ♦ ♦

WEALTH BRINGS JOY

IT'S an old saying and a feeble one that "Wealth brings unhappiness." It was obviously coined by the rich to instil a false philosophy into the minds of the poor, and it speaks volumes for the strangling effects of poverty that such a patently crude device should have succeeded to the extent that it has.

Though circumstances may make a man with more money than he needs unhappy, a man in the grip of poverty hasn't even the remotest chance of happiness. Wealth itself is not happiness, but a fair share of it is absolutely essential if one is to attain that state. Lack of it is the prime root of nearly all evil.

To worship wealth for wealth's sake is maniacal, but to decry it as an evil is sheer lunacy.

J. W. O'Keeffe, Mackay North, Nth. Qld.

♦ ♦ ♦

ELABORATE TROUSSEAU

WHY do the majority of girls who are engaged to be married work their very finger-tips off to produce an elaborate trousseau?

No doubt a girl likes to have nice things to show, but in most cases she has not been educated up to this lavish standard.

She probably marries someone in a very ordinary position, who, perhaps, does not appreciate these luxuries, and most likely will be unable to replenish the stock in the same style. She gets dissatisfied, and all the fun of the glory box displayed among her family and friends is lost. I can't see any happiness to be got from these over-lavish trousseaus.

Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

♦ ♦ ♦

MISTRESS AND MAID

"IN Sweden there is not the acute social distinction between mistresses and maids which exists in Australia to-day."

These are the words of Mrs. H. Sterne, of Queensland, recently published in The Australian Women's Weekly, in an article dealing with domestic affairs of Sweden.

Does such distinction exist in Australia?

In this land of the free no such distinction should exist. Why cannot we control our petty pride and treat everybody alike? Let us hear no more of these social "bars."

Mrs. Ivy Sheather, c/o Mrs. G. Boxsell, Culbinga, via Wallendbeen, N.S.W.

♦ ♦ ♦

SILENCE GOLDEN!

WHY will some people persist in telling all their family history to strangers?

I was comfortably settled in the train the other day with an interesting book. Within half an hour I was in full possession of the family history of the woman sitting next to me.

I was not interested, and longing to return to my book, but monosyllable answers having no effect, I had to listen. Don't you think women should cultivate a little more reticence towards strangers, for many reasons?

Mrs. James, 55 Charles St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Are Our Pioneers Gamblers--or Something More?

I DISAGREE with Mrs. Marshall, who says that all progress may be put down to the gambling spirit.

There is a vast distinction between real gambling, which is a blind dependence on luck, and that spirit of adventure and daring which prompts to action pioneers in every sphere. Theirs is a valiant working and striving for a definite purpose, and any success gained has been well earned, whereas in a gamble there is no purpose, no work, and success is undeserved!

Mrs. W. A. Stanley, 41 Strathalbyn St., East Kew E5, Vic.

Noble Spirit

YES, it is the gambling spirit which is responsible for all these things, Mrs. Marshall, but the gambling spirit considered more broadly than is usually the case.

The average gambler, it seems to me, is one who stakes everything—or a good deal—recklessly on a game of fortune. The daring, adventurous spirit, such as pioneers are made of, is there, but without the noble objective.

Willingness to venture forth to stake everything on a turn of fortune—in a good cause—this is the gambling spirit shown in its highest form and, as such, we Australians may proudly acknowledge that we have it!

Desmond Phillips, King's Park Rd., Perth.

Fires of Ambition

I DON'T agree with Mrs. J. Marshall, who says: "Every new idea, every great achievement, comes from a gambler's brain."

Rather I would say such ideas come from the fires of ambition working in combination with the will to carry on, come what may—the will to strive.

Life belongs to those who dare, especially if they have vision, foresight, and confidence—hardly part of a gambler's spirit.

L. Evans, Victoria Parade, Manly, N.S.W.

Pioneers *Not* Gamblers

INTERESTED in Mrs. Marshall's letter, I looked up the word "gamble" in the dictionary. This is the meaning given: "To play for money in games of chance or skill; to engage in wild financial speculations; to squander away."

Therefore I do not agree that "It was the gambler's spirit that found and peopled our country." The pioneer and the spirit of adventure are far removed from that "something for nothing" which we associate with gambling. But even this—like all things done in moderation—is a good thing when it awakens interest, fun, and hope, and creates a sociable and sporting feeling; it is when it takes firm hold and becomes greed that it should be condemned.

Is gambling spirit the stuff such heroes are made of?

Australians, though carefree and sporting, should not be termed "a nation of gamblers."

Miss M. de J. Robin, 39 East Parade, Kensington, S.A.

Pervades Everything

THE "dear old souls" of our community are fond of lecturing against the gambling spirit, yet they themselves will "chance it" by leaving their umbrella at home on a cloudy day. Is not this gambling? And they will elect to Parliament a man who may or may not do the best for his country.

In this world, where nothing is sure, must not this spirit necessarily pervade the whole atmosphere?

E. Holmes, Wamberal, via Gosford, N.S.W.

What Good Does Filming of War Horrors Do?

I AGREE with Miss Gosden (14/11/36), that film-producers should cut out war films and make more pictures of peace.

These films keep war time ever before our minds, and pander to the bloodthirsty instincts within all of us.

Nor can it be denied that war is glorified in these pictures, even if the unhappy horrible side is shown. There is usually the hero who, triumphing over mud and mire, earns the admiration of the susceptible youth in the audience. Who has not experienced the desire at the end of the show to be like him?

C. Morris, Montague St., New Town, Tas.

Peace Film Not Possible

I CAN'T understand Miss Gosden. In the first place, how does she think a "peace film" could be made? In what better way could peace be furthered than in comparing it with the horror of war?

Miss Gosden has the wrong angle on this matter. All the war films I've seen have convinced me that whoever starts the next can get along without me, and that's more than a lot of rural epics can do.

War is bad, and showing it in all its grimness is the only way to convince people just how bad it really is.

M. Feeney, 149 Wellington Rd., East Brisbane S.E.1.

Must Realise Horrors

I DO not agree with Miss Gosden. If the film companies devoted their efforts to peace pictures, how would one learn the horrors of war? If we realise the brutality of war we shall try to prevent it.

Harry Rose, 14 Wonga St., Taree, N.S.W.

Where Matrimony Scores!

OPINIONS on marriage versus a career for women are varied; but one aspect seems to have escaped most people — the companionship marriage affords.

A husband is nearer than any relative. Sorrows are lessened and joys magnified when shared with one who is interested, as only a husband can be.

Mrs. H. Corby, Wonga Kimo Road, Gundagai, N.S.W.

Makes for Peace!

WE must realise that film-producers in these war-time pictures are revealing what actually did happen, and the terrible ordeals our brave men went through.

I am sure that, seeing pictures of such a nature, the public will eventually realise the horror of it all, and it will make them more determined to have peace at any price.

L. M. Nothling, Witta P.O., via Maleny, Qld.

Divests War of Glamor

I DO not agree with Miss Gladys Gosden. I consider that war films fulfil an important duty in keeping the horror of 1914-18 before the eyes of the younger generation who are too prone to glorify war and forget the calamity which befel our husbands and their fathers.

To hear of the brave deeds of our compatriots is to inspire patriotism, but to see the stark horror of war with our own eyes divests it of all glamor and glory.

Mrs. S. C. Graham, 101 Fry St., Grafton, N.S.W.

Like Little Children

I THINK we are apt to forget the terrible consequences of war. Like little children chastised for naughty deeds we soon forget and do the same thing again. So that if occasionally we see a war film our minds are refreshed with what has happened, and what can still happen, and we are stirred to a fuller realisation of the terrors of war.

Mrs. Ray Worrall, 36 Dulwich Av., Dulwich, S.A.

Bachelordom, Bar to Progress And Happiness!

I CANNOT agree with G. D. Macdonald that bachelordom is a bar to spiritual progress and character-building and makes a man selfish.

Rather the reverse. The burden of a wife and kiddies often kills in a man all ambition and adventure, makes him worry over petty troubles. There is no spiritual progress here.

Furthermore, few fathers and heads of families learn to practise the gentle art of unselfishness, as suggested by G. D. Macdonald. Most homes are run completely to the father's orders and at his pleasure.

Pat Nelson, York St., Launceston, Tas.

Develops Character

THERE is truth in what G. Macdonald says about the bachelor's existence. Responsibility generally develops backbone and spirit, while

Learning to be unselfish!

the single man finds it easier to live for himself alone.

The man who has not known the happiness of a mother's attention in early life is more likely to remain a bachelor than those who have enjoyed it.

Mrs R. F. Young, Warwick, Qld.

CHRISTMAS GRUMBLES

DOES it not seem a pity that Christmas is becoming such a burden to so many of us? At this time of year half the people one meets are grumbling at the expense and extra work which Christmas entails, and the long list of presents that we "must give."

To my mind these presents are not gifts at all; they're more like debts unwillingly paid.

T. Kennard, 195 Spit Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

♦ ♦ ♦

TEACH THEM A TRADE

A CERTAIN prominent man has been advising boys to "forsake the pen and turn to the workshop."

Those are wise words which many mothers might take to heart. For it is the false pride of the parents that forces a boy into a clerical position when he would be more happily and suitably employed in using his hands. Yet ambitious mothers think that a mechanic or tradesman is socially inferior—though why, nobody knows!

The skilled worker to-day receives better pay than the clerk, can always find work, and stands greater chances of advancement.

Mrs. Ray Randall, Room 6, Second Floor, National Mutual Building, Queen St., Brisbane.

♦ ♦ ♦

PITY POOR HUSBANDS

WE hear on all sides that husbands to-day are better off than wives.

Certainly, the man receives wages, but very little of this is for his personal use.

Both work hard if the wages are small. The husband may work only 44 hours at his business, but how many odd jobs at home are added to this? Gardening, wood-chopping, lawn-mowing, mending breakages are all spare-time work. Also, when the family are still young he takes his share of helping with them.

I don't think a husband is so much better off.

M. E. Ayles, Bowen, Qld.

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HAY FEVER — CATARRH
ANTRUM Trouble, without operation

Apparently hopless cases of many years' standing have been entirely relieved by MEMBROSUS, the wonderful dry inhalation treatment.
No more annoying head noises, constant sneezing fits, running eyes and nose, disgusting hawking and spitting; and you will wake in the morning with the nostrils and throat quite clear, with a wonderful sense of relief, and will be able to mix again with others without embarrassment.
It does not merely cleanse the nostrils like Menthol does, but goes further, getting right to the base of the trouble, driving out the poisons and toxins from the blood stream, and healing the antrums and nasal passages clean and healthy once again.

An Antrum sufferer reports:

"I visited my doctor a week ago, and he said that one antrum is practically cleared, and the other one is clearing up rapidly. This is great news, as six months ago an X-ray showed both antrums grossly affected. I hope to be completely cured within a few weeks."

MEMBROSUS (Regd.) Dry Inhalation

GIVE IT A FAIR TRIAL AND RECEIVE THAT BLESSED BENEFIT WHICH HUNDREDS OF OTHERS HAVE DONE. REMEMBER, MEMBROSUS IS DIFFERENT.

Sole Distributors for Australia and N.Z., Irvine's Pharmacy, Drummoyne. For particulars, call, or send a stamped, addressed envelope to MEMBROSUS, C/o City Office, Irvine's Pharmacy, No. 1 Assembly Hall, 2 York Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 'Phone, B3398. ***

DEAR *Little* HOUSE

Continued from Page 32

"AND he said how ashamed he was, as an honorable man, to have to ask a mere girl, and a girl he loved, to help him. I only had five pounds to finish my holiday with. I pressed it on him, but it was too late."

"Um."

"He begged me to forget him, but I said I would never forget him. The police came up to us as we stood there, and—well, the five pounds must have brought him a few little comforts while he awaited trial, mustn't it?"

"Um."

"I write to him as often as allowed. I have told him that when he comes out I'll be waiting at the prison gates. However, he asks me not to do that. I am too sacred to him, Mr. Thatcher, for him to endure 'that squalor should touch the hem of your garments,' he wrote.

"When you asked me how I would manage to keep up the payments, I nearly told you then. Of course I shan't and couldn't keep them up," said Doris, earnestly. "We shall do it together," she said, blushing again, "for as soon as he comes out we shall be married."

"Um."

"What does 'um' mean?" she cried, suddenly, with great interest.

"When does Mr. ——"

"Raring."

—"Mr. Archie Raring—er—come out?"

"On the fifth of September. I shall just about manage to keep up the payments, out of salary and savings, barring all accidents, till then."

He rose to go quickly, but turned at the door: "Er—and which prison—I mean where—I mean what is Mr. Raring's address?"

"Furzebushtown."

"I might—might be able to do something."

"Oh, you're just—noble."

"I couldn't persuade you anyhow to change your mind, Doris?"

"Mr. Thatcher, don't you see, such a thing simply couldn't happen?"

He saw.

What delicacy of soul!

The office knew Doris no more. She wrote Aubrey a little private note, offering a week's salary in lieu of notice—"out of my legacy; there's a little left"—which sent him into one of the blindest rages he had known for the last eight placid years, during which—so foolishly—he had thought to have left youthful tempest behind him.

TO say that Aubrey had spent a week-end of intensive thinking is to put it mildly, and on Monday afternoon, when that letter was brought to him by messenger, after he had written out Doris' reference, he wrote this, too:—

"Dear Miss Bellair,

"We are sorry to lose you, but wish to express our admiration of your scruples. I have added: 'She is most scrupulous in all her dealings' to my reference.

"I fear, as a man of business, that you are taking on a task much too great for you, and that you may lose that dear little house before September fifth, now that your salary is lower. Five shillings a week goes a long way in matters such as paying by instalment.

"I really beg of you to consider taking a paying guest, or rather letting off part of the house. This would appear to be difficult, as the house really has no part to let off, but a very peculiar—if gifted—brother of mine, a musician, just home from a five-years' world tour, and who used to live in quiet rooms in Ealing, wishes to return, from choice, for a few months to that neighborhood. Nothing but what he calls a music-room—that is to say a large and suitable room—will satisfy him. I told him of your dear little house and, curiously enough, the view of the group of chestnut trees appealed to him as it appealed to you. He says he is willing instantly to build on—a matter of two weeks or so for a really determined man to whom expense is no object at the moment—a small wing comprising one music-room, at the back of your house. Here he would sleep, live, and practise. It is not every house that cares to take a pianist.

"When he could be obliged to leave—on the fifth of September—naturally, the new wing would remain, a great and valuable improvement to your property.

"He would pay for the months of May, June, July, August and the first days in September twelve pounds a week which would about clear your purchase price. He is fond of gardening, and would wish to be allowed to plant roses, for which he has a passion.

"He is eccentric, but no trouble.

"As a man of business I feel I ought to advise you strongly to take this opportunity.

"Yours truly,
"AUBREY THATCHER."

Perfect to the loving eye as the dear little house was in its present proportions, yet the idea of increasing its value as property, and also the stringent economy with which she found herself at once obliged to live, to say nothing of the idea of having more money to spend on Archie when, spent, disillusioned, and probably wardrobeless, he returned to her, made Doris within three days consent to oblige Mr. Thatcher by harboring his brother.

She was not willing; only, it was best for Archie.

WHAT between the Turkish bath, the savagest masseur in London, a tonsorial expert who with violet rays grew hair on a thinning scalp as fast as you see grass grow in spring, and a sun-ray treatment every day, in a week Mr. Arbuckle hardly knew Mr. Thatcher, while girl secretaries would do anything for him.

He dieted, too. He cultivated a sport of his youth—the sport of boxing. For there was a day, September fifth, coming nearer; and it would be a happy affair just to meet a fellow called Archie Raring round a corner in the dark, and paste him a bit.

Please turn to Page 42

★HEAT NERVES
are caused by heat and humidity

Here's the best way to overcome Summer fatigue and nerviness . . . drink plenty of good hot Tea! "Heat nerves" and irritability vanish quickly . . . for Tea actually lowers body temperature, keeps you cool and normal. Vitality goes up . . . for Tea benefits the entire system and increases energy. Drink hot Tea frequently — its revitalising effect is lasting.

HERE'S THE WAY TO MAKE GOOD TEA
1. SELECT A GOOD QUALITY TEA. 2. Boil fresh water. 3. Warm clean teapot. 4. Put in one teaspoon of tea for each person and always remember one for the pot. 5. The moment the water boils, pour it on the tea. 6. Let the tea brew for 5 minutes.
ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU. 277D

TEA *lifts vitality* *Keeps you cool!*

ANYTIME IS TEA TIME

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Intimate Jottings

Do You Know That—

The Morton Lodges have returned to Blowering, Tumut, leaving Mrs. Lodge's mother, Mrs. Walter Mitchell, at 52 Macleay St. Ltd., to follow a little later to spend Christmas with them?

❖ ❖ ❖

Flair for Politics and Apparel

AFTER a year abroad with her mother, Madge Copeland is at present staying with Mrs. John Bovill.

Madge has a convincing way with wavering voters, and did some solid work for the U.A.P. at the last elections. She also has a marvellous flair for clothes, and, at the moment, is wearing delectable garments that fairly breathe London!

❖ ❖ ❖

"The More We Are Together"

MRS. GORDON ROBERTSON and her stalwart son, Sandy, are the greatest of pals, and are both looking forward, joyfully, to the cruise to New Zealand, on the Orford, which starts on December 17.

This holiday is in honor of Sandy's twenty-first birthday, and is a bit belated because he's been working hard at the University, doing his third-year examinations in medicine.

❖ ❖ ❖

A letter to Australia from one of the guests at Glamis Castle during the visit there of the Duke and Duchess of York and their small daughters describes the little Princesses as "the sweetest and most natural children in the world, and so full of happiness and life."

❖ ❖ ❖

What a Novel Notion!

THINKING that gay uniformity would be more attractive (also less of a strain on the imagination of half a hundred mothers) than mixed fancy dress, the Ernest Watts decided to ask that all the small guests at Susan Gai's fourth birthday party should foster a Christmas pantomime atmosphere by wearing either Columbine or Harlequin attire at the big "do" at Elizabeth Bay House on December 2 . . . What a lovely party!

Feast for Connoisseurs

SIR HUGH AND LADY POYNTER believe in surrounding themselves with their family treasures rather than immuring them in safe deposit vaults.

In their lovely home at Warrawee there is food for eye and brain in every single room. One can dip into the beautiful album of her own sketches presented to Sir Hugh's father (Sir Edward Poynter) by the Empress Frederic. Another album contains all the original sketches made by Sir Edward for every detail of his picture, "The Queen of Sheba Visits King Solomon."

In Kipling's own script is his first version of "Recessional." A glass-topped table contains a score of gorgeous medals and decorations presented to Sir Edward Poynter by the several crowned heads of the Europe of his day. Magnificent paintings are on every wall.

Lack of space has meant a certain degree of overcrowding, which Sir Hugh deplores, but it would be difficult and invidious to do any weeding out.

The Sane Democracy League were fortunate in securing Sir Hugh Poynter for their monthly reception on November 27 to give the address on "The late Rudyard Kipling," who was his cousin.

A Passing Mode

THOUGH those sleeves puffed up with pride are still rife in fashion pages and shop displays they seem to have suffered a fall already in everyday wear.

Mrs. Alan McGregor, Frances Angus, Lady McKelvey, Mrs. Graham Pratten and Mrs. John Brunton (just to mention a few of the smart young women who've been frequenting the Cricket Ground and the Australia recently), though well in the van of that freakish fashion during the spring, have all gone back to the normal shoulder line—and how much nicer they look!

Eyes on the Skies

MRS. SYDNEY JAMIESON'S holiday plans are rather dependent on the rainfall. She motored up to Bathurst a week or so ago to view the condition of the tanks, and wasn't very pleased with what she saw. She has let her flat at Point Piper for the summer, anyway, so must go somewhere!

Plans that Never Matured

WHEN saying good-bye to Captain Robinson, before he and Lady Murray Anderson left by the Otranto, he divulged some of the pleasant things that very sweet and gracious lady had been planning for entertaining the younger folk at Government House. They included dances from 9 to 12 every Saturday (informal affairs with just a panatrope and light buffet supper), and regular tennis parties and tournaments. What a delightful regime it would have been!

Trio of Sisters

WHILE chatting to Mrs. Godfrey, who arrived by the Orama, and is with her father, Mr. Comerford, at 52 Macleay St. Ltd., she mentioned that her sister, Enid, had been thrilled with her trip to America, and that her youngest sister, Jean, who was married to Ronald Flowers a few months ago, is living about thirty miles out of London in her new home, with lots of young people as fairly-near neighbors . . . Jerry Bannister was a fellow passenger on the Orama, and a grand asset to the sports committee.

❖ ❖ ❖

Joyce Godsall has just returned from three weeks' restful and zestful holiday in Toowoomba.

❖ ❖ ❖

New Zealand for Christmas

LADY OWEN will leave that artistic home of hers at Bellevue Hill (designed by her step-son-in-law, John Moore, and in which much of the lovely painted furniture was decorated by herself), and depart for New Zealand by the Awatea on December 18, in order to spend Christmas with her family in New Zealand.

JOAN DALE, who recently announced her engagement, has just had a delightful motor trip to Canberra as the guest of her fiance's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Strong, of Rose Bay. —Raymond Sawyer.

Musical Potpourri

THE Darling Point-Edgecliff Music Club broke out in a new spot on November 30, when their musical programme at the Hotel Australia was mainly a "recorded" one, to which Mr. Robert C. McCall added a running commentary.

Mrs. George Earp, Mrs. C. E. Fawsitt, Mrs. Garnet Halloran, and Mrs. Arthur Brownhill acted as the club's hostesses on this occasion.

❖ ❖ ❖

Olive Maude Priestley, of Yulla, Carinda, and Eric Andrew Harrower, of Waterfall and of Summer Island, Macleay River, have recently announced their engagement.

❖ ❖ ❖

Hail, Aesculapius

BENT on having their Christmas dinner with their family here, Professor and Mrs. "Jack" Windeyer, who left Sydney last February, are returning from Europe via America.

Medicine seems to be the middle name of most of that family! Dr. Ella Windeyer, the only daughter, is a resident at Royal Prince Alfred. The younger son, Spencer, is doing brilliantly at Sydney University. Although he won a scholarship that entitled him to go to Cambridge, he preferred to pursue his medical career locally.

❖ ❖ ❖

The J. L. Hasties are real cricket fans—hence their present visit to Brisbane. They'll be back next week in good time for that dinner party they are giving at the Australia on December 17.

❖ ❖ ❖

"Everybody Loves a Sailor"

THE Roy Bucklands seized time by the forelock by holding their Christmas-tide cocktail party this week, but there was a reason—a very good one—both Dot and Roy agreed that it wouldn't be half such a good party if certain "old salts" were not at it; therefore, the date had to be ahead of that on which the Fleet leaves.

Birds of Passage

MRS. HOLLINGDALE, who returned to Sydney, accompanied by her debutante daughter, Jeanette, in November, is only paying us a flying visit, and starts back to England on New Year's Day.

Her eldest daughter, Nadine, is doing a course in foreign languages at Oxford, and the youngest, Patricia, is at school.

Jeanette, who tops her mother by several inches, has hazel eyes and copper-toned hair, and is thoroughly enjoying her trip.

Have You Noticed—

That enormous and exotic water-lily, its leaves lacquered in black, adorning the prow of the saucy bit of headgear Mrs. Milgrove favors for those regular Saturday night attendances at the cinema with her mother, Mrs. Jack Campbell — a weekly diversion which these two "picture fans" wouldn't miss for anything?

Peggy Neill

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Glamorous undies *that cost so little!*

If you're an X.O.S. or X.X.O.S. you'll appreciate the extra fullness in Bond's Duladene Bloomers. They really are cut without skimp, and priced from 2/11 for S.W., W., O.S., 3/11 for X.O.S., 4/11 for X.X.O.S.

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YOU'LL revel in wearing these suave little step-ins. They're of Bond's Duladene, that fascinating new locknit with the dull sleekness of pussy-willow. They have a deep insertion and edging of ecru lace. The tailored bust is doubly reinforced to give the most artful control. Shoulder straps are adjustable . . . 8/11, and your heart pounds with excitement that such a glamorous little garment costs so little.

Duladene is ridiculously inexpensive, yet it is the strongest-wearing locknit that money can buy. Know why? Bond's Duladene is knitted from only the very highest-quality British rayon. So you can see how important it is that you ask the salesgirl to show you Duladene. Insist that each garment carries Bond's label.

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DULADENE

Pronounced DULL-A-DEAN

Look for the Bond's label — it guarantees you more for your money.

WIRELESS

Continued from Page 29

ALTHOUGH her heart beat faster, she was not surprised when the same break occurred, and after the usual interval of deathly silence, the faint, far-away Irish voice spoke once more.

"Mary, you are prepared now. . . . On Friday I shall come for you. . . . Friday at half-past nine. . . . Do not be afraid—there will be no pain. . . . Be ready."

Then, almost cutting short the last word, the music of the orchestra broke out again, clamorous and discordant.

Mrs. Harter sat very still for a minute or two. Her face had gone white, and she looked blue and pinched round the lips.

Presently she got up and sat down at her writing-desk. In a somewhat shaky hand she wrote the following lines:

"TO-NIGHT, at 9.15, I have distinctly heard the voice of my dead husband. He told me that he would come for me on Friday night at 9.30. If I should die on that day and at that hour I should like the facts made known so as to prove beyond question the possibility of communicating with the spirit world.—Mary Harter."

Mrs. Harter read over what she had written, enclosed it in an envelope, and addressed the envelope. Then she rang the bell, which was promptly answered by Elizabeth. Mrs. Harter got up from her desk and gave the note she had just written to the old woman.

"Elizabeth," she said, "if I should die on Friday night I should like that note given to Dr. Meynell. No" —as Elizabeth appeared about to protest—"do not argue with me. You have often told me you believe in premonitions. I have a premonition now. There is one thing more. I have left you in my will £50. I should like you to have £100. If I am not able to go to the bank myself before I die Mr. Charles will see to it."

As before, Mrs. Harter cut short Elizabeth's tearful protests. In pursuance of her determination, the old lady spoke to her nephew on the subject the following morning.

"Remember, Charles, that if anything should happen to me, Elizabeth is to have an extra £50."

"You are very gloomy these days, Aunt Mary," said Charles cheerfully. "What is going to happen to you? According to Dr. Meynell, we shall be celebrating your hundredth birthday in twenty years or so!"

Mrs. Harter smiled affectionately at him, but did not answer.

FRIDAY evening found the house very silent. Mrs. Harter sat as usual in her straight-backed chair drawn up to the fireplace. All her preparations were made. That morning she had been to the bank, had drawn out £50 in notes and had handed them over to Elizabeth, despite the latter's tearful protests. She had sorted and arranged all her personal belongings and had labelled one or two pieces of jewellery with the names of friends or relations.

She had also written out a list of instructions for Charles. The Worcester tea-service was to go to Cousin Emma. The Sevres jars to young William, and so on.

Now she looked at the long envelope she held in her hand and drew from it a folded document. This was her will sent to her by Mr. Hopkinson in accordance with her instructions. She had already read it carefully, but now she looked over it once more to refresh her memory. It was a short, concise document. A bequest of £50 to Elizabeth Marshall in consideration of faithful service; two bequests of £500 to a sister and a first cousin, and the remainder to her beloved nephew Charles Ridgeway.

Mrs. Harter nodded her head several times. Charles would be a very rich man when she was dead. Well, he had been a dear good boy to her. Always kind, always affectionate, and with a merry tongue which never failed to please her.

She looked at the clock. Three minutes to the half-hour. Well, she was ready. And she was calm—quite calm. Although she repeated these last words to herself several times, her heart beat strangely and unevenly. She hardly realised it herself, but she was strung up to a fine point of overwrought nerves.

Half-past nine. The wireless was switched on. What would she hear? A familiar voice announcing the weather forecast or that far-away voice belonging to a man who had died twenty-five years before?

But she heard neither. Instead there came a familiar sound, a sound she knew well but which tonight made her feel as though an icy hand were laid on her heart. A fumbling at the front door. . . .

It came again. And then a cold blast seemed to sweep through the room. Mrs. Harter had now no doubt what her sensations were. She was afraid. . . . She was more than afraid—she was terrified. . . .

And suddenly there came to her the thought: "Twenty-five years is a long time. Patrick is a stranger to me now."

Terror! That was what was invading her.

A soft step outside the door—a soft, halting footstep. Then the door swung silently open. . . .

Mrs. Harter staggered to her feet, swaying slightly from side to side, her eyes fixed on the open doorway, something slipped from her fingers into the grate.

She gave a strangled cry which died in her throat. In the light of the doorway stood a familiar figure with white beard and whiskers and an old-fashioned Victorian coat.

Patrick had come for her!

Her heart gave one terrific leap and stood still. She slipped to the floor in a huddled heap.

THERE Elizabeth found her an hour later.

Dr. Meynell was called at once, and Charles Ridgeway was recalled from his bridge party. But nothing could be done. Mrs. Harter had gone beyond human aid.

It was not until two days later that Elizabeth remembered the note given to her by her mistress. Dr. Meynell read it with great interest and showed it to Charles Ridgeway.

"A very curious coincidence," he said. "It seems clear that your aunt had been having hallucinations about her dead husband's voice. She must have strung herself up to such a point that the excitement was fatal, and when the time actually came she died of the shock."

"Auto-suggestion?" said Charles.

"Something of the sort. I will let you know the result of the autopsy as soon as possible, though I have no doubt of it myself. In the circumstances an autopsy is desirable, though purely as a matter of form."

Charles nodded comprehendingly.

On the preceding night, when the household was in bed, he had removed a certain wire which ran from the back of the wireless cabinet to his bedroom on the floor above. Also, since the evening had been a chilly one, he had asked Elizabeth to light a fire in his room, and in that fire he had burned a white beard and whiskers. Some Victorian clothing belonging to his late uncle he replaced in the camphor-scented chest in the attic.

As far as he could see, he was perfectly safe. His plan, the shadowy outline of which had first formed in his brain when Doctor Meynell had told him that his aunt might with due care live for many years, had succeeded admirably. A sudden shock, Dr. Meynell had said. Charles, that affectionate young man beloved of old ladies, smiled to himself.

A VERY good stroke of business! That was the burden of his thoughts. Nobody, least of all his dead aunt, had known in what perilous straits Charles stood. His activities, carefully concealed from the world, had landed him where the shadow of a prison loomed ahead.

Exposure and ruin had stared him in the face unless he could in a few short months raise a considerable sum of money. Well, that was all right now. Charles smiled to himself. Thanks to—yes, call it a practical joke, nothing criminal about that—he was saved. He was now a very rich man. He had no anxieties on the subject, for Mrs. Harter had never made any secret of her intentions.

Chiming in very appositely with these thoughts, Elizabeth put her head round the door and informed him that Mr. Hopkinson was here and would like to see him.

Please turn to Page 66

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What Women Are Doing

In Wig and Gown

THE honor of being the first woman barrister to appear in wig and gown as counsel in the Supreme Court, Auckland, is held by Miss Marion Holloway, who appeared recently in a case in the Probate jurisdiction.

✣ ✣ ✣

Disappointment for W.A. Cricket President

MRS. H. W. Rigg, president of the West Australian Cricket Association, and the first woman to hold the office, will not be able, as she had originally hoped, to travel with the State women's cricket team to Adelaide, on December 5.

Formerly president of the Hockey Association for four years, Mrs. Rigg has transferred wholeheartedly her devotion to cricket, which she once played. Her five sons are all cricketers, and she also has a daughter whom she hopes will play later. This plucky little sportswoman is the wife of a returned soldier who recently lost a leg as the result of war injuries.

✣ ✣ ✣

Nearing Her Objective of £5000

WITH well over £4000 in hand, Mrs. F. G. Dougharty must feel very close to the £5000 which she set out in August last to secure for the War Veterans' Home, Launceston. The success of the appeal has been largely due to her initiative and enthusiasm as organising secretary.

✣ ✣ ✣

Woman Surgeon Studied Abroad

DR. INEZ PARER, who graduated at Melbourne University, and who has a busy practice in Melbourne and is hon. surgeon at the Queen Victoria Hospital, has been visiting the other side of the world.

Dr. Inez Parer —Dickinson Monteath.

This clever cousin of airman Ray Parer furthered her studies in surgery at the famous Mayo Clinic in U.S.A. Her trip abroad included a visit to London and Vienna in search of more surgical knowledge before she returned on the Otranto on November 30.

Held High Nursing Post

MISS SCOTT RIDDELL, who journeyed by the Strathnaver from London to Sydney, en route to New Zealand on holiday, was, before her recent resignation, Registrar of the General Nursing Council for England and Wales since its establishment in 1920. During her term of office, Miss Riddell enrolled nearly a hundred thousand nurses, including many now in Australia.

During the war she was matron of the 2nd London General Hospital, and later saw service in France, where she came in contact with Australian patients and nurses.

The first Australian who met her on the ship was a former V.A.D., who had served under her in France and whom she had not seen since demobilisation.

From Pupil to Headmistress of Clyde

THE new headmistress of Clyde Girls' Grammar School, Victoria, Miss Olga Hay, daughter of the late Rev. Joseph Hay, received her early training from Miss I. T. Henderson, founder of Clyde, and was senior resident mistress for some time. In 1926 she joined the staff of the Methodist Ladies' College.

While studying at Oxford and Cambridge Universities in 1929-30 she secured the Trained Teachers' Certificate of Cambridge. Since her return in 1931 Miss Hay has held a senior position at the Methodist Ladies' College, and in 1933, in addition to her school work, organised and has since directed the Dalserf classes for adults in languages, literature, and the arts in Melbourne.

✣ ✣ ✣

Studied Beauty Culture Overseas

MISS L. O'REILLY, a Sydney girl, who has just returned, had an interesting time studying beauty culture at a well-known international beauty organisation in London. A fellow student there was the daughter of a German, Doctor Kapp, who discovered Hormone Cream, a rejuvenating medium which is the rage in London. Made from ductless glands, it is said to have a wonderful effect, but it costs as much as £17 for one woman's dressing-table set.

Miss O'Reilly was impressed by the immense amount of money spent by Londoners on beauty treatments, but said Australian girls were as beautiful but did not know how to use their cosmetics.

Londoners, she said, buy ready-made eyelashes by the gummed strip and stick them on to mingle with their own lashes.

Wide Interest in Charitable Work

MRS. PERCY PEASE, of Brisbane, wife of the Minister for Lands, is greatly interested in the Queensland Social Service League, of which she is president.

Mrs. Percy Pease, of Brisbane.

It is her endeavor to assist all organisations carrying out charitable work, and she has given much practical help to the Children's Hospital committee, of which she is a member. For several years Mrs. Pease has been connected with Nazareth House, being president of the appeal committee.

Mrs. Pease has not confined her interests to Brisbane. She has been connected with many activities in North Queensland, particularly in Townsville, Cairns, Innisfail, and Tully.

✣ ✣ ✣

Travels Many Miles To Help Kindergarten

MRS. CUTHBERT FRANCIS spent a busy six weeks organising Melbourne's Rose Day, held last week, to raise funds for all Victoria's free kindergartens.

Kindergartens play a large part in Mrs. Francis' life. She has been hon. secretary of the Free Kindergarten Union of Victoria for 18 years. When she and her husband moved from Melbourne to Ararat, five months ago, she did not give up the job.

She travels 126 miles each way to and from Melbourne every month to look after the business of the Union.

Lectures on Commerce At University

THE time-honored phrase, "Not a woman's job," in the light of the achievements of some women of today, is amusing.

Miss Muriel Jean Polglaise, Master of Commerce, is a case in point. She is lecturing on that "unfeminine" subject, "Commerce," at Melbourne University, but leaves on the Otranto this month for Cambridge, where she will be engaged in research in practical business conditions. She intends, also, in her travels, to learn something of business conditions in various countries—truly a remarkable goal for a woman.

Miss Polglaise has also gained a Rockefeller Foundation grant.

✣ ✣ ✣

To Form New Athletics Club

MISS ADELE HILL, champion woman rower in South Australia, is hoping to carry out an idea she thought of last season and form a new Women's Amateur Athletic Club. Miss Hill has been a prominent member of the Amateur Athletic Association for five years, and hopes to form the new club with former association members as a start. Besides Miss Hill's achievements as a rower she is a keen athlete, and represented South Australia at the National Games as discus thrower, so her experience with women's sports should be invaluable in the carrying out of her plan to help the women athletes of South Australia.

✣ ✣ ✣

She Knows Costume History of S.A.

BY the time the South Australian Centenary pageants are all over, a great number of Adelaide women should know more than a little about the costumes and customs of 100 years ago, but few will know more than Miss Norah Young, who has made a special study of these, so that anybody connected with the Pageant of Progress may apply to her for information.

She is a member of one of the oldest families in the State, and as such has much valuable material, in manuscript form, at her disposal, and she has supplemented her knowledge at the Public Library. She, with two men, is to take charge of the five floats depicting 1836, and has managed to obtain frocks for the occasion that were actually worn then. The Pageant of Progress is to be held this month.

Group of People With Kindred Interests

MRS MULLOND WILLIAMS, who has been re-elected president of the Theatre Lovers' Club, Melbourne, founded this club eighteen months ago in association with seven other lovers of the drama.

Mrs. Mullond Williams —Marietta.

After much strenuous work, the club has now about fifty members, all working to promote interest in the legitimate stage, through social activities and amateur productions. Mrs. Williams is intensely interested in the National Theatre movement, and is also connected with the National Council of Women and the Women's National League.

✣ ✣ ✣

New Games Mistress For Adelaide School

TO be games and assistant music mistress at Kobeelya Church of England Girls' School at Katanning, Miss Florence Kirby, of Adelaide will arrive early in the new year.

Miss Kirby played inter-Varsity hockey with the Adelaide University, and was at Elder Conservatorium for six years. This is her first school appointment, as she has only been a private music teacher before.

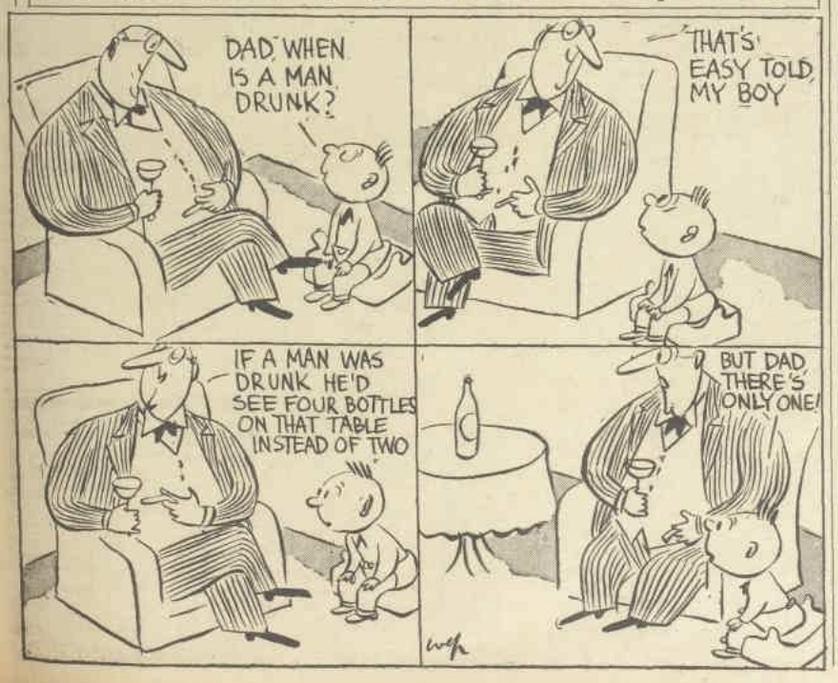
✣ ✣ ✣

Club to Help Remedy Speech Defects

THE Adelaide Stammerers' Club, a new and interesting body which aims to help people overcome speech defects, has several women members, and Mrs. Harvey as vice-president. Members hold their meeting each fortnight at the Women's Christian Temperance Union rooms in Wakefield Street, when they study every available means of overcoming their difficulties in speech.

Dr. Ethel Stang, medical adviser to the Education Department in West Australia, has started stammerers' schools in both Perth and Fremantle. Adelaide secretary and organiser, Mr. R. K. Fowler, says that the Adelaide Club is the outcome of the success of similar clubs in other States.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY - - By WEP



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You can now add several inches to your height! With this remarkable method it is now possible to increase your height, at the same time improve your health and appearance. Without the use of drugs or unnatural methods, this system will add inches to you. You CAN be taller.

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All the social and business advantage of a commanding figure can be yours. You can stand above your fellows and command the attention and respect which only tall people receive. Nothing aids you more to social and business success than a tall, commanding appearance, nothing will add more to your personality—and yet all this is within your grasp! You can NOW get this extra height.

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Is there a thought in that for you, reader? Whether your income be £200 or £2,000 a year, your family will miss it if, and when, you die. But wait! You can arrange with the A.M.P. to offset that loss of your EARNED income, with an income from life assurance. You can make that arrangement to-morrow, and it will stand even if you should die on the next day. ABSOLUTE SECURITY and no missing of income by your family; that is what the A.M.P. offers you.

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DEAR *Little* HOUSE

Continued from Page 38

AT the end of the second week after Doris' reluctant acceptance of the idea of a tenant, an architect called on Aubrey in his office, and, after mistaking him for some lithe, burnt stranger, said: "It's finished, and it improves the property."

Sharrods sent in a bill for a grand piano, lacquered silver. "Because," Aubrey had considered, "when you set out to do a fool thing like this, do it with a gesture. Put it over," he said to himself.

When Doris arrived home from the office on the day after the architect had said "It's finished," she heard the sounds of music issuing from her property, and the charwoman—to this luxury had Doris ascended at the prospect of twelve pounds a week to be paid by a tenant who was no trouble—met her at the door with news: "'E's come."

Doris drew the charwoman into the dining-room.

"What's he like?"

"Very sunburnt and good-looking, miss. 'Is trousers is the flopplest I ever seen."

"Very unlike his brother," said Doris sighing, and remembering the kindness and sort of safety of Aubrey.

"Fortnum's 'as brought 'im an 'amper, and 'e makes 'is own tea on a ring, miss. I'm to clean 'im after I've cleaned you. 'E doesn't want nothing to do with nobody, 'e says. And 'e goes up to London most days, to teach pupils, but 'e only teaches genius, 'e says, and such a planner I never seen and 'e's 'ad a dozen rose trees put in at the back."

"What a liberty!" said Doris, sternly, "but, still," she thought, "he pays for it."

She ran on at once and looked at the rose trees. It surprised her a little to hear jazz; but even a genius must have his brighter moments, and as soon as she passed the immense windows of the music-room, it changed to something more difficult. Bach, she was sure. Very thunderous. She stole looks at the piano through the opened windows—exotic was a feeble word for the instrument.

"Well, you know," she thought soon, "it was nice to have a man in the house. Not really in the house, of course, but somehow attached to it."

ALTHOUGH lately Aubrey Thatcher had not been seen much at Roehampton—where his improved form was commented on—or at the sort of dinner parties where, hitherto, he had spoiled his figure, he had put in a very busy summer with this dual-personality business. Besides the office, the Turkish baths, and squash racquets instead of luncheon at his club, he had also been doing something about that approaching date, the fifth of September. He had joined—or rather formed—a society called the Ex-Prisoners' Fraternity, of which, so far, he was the sole member, and acting in this philanthropic capacity, he had approached the Governor of Furzebushtown prison—not to speak of private approaches to a warder or two in the sanctity of their homes—to find out exactly when Mr. Raring might be expected to trouble the outside world again. And he had heard that Mr. Raring was leaving on the fourth, which was, curiously, the scheduled day for his release.

The third of September saw Aubrey Thatcher, then, at an inn in the neighborhood, and the fourth saw him up with the dawn; and the appointed hour found him waiting, with his car drawn up under a hedge a few yards away, at the prison gates. And out first of all came a nice, kind warder, who looked—smilingly—right and left very cautiously, and then beckoned to someone behind him. Then out crept the exceedingly cautious figure of Mr. Raring, looking smart and well.

Archie dropped back into almost an attitude of defence when he saw Aubrey, but showed relief when 'e heard the words: "Mr. Raring, I am a member of the Ex-Prisoners' Fraternity. That car over there is mine, and I want to take you in it to the pub and give you a drink while we talk of what I can do to assist you."

Please turn to Page 43

Tell the Men, too . . . . !

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DEAR *Little* HOUSE

Continued from Page 42

"WHAT? Are they open?" said Mr. Raring, breathlessly.

"To visitors staying in the place."

"Let's run," said Mr. Raring, suddenly starting to scud along. "You didn't see any women or girls heading for the prison as you came along?"

"No."

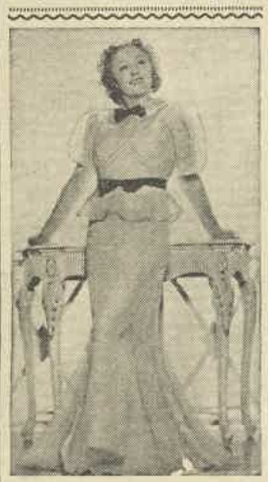
"I told 'em all in the last letter that I would be out on the fifth, though women have a way of rumbling you," said Archie. And they reached the car. But . . .

It was like a miracle in that sweet September morn that from behind the car, in this apparently unpopulated spot of country, there should appear a very tall female, in a pepper-and-salt suiting, tie, and white collar, pince-nez; and the most determined expression that Aubrey had ever seen. At the same time the expression was full—so Aubrey felt it to himself—of the most luscious adoration.

"Boo!" she cried, playfully, at the moment of her spring. "Archie boy!" she added, and literally took the fair and slender Mr. Raring into her arms.

"Heavens!" Archie cried. "And the warder gave the 'all clear.'"

"Quick!" said the lady, "get in.



PALE blue starched chiffon is used for the informal dinner frock won by this 20th Century-Fox player.

Whose car is it? I came out of the hedge and hid behind it when I saw it, to surprise my boy," she said, roguishly. "Get in! Get in!"

And in they got, and Aubrey had just started up, when there went by an over-heated widow on a flat-tyred bicycle, gazing straight ahead and apparently obsessed over the question of time.

"That awful widow!" said the scrawny lady in the car. "I punctured her bicycle tyre or she'd have got here first. She stopped me in the road a mile back, and asked the way here, and while she was reading a signpost—I told her I was short-sighted, dear—I punctured both her tyres with my brooch pin. I would have guessed who she was even if I hadn't remembered her face in court. Love finds a way."

Aubrey accelerated.

"But you're as dreamy and careless as ever, Archie," the lady continued, "you're a naughty boy to put the fifth in your letter. If I hadn't inquired through the Prisoners' Aid Society I'd never, never have been able to meet you. Who is this gentleman?"

"Just a friend, madam," Aubrey replied, keeping calm even through these unexpected and remarkable dispensations, for he had expected to deal unassisted with the whole matter of Mr. Raring. "And I should like to help in every way possible. Women are wonderful. I like to see Archie in your hands, and nothing that will help you to attain your ends is too much trouble."

"Then drive on to Furzebushtown."

"No, don't," said Archie, as they came in sight of the inn, "they won't be open there, and I want one."

"Drive on," said the lady, and the roguishness had left her.

Aubrey accelerated again and they flashed past.

"I have the licence," said the lady to Archie. "I've stayed the requisite time in the neighborhood, and you've certainly stayed the requisite time, dear, and all arrangements are made."

"Licence?"

"We are being married this morning. I have our rail and steamship tickets."

"T-t-tickets?"

"To Canada. A new life. You need a woman like me to look after you, dear."

AUBREY turned his head and saw that Archie was dreadfully pale.

"That four hundred pounds you borrowed, dear," she said, "I never even mentioned it during your dreadful ordeal. Between man and wife a little thing like that won't matter."

"As a very dear friend of Mr. Raring," said Aubrey, now seeing Mr. Raring's future in a clear, cold light, "I must be allowed to stand a slap-up wedding lunch, and to give away the bride, and be best man and everything all at once."

"Oh, Archie," she cried, "how fond your friends are of you!"

Just how that indomitable woman—doubtless the spinster of Doris' description—and himself so manhandled Mr. Raring that he was all trussed up and married and fed, and locked with his bride into a first-class railway carriage, their luggage plastered with steamship labels, en route for Liverpool, and sailing that night—what a woman! —Aubrey scarcely knew.

Please turn to Page 44

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SAVAGE LIPSTICK
Savagely clings to lovely lips

SWING TIME IS HERE!

DEAR *Little* HOUSE

Continued from Page 43

BUT of two things he was clearly conscious. One was of filling Mr. Raring up to the brim with champagne and Mrs. Raring, too; and then of requesting an explicit letter, message, or telegram to one Doris.

"Doris'?" Mrs. Raring cried. "Another of them after my Archie!" And she filled up two telegraph forms with words fit to dislocate the entire telegraphic system.

She told Archie to sign it.

It might easily be imagined that Aubrey Thatcher did not reach the dear little house again before Doris returned from her office, but he did. By leaving his car a couple of hundred miles from town, with orders to a mechanic to bring her up, by chartering an aeroplane, and involving himself ruinously in taxi-cab fares, he was there about six o'clock, and there lay the telegram pushed through the letter-box. He placed it reverently on the chaste oak bench in Doris' hall—conscious of his brutality in letting her come all unaware to those blistering words—and betook himself to his music-room, where he played, much as you would imagine a slightly musical City gentleman would play it, a triumphal march.

When he had played it three times he heard a latchkey in the front door, and soon beheld Doris in his doorway, where she had never intruded before, the unopened telegram in her hand.

He gave her the abstracted frown of a maestro and continued playing.

"Oh," said Doris, breathlessly, "all the way home I was so afraid that you'd be gone!"

"No," he said, quite majestically, "I have not gone yet."

She leaned in the doorway.

"I shall miss you so!" she said, more breathlessly still.

Aubrey's heart thumped as hard as he was thumping the piano.

"Women are notoriously fickle and light-minded," he remarked. "To-morrow you will have Archie."

"Yes," she faltered, "of course. Isn't it wonderful! To-morrow I shall have Archie."

"Meanwhile pray open your telegram."

She opened the telegram, and there was silence.

She screamed.

Aubrey retained his seat at the piano by sheer discipline.

She sank on the divan where Aubrey slept.

She burst into tears.

THE telegram lay on the floor, and gingerly Aubrey tiptoed forward and picked it up. Mrs. Raring had not shown him the finished presentation of the news, but now he read it, and as he read his heart rejoiced at the temperament of Archie's possessor.

"Oh!" cried Doris, between spasms of sobbing. "Oh! what shall I do? Oh! I was so happy! Oh! I've lost—I've lost——"

He sat down beside her.

"You've lost Archie?"

"Archie! . . . Ar—Ar—Archie! . . . Oh, yes. Of course, I did love him. . . . I did. I'm sure I did. But—but I've lost my dear little house. I can't pay for it m-m-myself, my dear, dear, dear little house. Oh! my little house!"

"Listen here, my girl," said Aubrey—he had had a tiring day and wished at last to begin to enjoy himself without more ado, so that his tenseness may be understood, "are you crying for Archie or for the house? Reply exactly."

"The d-d-dear little house," she whispered between sobs. "I'll never be able to p-p-pay now Archie's g-g-gone and you're g-g-going——"

"Don't you believe it, my girl," said Aubrey. "Me—go! Not after all the trouble I've taken. Rose trees and an extra wing, and before you can say 'knife' there's going to be a second bath and a garage and who - knows - what. The minute you're married——"

She seemed to catch the word between her lamentations: "I shall n-never believe any man again. I shall never be m-m-married now."

"Oh, won't you?" said Aubrey; and he took her, with the violence that every woman approves, into his arms.

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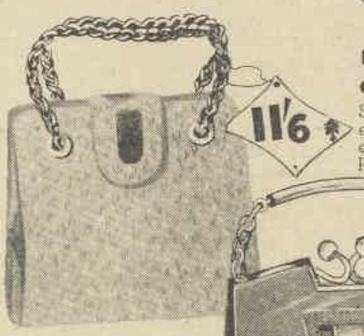

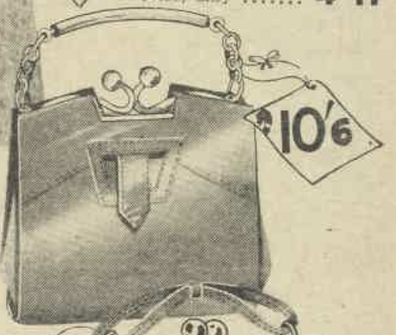

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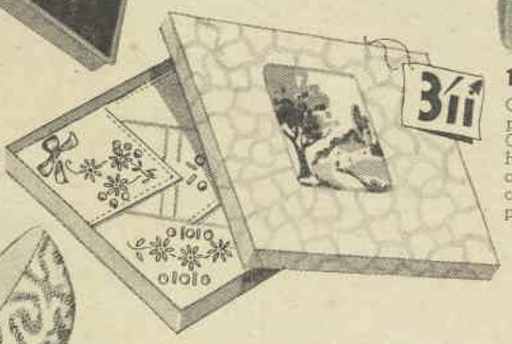

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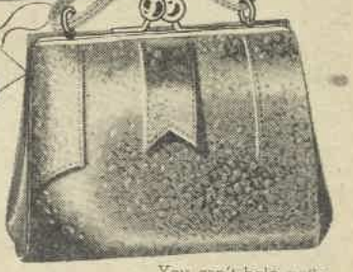

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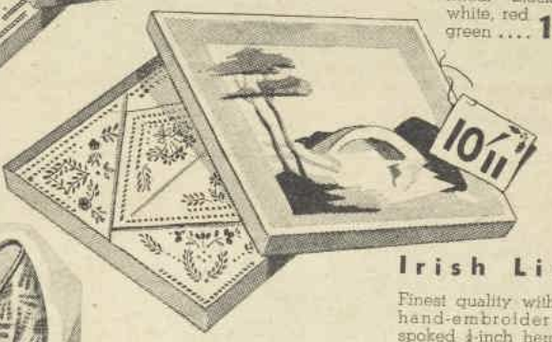

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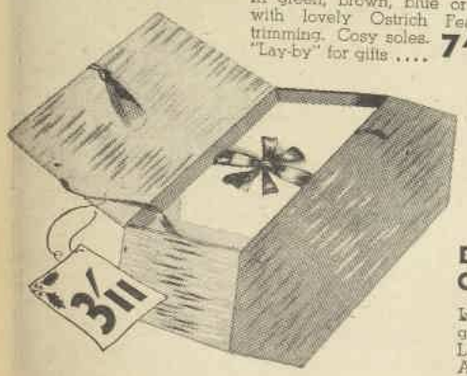

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MISS PHYLLIS McDONALD, violinist (at left), is a young Australian who has had eleven years of concert and orchestral experience in London. She won a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, London, and made such an impression that it was extended seven years.

MISS MARJORIE HESSE (centre) is a brilliant young pianist who has achieved considerable success as accompanist. This year she published two books of piano compositions for children, inspired by A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" and "Growing Up."

MISS ALICE PROWSE (at right) is a well-known dramatic mezzo-soprano, who was a member of the Imperial Grand Opera Company in 1932, and one of the few Sydney artists to appear during the last grand opera season in Sydney.

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A "HEATERLESS" permanent waving machine ameliorates the discomfort of being attached to the ceiling in the old-fashioned manner. It gives a wave that isn't remotely affected by steam, and the whole process is completed in half an hour.

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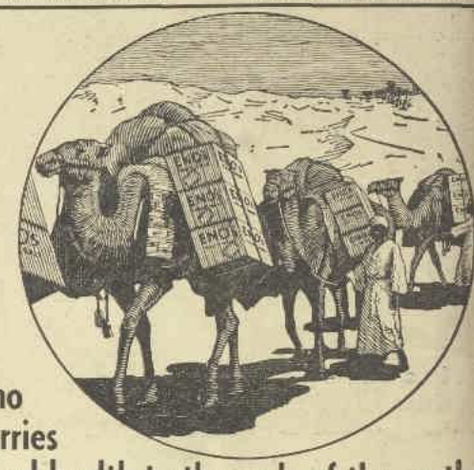

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Sizes: 33, 36, and 39in.

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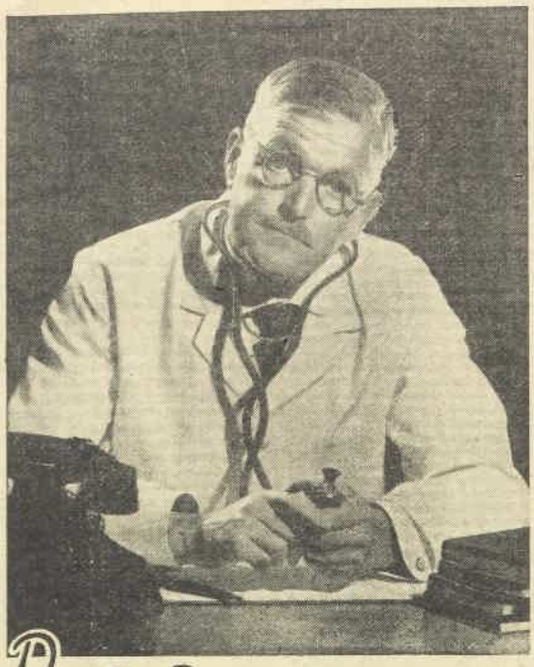

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By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

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She holds a unique job, being travelling women's supervisor for the Orient Line, the only job of its kind in the world. Her work is to supervise all women's staffs on ships at sea—stewardesses, attendants, laundry maids, manicurists and children's hostesses.

Miss Macfarlan suggests improvements for the comfort of women passengers and for the efficient organisation of the women's staffs.

MISS MACFARLAN became women's supervisor three months ago, and in that time has travelled on every Orient liner.

A slim, blue-eyed Scots girl with a keen sense of humor, she began her seafaring career as a children's hostess. She visited Australia last on the maiden voyage of the Orion when she was in charge of nurseries. She is a trained gymnast and masseuse, and has lived in New Zealand, where she taught gymnastics and dancing.

She is very fond of children, which is just as well, as she has often had as many as 200 under her care in the ship's nursery. She also delights in meeting new people, which again is just as well as in two years of cruising she has met more than 5000 passengers.

Her work carries her backwards and forwards over the same route so often that on one occasion she visited Toulon three times in less than a fortnight. She leaves England in one ship and returns in another from Gibraltar, Toulon, or farther afield—signing off from one ship and signing on on the next in the same way as male members of the crew.

MISS SHEENA MACFARLAN, who holds the only job of its kind in the world—travelling women's supervisor for the Orient S.S. Co.
—Montgomery Dunn.

One of the reforms introduced on her suggestion was an alteration in the uniforms of stewardesses, making them similar to those worn by stewards — tailored frocks, short sleeves and soft collars with colored revers.

She also designed her own uniform, which is not compulsory, but is more practical than ordinary dress. She wears navy skirt and jumper in cold weather, and white frock with blue collar and cuffs when it is hot, both uniforms fastened with smaller versions of the gold buttons worn by ship's officers.

She has been twice round the world, three times in New Zealand, has made eight voyages to Australia (where she hopes to be again soon), has sailed from Auckland to Sydney in a four-masted schooner, and, when opportunity offers, takes a business holiday yachting on the Scottish Lakes. Also she can tie sailors' knots.

Miss Macfarlan does not need to exercise to keep fit. Her work entails so much walking round the ship that her daily walk averages ten miles.

WHEN HE LOST HE WON HER

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Lenthéric
Paris

GREAT *Faithful* HEART

Continued from Page 14

"YOU'VE never been anything else in all your life, Karamanga," Dick answered warmly, and the native's dark features were moved to a smile of proud happiness by his master's words of praise.

Soon they were passing through the ravaged village fields which the rogue elephant had raided. The natives greeted the coming of the white hunter with every sign of joy, but not one of them would agree to accompany him to the forest, whither the marauder had recently retired.

Apart from the presence in it of a fabulously big rogue elephant, that forest had an evil reputation, and an evil place the hunters proved it to be. Save for the sudden crashing rush of some beast in hurried flight, absolute silence reigned.

The heat was terrific, and Dick was soon sweating freely, while poor Karamanga sweated with fear. But still the spoor led them on and still Dick followed it, with his jaws set in lines of iron determination.

At last they heard the sounds for which they had been listening—the deep rumble and the sharp flapping of huge ears, which so often betray the whereabouts of a feeding elephant.

Dick stopped dead in his tracks and looked at Karamanga, whose limbs trembled and whose teeth were chattering audibly.

"Pull yourself together," he whispered fiercely; "we've got to go forward."

Karamanga controlled himself with a great effort, and again they went on. By the mercy of heaven they came almost at once to an open glade.

Then, suddenly, Dick saw him as the leafy screen of foliage at the far side of the glade parted silently and a huge head, adorned with two vast ears aprick, came pushing into view. The ivory the monster carried was all, and more than all, that it had been said to be, both in size and weight and quality, and Dick's heart sang within him at the sight of those great tusks.

It was obvious that the brute was coming back to continue feeding, and the hunters strove to fade back into the fringe of trees. Their very first movement, however, was spotted, and the rogue dashed out into the open, with one ear-splitting scream of rage.

Dick fronted him head on and the situation was desperate, since the tiny, angry red eye presented the only possible target. Cool as a cucumber in face of the emergency, the experienced hunter dwelt on his aim, before he squeezed the trigger. It was a fine shot, but the bullet missed its mark by a hair's breadth and glanced harmlessly off the low, receding skull. The sting of the slight wound served only to enrage the monster still further, and before Dick could fire again the elephant's foreleg struck his shoulder, and he was bowled clean over. Karamanga, meanwhile, had fled incontinently.

NOW, while Dick lay upon the ground, with all the wind knocked out of him and quite unable to rise, the elephant, which had overrun its charge, turned and came back. It stood for a moment regarding its vanquished foe, then lifted up one huge foot as if it was about to stamp him flat into the earth. But that method of finishing the affair evidently did not altogether appeal to it, for suddenly it thrust at Dick with the point of one long, tremendous task. He saw the stroke coming from the right and rolled to the left. When the beast struck with its left tusk he rolled back to the right.

The grim game, however, could not be kept up. At any moment the elephant might kneel and crush him, or it might set one foot upon him, wrap its trunk around another part of his body, and tear him clean in half.

Luckily, Karamanga was beginning to recover his wits. But still he was very awkwardly placed. From the spot in which he had checked his headlong flight, it was not possible for him to aim for the fatal brain shot between the eye and ear, or the heart shot.

In the end Karamanga begged the question by firing at the elephant's hindquarters, in the hope of distracting his attention. In that respect he succeeded admirably, for the animal left its first victim, and, whirling round, with a scream of rage, made straight for the native hunter.

Karamanga cast the empty rifle from him and bolted for the shelter of the trees, but, just as he reached them, a trailing loop of monkey-rope trapped his feet, and he was hurled headlong to the ground. Before he could pick himself up again, he felt the snaky roughness of the elephant's trunk go licking round his legs in a paralysing constriction as close as that of any python's.

DICK, although badly shaken and scarcely able to breathe, was on his feet now, had recovered his rifle, and was struggling desperately to reload the weapon, with hands that shook beyond his power to control them. At last it was done, but even as the rifle-bolt snicked home, driving the cartridge into the chamber, the elephant whirled up the unfortunate Karamanga and dashed him against a tree-trunk, killing him instantaneously.

Dick, turned physically sick by the sight and in agony when he strove to hold his breath, steadied himself for a second, and shot the elephant cleanly through the brain. After that he collapsed and lay unconscious for perhaps half-an-hour.

Please turn to Page 50

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You may get temporary relief from rheumatism, sciatica, muscular pains, gout or lumbago by the use of pain-deadening drugs, but to be rid of them permanently you must dissolve away the acids in your system. COLOSEPTIC does this. It gently stimulates and tones up the colon, thus restoring life to its weakened walls. It restores normal alkaline balance and also activates the three other important eliminative organs—the pores of the skin, the kidneys and the respiratory system. COLOSEPTIC means a permanent end to rheumatism and neuritis.

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Mrs. A.M.L.

(The original of this letter can be seen at Head Office.)

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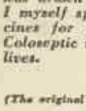
Rheumatism and Neuritis cannot be overcome until the real cause is rooted out. This, Dr. Lafont points out, is autoxima or self-poisoning. Incomplete evacuation of the intestines caused by to-day's demineralized and devitalised foods, leaves acid-forming food-waste adhering to the walls of the colon. Opening medicines cannot remedy this. They only purge the lower end of the bowels—leaving them irritated and weakened.

The decaying acid-forming waste in the colon develops virulent poisons which seep into the blood stream. The whole system becomes loaded with uric and other acids. At every change of the weather these acids crystallise out in razor-edged deposits which lacerate the nerves at every movement, thus causing the cruel pains of rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica and lumbago.



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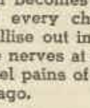
Banish COLON CLOG and you banish rheumatism. The left illustration shows how your colon becomes clogged. Acids from the decaying food waste poison the blood stream, which affects every important organ in your body. Regular bowel movements are no guarantee of safety. It is the encrustations that must be removed. The right illustration shows the colon cleared by COLOSEPTIC. All clogging waste has been removed, incomplete evacuation is remedied because life has been restored to the walls and the basic cause of rheumatic affections has been swept away.



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A LEVER PRODUCT 6.740.11

GREAT *Faithful* HEART

Continued from Page 49

AT last he recovered consciousness, hoping against hope that he had been the victim of some horrid dream, but there were the evidences of the tragedy still all too plainly in sight.

He paused only for one last look at the remains of the native hunter, who had served him so well and who had saved his life—and that of Lalage, too—at the last. Then, battered and bruised, he made his way slowly back to the village among the foothills.

There the local chief agreed, in exchange for the elephant meat and in gratitude for the deliverance of his people from the depredations of the monster, to give Karamanga decent burial and to send the tusks on to Dick Hilton's shamba.

Of the long, weary march which followed, Dick remembered afterwards nothing at all. The next thing he knew was that the voice he hated most in all the world was speaking to him.

For a moment the mists cleared from his brain, as he turned aside and tramped up the steps and on to the verandah of his bungalow. De Vere Tracey was there, and behind him Lalage, but his fevered brain did not see her. Tracey regarded his white, drawn face and deep-set, black-encircled eyes curiously. He had the feeling that he was looking into the soul of one who had been down into the nethermost depths of hell.

"Listen," said Tracey, "it was about Lalage I wanted to speak to you. The offer I made the other day holds good, of course; but I'm willing to supplement it. If you can see your way to accepting my suggestion, then I'm prepared to see you through your present financial difficulties—after Lalage and I have landed in England."

"In other words, you're trying to buy my wife? Well, here's my answer, you swine!"

His fist shot out with all the momentarily regained and concentrated strength of his lean, work-hardened frame behind it, and de Vere Tracey measured his length on the floor-boards of the verandah. At the same moment Dick felt a sharp stab of agony shoot through his chest, and then a great darkness seemed to surge up to receive him.

IT was nearly a week later when he opened his eyes, to find Lalage propped up in a long chair at his bedside.

"Dick, my darling," she cried, "you've come back to me. I was so terrified that I should lose you."

"Why, what's happened? I thought you were in bed?"

"I was, but that was weeks ago. You went out and got those wonderful elephant's tusks, you know, Dick; but Karamanga was killed and you came back with three ribs broken, and one of them had pierced your lung. Father La Touche can't make out how you managed to walk all that way with your lung injured."

A faint smile moved the invalid's lips.

"I didn't," he answered. "The elephant broke my ribs all right, but the lung-piercing business must have happened when I settled accounts with Tracey. You don't care for the fellow, do you, Lalage?"

"Don't," Lalage answered. "He's gone now, and I hope we shall never see him again. Oh, Dick, he was horrid before I was ill, and I didn't dare tell you; I was afraid you might kill him. That was why I was so cross and nasty when you spoke about him just before you went off to shoot that elephant."

Dick stretched out his free hand and drew her to him.

"Let's forget him, Lalage," he whispered; "we're going home to England soon, for a long holiday. But, first, I want to see where they have buried Karamanga; great, faithful-hearted old hunter, he saved both our lives at the last, you know."

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THE MOVIE WORLD

December 5, 1936. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page One

CALLING *Australia!*

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood and London

Ann Still Fights

ANN HARDING still isn't satisfied with the arrangement by which her former husband is to have custody of their child, Jane, for a period after December 10. In an action started in Los Angeles she asks Court permission to keep the child in England until May, 1937.

In her statement Ann says: "I have always maintained Jane at my own expense, and her father never seeks to see her. If he would abduct Jane, it would be only for the purpose of annoying me and obtaining further money from me."

Bannister declares he is very anxious to see his daughter, and expects her to be returned in December in accordance with a Court order.

It's Not Comedy to Stanley

THE matrimonial affairs of the Laurels took another turn when Stan, the comedian, filed a cross-complaint for divorce, charging his wife with cruelty and with interference with his business.

Mrs. Laurel, as reported last week, recently filed suit for separate maintenance of 1200 dollars a month.

Famous Singer Dead

WELL - BELOVED Madame Schumann-Heinck is dead, and a goodly number of Hollywood's best-known people are mourning her loss.

Although she appeared in only one picture, "Here's to Romance," with Nino Martini, the old singer endeared herself to all who met her; everybody was looking forward to the projected picture, based on her own career, in which she was to appear.

European born, Madame Schumann-Heinck was a naturalised American, but by every music lover in the U.S.A. she was regarded as being as truly one of themselves as any descendant of Mayflower stock. Her concerts were packed right up to the time she ceased singing in public, and her admirers say that at 65 she still had the voice of a woman of 30.

The musical world and Hollywood could ill afford to lose her.

BRUCE CABOT—A Player Gaining in Popularity

Sweden Is "Out"

GARBO has asked M.-G.-M. for permission to go to Sweden for a rest after she finishes "Camille," but knowing that it is hard to get her back once she's home, they refused. They will permit her, however, to take a two-months' rest, so she has chartered a yacht and will take a cruise along the Californian coast. After that she plays "Countess Walewska," now called "Beloved," with Charles Boyer as the male lead.

Greta's darling wish is to do something in a lighter vein, and she is begging the studio to give her a comedy for her next vehicle.

Norma Shearer Rallies

NORMA SHEARER will return to the films as soon as her health and strength permit her to do so, according to the latest reports from Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer. She has fought a valiant battle against bronchial pneumonia, and is now out of danger. But it will probably be some time before she can leave her home.

The picture prepared for her by Irving Thalberg is being held in abeyance by M.-G.-M. until Norma is well enough to discuss it.

Ancient Priory Bought

MR. JOHN NEWEY, Gaumont-British director, has bought Southam Priory, and intends turning it eventually into a film studio.

The Priory would certainly be ideal for Period plays. It dates in parts from the 12th and 13th centuries, and has been very carefully restored during the last twenty years. There are secret passages, underground vaults, enormous stone-floored kitchens, and magnificent Tudor staircases.

The barns and outbuildings are among the finest in the country, and the park in which the Priory stands is one of the loveliest in the Cotswolds.

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ASTHMA; BRONCHITIS

Instead of merely relieving an attack when it comes, would you not prefer complete freedom from the complaint, and not go on as at present, year after year, with constantly recurring attacks?

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★★ THE ROAD TO GLORY

Warner Baxter, June Lang, Fredric March. (Fox.)

WHATEVER may be the box-office appeal of war pictures in this present year of grace, this production, by Fox, deserves to be as big a success financially as it is artistically. And that is saying a very great deal.

War, as a subject either for a novel or for the screen, offers such tempting invitations to over-emphasis and indulgence in spectacular descriptions of the horrible that it is hardly to be wondered at that most war books and war films have not been altogether free of these blemishes. This picture, however, escapes them; the full terror and tragedy of modern warfare is in it, but the effect has been achieved without any recourse to close-ups of fake mangled bodies and decaying corpses.

Telling the story of the love of two French officers for a young nurse, "The Road to Glory" uses the old triangular theme, yet escapes the commonplace. More, it is free of sentimentality, unless the hypercritical could claim that the role played by Lionel Barrymore as Private Morand, sixty-year-old veteran of the Franco-Prussian war, is sentimental.

Warner Baxter, who showed in "The Prisoner of Shark Island" just how well he can act, gives another fine performance in this film. March does a good job as Baxter's successful rival, while June Lang, Fox's new female discovery, combines good looks with definite acting ability. I'll be interested to see more of her.

All told, a picture that has something to it; one to be seen.—Regent; showing.

Week's Best Release

"THE ROAD TO GLORY." Fox feature. Wins by a mile against poor competition.

★★ ISLE OF FURY

Humphrey Bogart, Margaret Lindsay. (Warners.)

AN unpretentious little picture, but one that provides thoroughly good entertainment. Based on a novel by Somerset Maugham, the story deals with the love of two men for the one woman, a conflict which is complicated by the fact that the woman is married to the first of the two men, and furthermore, by the respect the men bear for each other. Still further to add to the dramatic interest, there is a background of pearl fishing, treachery and sudden death, and undersea peril with an octopus. All this works up to an effective climax with, of course, a final resolving of the triangle situation.

Humphrey Bogart plays Val Stevens, the husband, easily and convincingly. Margaret Lindsay is attractive and competent as Lucille, his wife. Of the rest, E. E. Clive stands out. His is a very Maughamish role as hard-drinking, philosophically-minded Dr. Hardy, whose handling of the other characters prevents tragedy.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ SUZY

Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone. (M.-G.-M.)

A COUPLE of pictures like this, and the names of Jean Harlow and Franchot Tone will mean just nothing at the box-office. Unknowns might be able to get away with such a weak effort, which, in that case, would simply be regarded as poor average entertainment, but when stars who have been built up try to do it . . .

The story is poor and trite, with the additional handicap of moving very slowly in the first half. The acting is shocking, coming as it does from people whose experience, at least, should have taught them better. Miss Harlow, as the chorus girl who unwittingly commits a bigamous marriage, will convince only the most simple-minded, while Franchot Tone, commencing with an American accent, remembers on occasion that he is supposed to be an Irishman, and develops a brogue that is like nothing on earth. The only actor who really does a job is Lewis Stone, who plays the Baron, father to blonde Jean's second matrimonial handicap.

As before stated, done by fourth-raters, this film would get by. But we've been told so much about Harlow and Tone.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ THE BIG GAME

Philip Huston, June Travis (R.K.O.)

PRIMARILY this film was no doubt intended to expose the football racket as it is run in the big American colleges, where, although officially treated as a sport, football is really a million-dollar business, bringing in huge revenues to the educational institutes which feature it. But, putting this aside, it still remains an offering up to average value as entertainment.

We have Philip Huston as the young miner whose ability as a footballer is getting him through the University. June Travis supplies the second half of the romantic interest, while James Gleason, Guinn Williams, Bruce Cabot and others provide the necessary big-time gamblers, toughs, fellow members of the team, etc., etc.

All told, a combination of football, romance, excitement, fair comedy—with the hero, rescued from kidnapping gamblers, arriving at the big game just in time to snatch victory for his team in the last five or ten minutes.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

FRANCHOT TONE, with Jean Harlow in "Suzy."

★ LOVE BEGINS AT TWENTY

Hugh Herbert, Patricia Ellis. (Warners.)

A fair-to-middling small comedy, with Hugh Herbert providing most of the laughs. This excellent comic makes as much as it is possible to make out of his role as a down-trodden, nagged-at husband, whose clerkship at a broom factory is only one degree less lowly than his position in the home.

How he escapes from servitude, quite by accident, how he connives at his daughter's marriage to a young man detested by her mother, and, above all, how he destroys the phantom lover (one Horace Macauley) whom his wife, for over twenty years, has been holding up to him as a beau-ideal—all these things make up the story.

I have seen Hugh Herbert being very much funnier than he is in this film. There is too much talk in this offering, and not enough action. The script gives very little assistance to Mr. Herbert's peculiar brand of comedy. Still, as a support, the picture passes muster with more than a bit to spare.—Regent; showing.

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MYRNA LOY... A Study by Fischer of this Lovely Star

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HOLLYWOOD'S STRANGE TRIANGLES

Playmates Popular with Married Stars

By MARY OLIVIER

Supposing someone told you that your best boy pal was seen at a recent party with the girl next door! What would you do if a little bird whispered that your husband was seen stepping out of a luxurious limousine with some dazzling blonde, befurred and bejewelled? It just isn't done, and you simply wouldn't stand for it, anyway!

Yet, isn't it like Hollywood, as in most other things, to be different? The very nature of the actors' business makes it impossible for them to abide by any hard and fast designs for living.

IT is nothing out of the ordinary to be present at a premiere and see well-known stars arriving with ravishing beauties who are not their wives. To pop in on parties and find several of the colony's most glamorous damsels present with the latest in male sensations, or the newest in social lions—and not their own husbands. To dine at a fashionable rendezvous and be seated at the next table to a quartet of engaged people—but not engaged to each other.

Unusual? Certainly not! It is one of Hollywood's most accepted unconventional happenings.

Motion picture stars dance, dine, visit, and play with their lawfully-wedded wives and husbands whenever and wherever they can—but just as often as not they can't. It is the crazy way in which this place is run, the peculiar existence into which a film career plunges even the most ordinary mortal.

Take Irene Dunne, for instance: Her husband, Dr. Griffin, practises in New York. He cannot neglect his patients; she will not relinquish her screen career. So, having chosen their widely separated professions, he remains in one place whilst she is in another. They meet every so often when Irene, in between pictures, has time to rush to New York or when he, business being slightly slack, can snatch a few days with his wife in Hollywood.

Irene Plays

I DON'T know what Dr. Griffin does with his spare time. But meanwhile Irene cannot be expected to remain at home and look at the four walls of her lovely Hollywood home. All work and no play makes Irene a dull girl, and Irene just refuses to be dull. Therefore, when she desires to visit a show, a dance, a party, or a polo match, and needs a male companion (it's a rarity to see two females together at any social or sporting function) she looks around for a nice, eligible young man who is either not married or in the same boat as herself. Irene accepts all invitations to go places, and Dr. Griffin just has to put up with it. Fortunately he doesn't mind.

Then there are the Harmon Nelsons (she is Bette Davis). Sometimes Bette and Harmon don't see each other for days. She works in pictures from early in the morning, often till late in the evening—he's a popular band-leader, swinging his baton in some night club near Hollywood. Often when she is coming home in the evening from the studio he is just leaving for work.

Here's a nice state of affairs when Bette wants to do a little stepping out. Harmon can't take her, so she has to find someone else or stay at home. He seldom gets a night off, she hardly ever has a day to spare. This means that Bette is obliged to find a cavalier to escort her to evening functions, and Harmon, if he desires feminine company during the daytime, has to look up an attractive lady who can keep her friendship on a platonic basis.

Bette endeavors to take all her pleasure at Harmon's night club, but even so she must take along a dancing partner. Poor Harmon just has to stand up and lead the music for his wife to dance to in another man's arms.

Many Hollywood marriages have gone on the rocks for just such a state of circumstances as this.

Some husbands would envy Johnny Weissmuller—I mean those who do not get along well with their better halves—for Johnny has seen very little of his wife, Lupe Velez, during the past year. The fiery Mexican actress spent many weeks making personal appearances in South America, and is now in Europe, where she is appearing in a film.

In the meantime does Johnny play solitaire on the back porch? No, no, a thousand times no! He is dashing all over the place with this girl and that, and even Lupe's Mexican jealousy must be appeased by the clink of European money, for she has made no move to return to Hollywood and save Johnny from the sirens.

Jealous Husband

LOCATION trips are responsible for plenty of trouble in Hollywood. Claudette Colbert and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, are a very devoted couple and hate being separated. But they were quite ready, for the small sum of £30,000, to tear themselves apart for three weeks while Claudette went off into the Arizona desert to make "Under Two Flags."

Dr. Joel was quite reconciled to his wife's absence until he discovered that she was to be accompanied by Ronald Colman, a very handsome and desirable bachelor, once reported more than ordinarily interested in Claudette. Dr. Joel was then prepared to desert his patients for a spell to accompany the unit into the desert, but the studio put their foot down on the idea and he had to content himself with staying at home and getting his bi-daily telephone calls from Claudette.

Not every Hollywood husband displays such jealousy. Some of them, knowing the circumstances which take their wives on location trips or working into the night, can appreciate the position and say no more about it—some show jealousy like that of Dr. Pressman—others don't care. That goes for the wives, too.

Married for convenience or the resultant publicity, possibly tired of each other but having no especial reason to get a divorce, they go their own ways, stepping out with whom they like. Hollywood gets to know these couples and takes their social separation as a matter of course.

There was a case in point which came to my hearing recently of a certain Hollywood gentleman who telephoned a well-known actress to invite her to a dance. Her husband answered the phone, informed the caller that his wife was not in, mentioned who was speaking, and asked if he could take a message.

Modern Couples

"YES," came back the reply. "Please tell her that there is a dance at the Trocadero on Saturday night, and to ring me after five this afternoon if she would like to go."

Another modern couple, recently married, believe in having their own friends. They do go out together, but they are just as frequently seen with other male and female companions.

By the same token there are plenty of Hollywood's married couples who are inseparable. You never see Fredric March without Florence Eldridge, Al Jolson minus Ruby Keeler, Joel McCrea unless with Frances Dee, Adolphe Menjou without Veree Teasdale. If one party is working, on location, or ill, the other is never seen in public.

As with many other things personal, much is sacrificed in the cause of publicity. A star dancing with his wife or her husband is a sentimentally pretty sight, but two renowned personalities swaying in each other's arms makes news. It would probably hit the social columns in this form:—

Turn to Page 10, Movie Section

● *NOT ALL HOLLYWOOD HUSBANDS are complaisant. When Claudette Colbert (above) went on location with a unit including Ronald Colman, her better half, Dr. Pressman, wanted willy-nilly to go, too.*

● *LEFT is one of the stars who doesn't conform to the colony's unconventional conventions. Fredric March is never seen without his wife, Florence Eldridge.*

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STARS Through A Camera LENS

Portrait Photographer Has Celebrities At His Mercy

By ROSE FIELDING

IT is difficult for a woman to be glamorous to her maid and for a man to be a hero to his valet—but there is probably no person in Hollywood who has a more intense observation of the weaknesses and qualities of famous screen folk than the portrait photographer.

The sound-mixer may be a king in his own domain, and so might the director, the cameraman, the lighting expert, and the cutter, but none of them can claim more homage from the stars than the man who takes the thousands of beautiful studies that grace the pages of this and countless other publications in every corner of the globe.

● *RIGHT: A beautiful example of the portrait - photographer's art: a new study of Constance Bennett.*

● *BEAUTIFUL bodies as well as beautiful faces are at the mercy of the cameraman. Above, left, is Inez Gorman, whose lovely figure a bad picture could mar, and*

● *RIGHT: Anita Louise, who loves having her portrait taken, and who has approximately a thousand studies of herself.*

THE stars are completely at his mercy. He it is who can make Harlow and her sister stars look glamorous or just plain homely; can bring out the virile manliness of Warner Baxter or reveal the great deep lines that the ravages of time have sunk into his cheeks; can accentuate the lovely curves of Bette Davis or reveal her as just a scraggy, lanky, mousy-haired girl.

Day after day he sees them, the famous, the near famous and the not so famous, not as exotic, breath-taking beauties or handsome he-men, but as ordinary human beings, with all their faults. In a small room in or near the studio he is constantly kept busy with just himself and a still camera to face the battery of temperament, sex appeal or dazzling loveliness offered by his subjects. He must be prepared for all types, from the camera-perfect Ann Harding to the idiosyncrasies of such peculiar people as John Barrymore and Charlie Ruggles, who are two of Hollywood's hardest subjects to photograph. He must be a combined entertainer, cameraman, juggler, property man, mind reader. He must never lose contact with his subjects and must do everything possible to make them forget they are posing.

Garbo Ideal

ACCORDING to one of Hollywood's leading portrait photographers, Greta Garbo is the most ideal of all subjects. She takes portrait sittings as part of her regular studio duties and works very hard to give the best possible expressions. Those alluring Garbo expressions are only attained by much concentration and the actress will try many poses before the camera in an effort to obtain the best results.

She adap's herself quickly and has an excellent sense of grace and posture. She dislikes ultra-modern backgrounds and enjoys wireless or gramophone music during the sitting. Some of her best poses have been obtained whilst laughing over an absurd announcement over the air. Garbo dislikes full length photographs and seldom makes a fashion study. She is well aware of the fact that she does not wear clothes well, and it is only on rare occasions that she will permit herself to be photographed full length in anything but a long, flowing gown.

Profile Pose

THE Barrymore temperament is always in evidence during the making of portraits. According to the cameraman, Lionel is the "express train"-sitter. He will rush into the studio, sit down in front of the camera for five minutes and in that time will go through twelve or fifteen different poses, with the photographer squeezing the bulb like mad to keep up with him.

John Barrymore considers portraits a definite bore and is always anxious to get away just as quickly as he can. No time is ever wasted through Barrymore's sittings and the photographer has little trouble in posing him as he can readily give any sort of expression, and rarely, if ever, is taken in anything but a profile pose. The Barrymore profile has long been one of Hollywood's greatest laughs, but you'll notice he sticks to his guns. If you see a full-face picture of John Barrymore it is one that has been taken unawares.

The English actor and playwright, Ivor Novello, had the same kink. Ivor really had a perfect profile. He knew it and took great care that everybody else did likewise. Ivor positively refused to be photographed in any other position.

There are lots of players who have a good and a bad side of their faces, and woe betide the cameraman who tries to make them turn the other cheek.

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ON the LOT With DAINTY Janet GAYNOR

Tiny Star Is Changed, Has Poise, Confidence

By . . . .
Barbara Bourchier
Our Special Representative in Hollywood

Janet Gaynor opened the door of the quaint Irish cottage that is her studio home on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

"My goodness, it's nice to see you again," she said, and then, "Don't mind the chaotic condition of things. They're doing over the walls, you see, and I'm having a lovely delft-blue carpet. Sort of a coming-home present, you see."

IT seemed hardly possible that it was a year since Janet had occupied her cottage. For the first time since she went with Fox years ago, she had left the home lot to do a picture for M.-G.-M., and now she is back home again to do "Ladies in Love."

A little alarming to hear from Janet's own lips that this picture stars not only the lovely Janet, but three other equally lovely ladies of filmdom, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young, and Simone Simon. But it appears that all is going like a charm; they get along beautifully together.

In Comedy Role

"I'M keenly interested in my role," Janet said. "It's entirely different from anything I've done before. I start out as a necktie pedlar. Can you imagine it? It is a comedy role and I love it."

The most noticeable change in the Janet I knew years ago, when she was such a timid little mouse, is her poise. Her shyness, that tense misery that formerly rendered her inadequate in meeting famous people, has gone. Now she faces everything with assurance.

Janet does not "rave" about anything. She takes people and situations equably. She is unimpressed by position or circumstance. There is a spontaneity about her that is one of her great charms, along with a certain impish quality. She has developed this lass, whose "Seventh Heaven" will always linger in my memory—but she still hates crowds.

There was a period, too, when she felt very unhappy about the roles she was doing, but in speaking of her pleasure in being back on the home lot there seemed to be a new gaiety in her manner—an all's well with the world attitude.

"Everyone on the lot, particularly Mr. Zanuck, is doing everything to make me feel very welcome," she said. "Buddy de Sylva, you may remember, was largely responsible for the success of my first talking picture, 'Sunny Side Up,' and he is the producer of 'Ladies in Love.' They even borrowed my former and favorite cameraman, Hal Mohr, for the picture."

Just then there was a "Yoohu!" and looking out Janet's window we could see Shirley Temple sitting on the porch of her bungalow, which is just across the street from Janet's.

Friendly Neighbors

"WE'RE friendly neighbors. Sometimes Shirley hangs on her gate and I stick my head out the window and we talk, or sometimes she comes over on my porch. Last summer, when we were both in Hawaii, Mrs. Temple brought her to see me, and we had a grand time together. She is a precious child!"

I'd say they were two precious children. For Janet looks more like a child, with her piquant face and big eyes, than a woman who has been a star for almost a decade.

London Debut for Crawford

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone have received a most flattering offer to appear in a play in London during the Coronation festivities.

If they get permission from M.-G.-M. to take the trip, and if the studio is assured future screen rights on the play, Joan will make her stage debut in London.

Both Joan and Franchot are very anxious for the deal to go through, and the chances are that it will.

Jeanette Macdonald, M-G-M, uses Max Factor's.

GIFTS *that create Loveliness*

Top: Max Factor's Powder, Rouge, Lipstick—perfect gifts together or separately

Left: Attractive Set of Max Factor's Make-Up in stunning black and gold box.

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DASHING FLYNN

ERROL FLYNN has another dashing role in Warners' "Charge of the Light Brigade." A lancer uniform, spirited horses, colorful background, and plenty of action should suit him admirably. Olivia de Haviland (shown above) again plays opposite him.

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HERE'S *Hot News* FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

THAT learned actress, Miss Shirley Temple, is turning her alert attention to the Chinese language. The first part of "The Stowaway" will be laid in China, and it is Shirley's job to use her knowledge of Chinese to interpret for Franchot Tone.

So, along with French, which she has been studying, Shirley is now getting a smattering of the Chinese language under an Oriental tutor.

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THE baby-shopping idea still is popular with some of the movie matrons. Mrs. Pat O'Brien went off to Chicago this week, and found at the famous Evanstown "Cradle" just what she wanted by way of a playmate for her first-adopted. Al Jolson was reported headed the same way, but wife Ruby Keeler said no.

While on the subject, Ruby, who is just as sweet as she looks, said she certainly would be looking for brothers and sisters for Jolson, junior, as she felt half-a-dozen would be about the right number for the family. Al and Ruby have been in the big money for years, so they can afford a crecheful.

✣ ✣ ✣

THE number of Australians in the motion picture business in America and in this country seems to be almost astronomical!

When I paid a visit to the new Pinewood studios during the week, someone asked me a question about Melbourne. We were standing on the "Splinters in the Air" set, and Sydney Howard was just climbing into a crazy aeroplane.

The director suddenly turned round, looked at me quizzically and smiled. "Perhaps I can answer that," he said to my questioner. "You see, I happen to come from Melbourne myself."

The man from Melbourne was Alfred Goulding, who directed Hollywood comedies for many years before a tempting contract lured him to work for Herbert Wilcox.

Mr. Goulding said he had had a "swell time" in California, and was enjoying himself tremendously in England.

"But I'm getting hungry for the smell of the bush," he said, rather wistfully, "and would like to feel Collins Street under my feet again. One of these days I'll probably pack my cabin trunk and give myself a long holiday 'down under.'"

✣ ✣ ✣

Some of the girls are affecting pink hair, including Margot Grahame and Anne Shirley. Ginger Rogers' curls are much the same shade. It's a tint between gold and red, and I don't like it. All this talk about Hollywood going brunette hasn't much basis in fact. At the cafes, on the boulevard, and all about I seem to see the usual assortment of blondes and near-blondes.

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MANY interesting colored characters figure in the cast of "King Solomon's Mines." There is Mr. E. I. Ekpenyon, an ebony-black Efik from Nigeria, who coaches Mr. Robeson in the Efik speeches of the picture.

Ekpenyon is the part-author of a standard text-book on the complex and musical language of his people, and it is from this book that British and other European officials in his country learn to communicate with the natives without an interpreter.

Then there is Toto Ware, grizzled negro, whose role in "Sanders of the River" brought him a great deal of credit. Toto is also famous for a memorable meeting with George Arliss, who was on location with the "Iron Duke" unit alongside the "Sanders" crew one summer day.

✣ ✣ ✣

ALL the Australians in these parts are barracking for little Mary Maguire, and hoping she'll make good in a big way. Mary is getting around somewhat, more or less under the wing of Miles Mander, and is attracting quite a lot of attention. There are mighty few prettier girls in Hollywood, and Mary is far from dumb.

✣ ✣ ✣

ARTHUR WONTNER has become so much Sherlock Holmes through playing the part that one wonders whether he is like Sherlock, or whether Sherlock was like Arthur.

He remembers Australia twenty years ago when he was there playing to enthusiastic audiences in all the big centres.

"I seem to remember tin huts somewhere near Melbourne, but I don't suppose they are there now," he said. I assured him that they are not.

"Audiences in Australia are the best in the world," he continued. "They are critical and kind . . . that's the best combination for getting really good work out of any player."

DOTS and DASHES

SHIRLEY TEMPLE showing two dozen Boy Scouts over her home lot, and later in the studio cafe, when waitresses were giving more attention to the higher-ups, Shirley leading the Scouts in a loud chorus, "We want f-o-o-d!"

● Edwin Arnold declining to slap Joel McCrea's face as required in a "Come and Get It" scene, saying it was against his principles, and finally having his stand-in do the dirty work.

Negro Cast

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

ROBERT TAYLOR must curb his affection for his antique motor car. The studio has taken it away from him for the length of the filming of "Camille." Bob was turning the crank of the old car at the studio the other day when it back-fired and almost broke his arm. George Cukor was furious when he heard about the accident, and made Taylor promise to have the car equipped with an electric starter after the picture is over.

✣ ✣ ✣

DOLORES DEL RIO is the aunt of Gary Cooper, who is quite a big boy now. Dolores' husband, Cedric Gibbons, is the uncle of Sandra Shaw, who is Gary's wife. So you see the relationship is really no reflection on Dolores' years, which are still tender.

Paramount's first 1937 picture

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No. 1070, with attractive Whip-O-Lite Shade, No. 590, in "Rose" design. Height 5ft. 4in.

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NEW

● *Now selling at all stores and chemists - - - 1/-*

Stars Through A Camera

Continued from Page 5 Movie Section

LESLIE BANKS has a very good reason for being photographed right side up, for one side of his face is disfigured, the result of an accident. Another well-known actress insists upon being taken from a certain three-quarter angle because one eye is a bit turned, and unless care is exercised it is very apparent, particularly in a portrait study.

Ultra-modern backgrounds and costumes are used for all of Ida Lupino's portraits. Ida works with music and almost continually. She enjoys pranks during a sitting, and will often stand alongside the camera while the photographer is trying to find her in the focus glass. People around distract her attention from posing, and she prefers to be alone during a sitting. She has a tremendous weakness for flowers, and tries, wherever possible, to wear them, or at least have plenty about her while before the camera.

Rosalind Russell, on the other hand, likes to have a friend present during a sitting. By having someone with whom to talk she is able to pose for much longer periods. She welcomes any suggestions from the photographer, and will work until physically tired.

A mental plan to obtain the maximum of effect for every camera angle is made by Fred MacMurray. He studies out poses that he hopes will prove interesting, and also welcomes any suggestions. Fred considers proofs fairly and usually picks a pose suggested by the photographer. He is a tireless sitter, and is usually far ahead of the photographer in working out unusual poses.

Wallace Beery likes to clown with any prop that is handy. He prefers to make portraits with fishing-rods and guns, and always insists upon the radio being turned on to some comedian's session so that he can make his sitting one of pleasure and not of pain. It is as hard to get Wally to the portrait photographer's as it is difficult to get Anita Louise away from there.

Anita is really a lovely girl and must have something like a thousand different studies of herself, each one lovelier than the last. She spends nearly every spare moment having her photograph taken, and I know for a fact that every new dress she has bought in the last two years has been photographed back view, front view, and side view. Nevertheless, no one will complain of seeing too much of Anita. She is one of the most refreshing and naturally beautiful girls in Hollywood.

Cameraman's Worry

CHARLIE RUGGLES is the cameraman's worry. He continually plies him with questions about cameras to assist him in his own hobby of candid snapshots. When the photographer says he likes a certain pose, Charlie will jump up from his chair and ask him to sit in front of the camera so he can see the effect through the lens.

Herbert Marshall takes one of the worst photographs in Hollywood. That is because he will not stop talking the whole time he is in the studio. Just as the shutter is about to be clicked on a position and expression that are really good, Herbert says something which spoils the whole set-up, and they just start all over again.

Players like Marsha Hunt, Neil Hamilton, Rochelle Hudson and Brian Donlevy have no trouble before the portrait cameras. Marsha and Rochelle were professional photographers' models before coming to Hollywood, and Neil Hamilton and Donlevy used to pose for collar and shirt advertisements.

Following each picture Marion Davies devotes two complete days to a portrait sitting, and divides her poses into two groups, one day for fashions and close-up heads, the next day for portraits and other studies. She likes to pose with animals, and has had many portraits taken with her dog and several beautiful riding horses on bridle trails near her home. She always requests light and peppy music through sittings.

William Powell hates having his photograph taken, particularly when he is obliged to pose. So Bill just meanders around the studio and the cameraman clicks the shutter where and when he can. In this way Bill is always photographed in a natural position and with a natural expression, instead of, as Powell says, like a tailor's dummy.

Negatives Destroyed

WHILST Grace Moore is in the studio she is invariably accompanied by her pet Persian cat, which she insists must be accorded the most lavish hospitality. Whenever possible she conspires to have the cat pose for some stills, every one of which she pastes in her scrap book. Funnily enough, she insists upon the negatives being destroyed.

Marlene Dietrich goes one better than the rest. Marlene is never photographed unless through a thin gauze screen—Joe Sternberg taught her the trick, and says it makes her look more exotic and alluring. It certainly is kinder to her than just the bare lens, as it softens the lines of her face and figure and gives rather an ethereal glow to the completed study.

Last, but not least, of the portrait peculiarities is that of Loretta Young. Loretta is really a perfect subject for the photographer and seldom takes a bad photo. Perhaps that is because she insists upon posing before a huge mirror, so that she can watch her expressions whilst the camera clicks. It is rather a good idea, too, for no one knows exactly what one looks like, and by observing the reflection in the mirror one can get a better effect than perhaps just guessing at an expression and hoping for the best.

Nevertheless, the finished article does not always emerge from the portrait studio exactly as photographed on the plates. Make-up covers a multitude of sins, but much retouching is needed on the negatives to remove hard lines, double chins, rolls of fat and protruding hip bones. Many a beautiful figure has got that way in a photograph through the retoucher's artistry.

Most of the stars insist upon seeing rough proofs before portraits go along to the publicity department for distribution. The star has the prerogative of passing or rejecting photographs, though they are usually guided by the opinions of the cameraman.

I remember on one occasion Connie Bennett, after sitting for two hundred different portraits—a whole day's work—tore the whole lot up and threw them in the photographer's face. Just one of those things that happen when movie folk have their pictures taken.

Strange Triangles

Continued from Page 4 Movie Section

"SEEN at the Biltmore-Astoria, Gloria La Starr, looking too, too divine in a misty-blue chiffon, dancing with that dashing young male sensation, Harry Handsome. They've just finished making 'Is Love Wonderful?' and rumor says they will be co-starred again in another Invincible production."

The public likes to see a co-starring team arm in arm. Even after the marriage of Charles Farrell to Virginia Valli, and Janet Gaynor to Lydell Peck, Janet and Charlie were often obliged to make public appearances together to please the people who cash up at the box-office. On one occasion Janet and Charlie were requested to attend a premiere of one of their pictures together. While the crowd was cheering and mobbing them for autographs, no one noticed the arrival in separate taxis of their respective husband and wife. Nor, when the show was over, did anyone observe Virginia and Lydell slip into a taxi. The four of them met up at a spot arranged, far out of town, effected a change-over, and departed in their own directions. The public went away from the picture murmuring "Aren't Janet and Charlie a lovely pair—we're sure they must be in love with each other."

Such strange conventional twists could happen in no other place than Hollywood. They have led to more film divorces than most people realise. But, as a rule, the movie people are modern, sophisticated, and sensible enough to take it all as part of the artificial, superficial life they are forced to lead in the cause of a movie career.

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STEAK *and Sherry* *for* WOMEN'S DOGS

Greyhound Racing is Not Only a Man's Game

For many women, greyhound racing has become an interesting, and, in some cases, a profitable hobby.

In almost all the big weekly metropolitan fixtures and the various country coursing events appear the names of many women as owners or trainers of well-known dogs.

VERY little initial capital is required, and the upkeep cost of kennels on a moderate scale is small enough.

While up to £2000 is paid for a pedigreed yearling horse, puppies with the most notable ancestry may be obtained for £25 or less.

They train without the expense of riders, and their training is mostly done by the owners and their families.

Their daily diet is inexpensive compared with that of a racehorse, and they can be housed comfortably around any ordinary suburban villa.

Some owners, indeed, have no more space than a small backyard in one of the near city suburbs.

The lean fliers are fed mostly on good steak and sherry once they have reached racing form, and no racetrack is needed for their exercising.

There are few suburbs which have not a convenient paddock or park. In Sydney itself the Domain is the most popular training ground.

Successful Owners

MRS. V. MACKINNON, of Denison Street, Parramatta, owner of Gibbergunyah, a Harold Park champion, had her dog stolen from the grounds.

A State-wide search followed, and the courser finally was found just across the Queensland border. It was at large, but, fortunately, was none the worst for its experience.

One of the first women trainer-owners of New South Wales is Mrs. C. Bennett, of Rooty Hill.

She has had consistent success with dogs bred in her own kennels and trained under her supervision.

Winners of worth-while stakes for her have been Blackamoor, Blizzard, and Billyikey, all of which have proved top-grade Harold Park stakers.

Mrs. V. Aldwell, of Rocky Point Road, Kogarah, who races her dogs under the name of "Mrs. M. Rogers," has landed some good prizes with Semara and Miss Morn, and Mrs. M. Wells, of Pleasant Avenue, Erskineville, has done well with Laurie's Cobber and Dan's Pride.

Waterverse has been a successful racer for Miss M. Banan, of Victoria Road, Marrickville.

Harold Park's champion half-miler, Popalong, is owned by Miss F. L. Bryer, of Tweedmouth Avenue, Rosebery. Another of her good performers is Gold Du.

Another Harold Park first-rater is Smartness, owned by Mrs. Bunn, of East Greta, who does her own training. Miss P. Owens, of Brown Street, Camperdown, is the fortunate owner of All Marvel.

A happy little story of the success which can attend this form of enterprise is related by Mrs. Denison, of Hill Street, Gosford.

A few years ago an old Irishman asked her to care for his greyhound bitch while he was away looking for gold. The animal whelped soon after his departure. In answer to inquiries he told her he wanted her to sell all the puppies except one which she was to keep for herself. This she did.

A year later he returned, and, looking at the gift pup, he remarked that it looked like a champion.

His judgment proved accurate. Mrs. Denison studied the question of training, and the pup grew to win many races for her, including a Rooty Hill Gold Cup and a Melbourne Gold Cup.

The Denison kennels now are well known in the north, and many notable performers have come from them.

Inquiries from Abroad

IN this sport the stakes, though considerable, are by no means the only prizes to be won.

Racing and breeding usually go hand in hand, and there is a growing demand for pedigreed Australian greyhounds, which comes even from parts as distant as New Zealand, the U.S.A., India and Great Britain.

The outlay for erecting properly-equipped kennels, for, say, half a dozen dogs, is not more than the cost of an ordinary garage.

Each year now sees the issue of more greyhound racing licences, and the sport is further popularised by the fact that many new clubs offer quotas of their profits to such charities as the ambulance service and public hospitals.

SLEEVELESS *Frock Offends* MAGISTRATE

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

A Dartford magistrate recently rebuked Mrs. Stella Shepherd, a young married woman who attended his Court as a witness, for appearing in the box in a sleeveless frock and stockingless.

"I WAS dressed quite respectably," said Mrs. Shepherd after the case, "and had no intention of transgressing the etiquette of the Court.

"The least the magistrate might have done," she said, "was to have left criticism of a woman's dress to the woman magistrate who was sitting on the bench with him.

"The old men of to-day are too fond of passing observations on the dress of modern women, who possess an infinitely greater amount of common sense than the women of their day. They try to judge us by the ideals of their grandmothers, which is absurd."

A lot of women will applaud Mrs. Shepherd's sentiments, but the pity of it is that she did not say all this to the magistrate in the Court.

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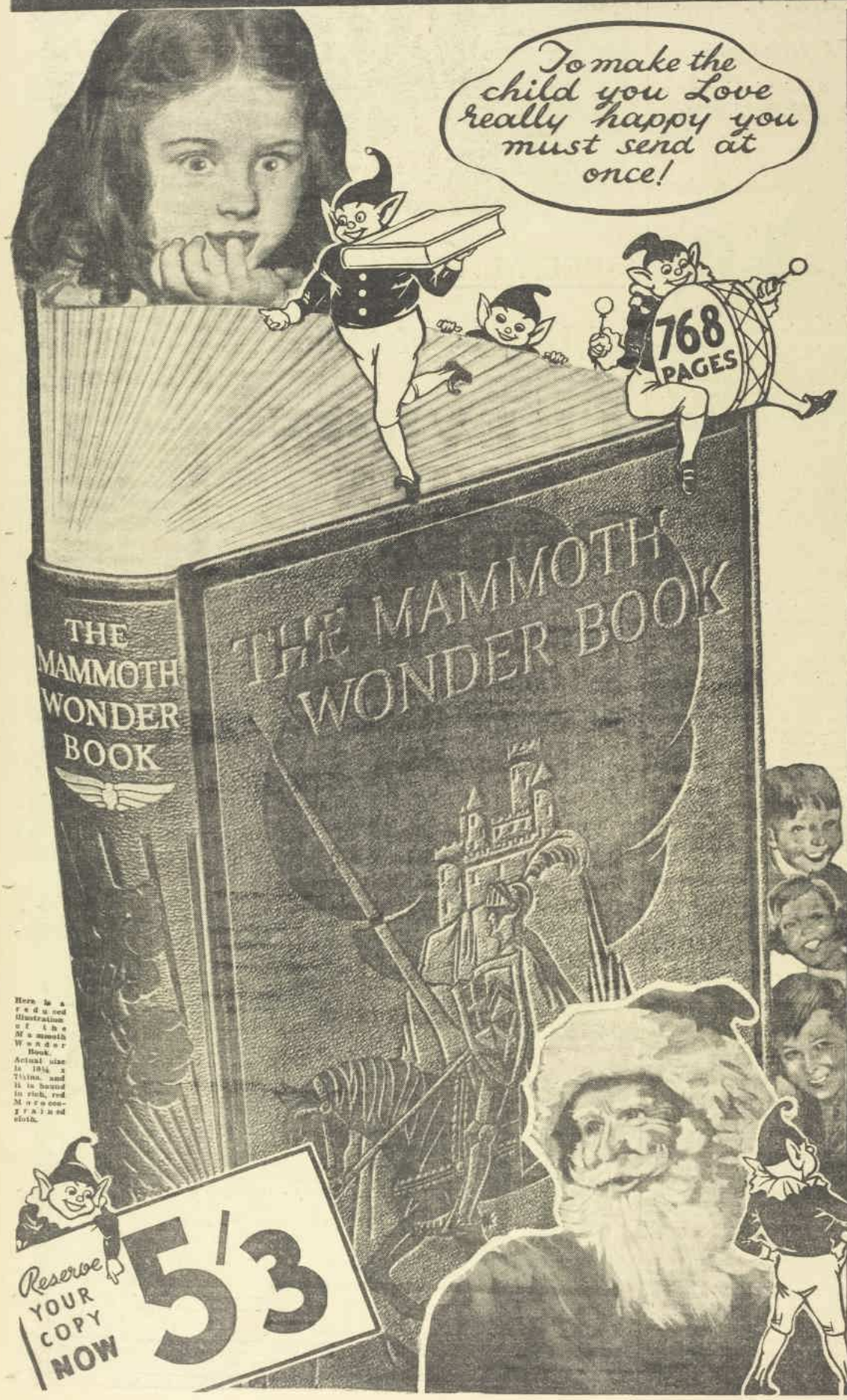

Here is a reduced illustration of the Mammoth Wonder Book. Actual size is 10½ x 7½ins. and it is bound in rich, red Morocco-grained cloth.

Below are only a few of the great stories in this wonder book:

OLD FAVORITES

The Swiss Family Robinson.
The Chimes.
The Settlers in Canada.
The Green Donkey Driver.
Joe Meets Apollyon.
Beggar Boy at Christ's Christmas Tree.
The Story of Hiawatha.
How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar.

MODERN WONDER STORIES

The Good Fairy.
The Honest Penny.
The Discontented Daffodils.
"Smith Family Robinson."
The Water Performance.
The Three Questions.
Far Away and Home Again.
What the Sun Made.
Bellinghams All.
The Bar of Gold.
The Fish Junk.
The Locum Tenens.
Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

The Singing Lark.
The Griffin, The Wolf, and The Seven Little Goats.
Strong Hans.
The Presents of the Little Folk.
Catherine and Frederick.
The Giant With Three Golden Hairs.
The Iron Stove.
The Fisherman and His Wife.

STORIES FROM THE CLASSICS

The Golden Touch.
The Miraculous Pitcher.
The Pomegranate Seeds.
The Inquisitive Girl.
The Story of the Three Apples.
History of Sidi Nouman.

HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

The Red Shoes.
Great Claus and Little Claus.
The Wind's Tale.
The Goloshes of Fortune.
The Travelling Companions.

FABLES

The Charger and the Ass.
The Kite, The Frog, and The Mouse.
The Frog and the Ox.
The Tortoise's Punishment.
The Miller, His Son, and Their Ass.
The Miser and His Gold.

GREAT TALES AND POEMS OF FAIRY-LAND, ROMANCE AND FANTASY

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LOSE NO TIME!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY INVITES YOU FOR THE LAST TIME TO ACCEPT THE WORLD'S FINEST STORY-BOOK OF CHILDREN'S FAVORITES

You have no time to lose to secure The Australian Women's Weekly's great Christmas Gift for the children of its readers. So vast has been the demand for the Mammoth Wonder Book—the world's greatest treasury of children's stories—that the edition available is almost completely reserved. You have been warned to hurry—to delay any longer is to make disappointment certain.

Think what the child you love may miss if you fail to act instantly—a magnificent volume that is an Open Sesame to literature's richest realms of fantasy and fun—a book that is something new, SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THIS CHRISTMAS—with scores of enthralling stories by the greatest writers of children's classics ever known—an irresistible array of old favorites and modern masterpieces, with a hundred trips to Fairyland, a thousand gay adventures, hour upon hour of romance, laughter, thrills, and excitement, and—yes, education.

The Mammoth Wonder Book is indeed a mighty story-book worth every penny of thirty shillings, and yet as a great Christmas concession The Australian Women's Weekly offers it to you and every reader for the remarkable privilege price of only 5/3, plus four special Christmas Gift Tokens cut from four consecutive issues of The Australian Women's Weekly. And if you commence to collect your tokens to-day the book will be yours well before Christmas. However, you must hurry—this is definitely your final opportunity to take part in the offer. The special Reservation Form is published below. Cut it out now and post it to-day—while there is still time and before every copy of the Mammoth Wonder Book has been snapped up.

Remember, you are asked to send no money now—simply reserve your volume immediately so that it can be set aside ready for you and the child you love when you have qualified to receive it. Some small boy or girl is sure to be disappointed if you delay—don't be too late—fill and post the Reservation Form now and make sure!

Do you remember how thrilled you were when someone gave you a story-book? Then just imagine the delight of the children when they get this volume . . . they'll be enjoying the Mammoth Wonder Book long after other Christmas attractions are forgotten. In 768 pleasure-packed pages are the magic worlds and peoples that hold children spellbound—a golden treasury that will cause the heart of every youngster to leap with joy. For it is no ordinary book this—just look at the following list of some of the brilliant authors who have written these stories and poems—aren't they just what you yourself would select for the children?

Hans Andersen, Louisa M. Alcott, J. J. Bell, Hillaire Belloc, Robert Burns, Algernon Blackwood, Lewis Carroll, Charles Dickens, John Drinkwater, J. S. Fletcher, Michael Fairless, the Brothers Grimm, Bret Harte, Charles and Mary Lamb, E. V. Lucas, John Masefield, Captain Marryat, Walter de la Mare, Alfred Noyes, Sir Henry Newbolt, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson, Stephen Southwold, Katherine Tynan, William Thackeray, W. B. Yeats, etc., etc.

And great artists have made the book glow with life by their beautiful drawings—there are nearly 500 of them in all, by such masters as Harry Rountree, W. Heath Robinson, Anne Anderson, H. M. Brock, Margaret Tulloch, D. C. Eyles, Molly Brett, Rene Bull, Mildred Lamb, and many, many more.

Now look on the facing page at the fascinating list of some of the contents. What stories and rhymes! What favorites! What memories! And all in one book!

And now about the book itself—it is the most luxurious children's book you could ever imagine. It is printed throughout in large, easily-read type on fine quality opaque paper. THERE ARE MAGNIFICENT END PAPERS PRINTED IN FULL COLORS—a decorative title page—all specially drawn by Rene Bull—and FOUR MAGNIFICENT WHOLE PAGE PLATES IN FULL COLORS.

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NOW FOR THE MAMMOTH WONDER BOOK. You can make some child really happy for years to come with this gift of gifts, or you can delay and be too late. Compare it with any other children's Gift Book you have ever heard of—for sheer value it is absolutely phenomenal. And remember—the Mammoth Wonder Book is nowhere else available except through this special Women's Weekly offer. The list of reservations will have to close soon, and unless you reserve it now and begin qualifying to-day, the book will never be yours in time for Christmas.

So fill in the Reservation Form now and post it to-day. Hurry—before every copy is snapped up by the thousands of child lovers who are reading this announcement to-day.

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To The Australian Women's Weekly,
Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

In accordance with your special Christmas Gift-Book Offer, please reserve for me a copy of the Mammoth Wonder Book, which I will obtain for the privilege price of only 5/3. I understand if I begin qualifying for the book now I will be ready for it in time for Christmas.

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IMPORTANT.—You may post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing a penny stamp. No acknowledgment will be sent, but a copy of the Mammoth Wonder Book is guaranteed to all who post this form at once. SEND NO MONEY NOW—this simply reserves your volume.

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LIKE *Father*, LIKE *Son* ...*in* RADIO

Harry Dearth's Stage Tradition

HARRY DEARTH, radio entertainer from Station 2GB.

In any "Who's Who of the Theatre" will be found a list of close on a hundred names of hereditary theatrical families.

Once the show business gets in the blood it takes generations for it to get out again.

Harry Dearth of 2GB is an example. Although he knows of no theatrical folk in the family prior to his father and mother, both of them famous singers, the second generation has certainly carried on the tradition.

HARRY DEARTH is already well known to thousands of people in Australia for his appearances on the musical comedy stage, which he left for broadcasting when he joined 2GB shortly before his marriage to Mona Potts, a talented young actress, whom many people will remember in the musical show, "The New Moon." She it was who took the part played by Mona Barlee in Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet" when the latter left for America to become world-famous under the name of Mona Barrie.

Harry's sister is a noted adagio dancer, while a brother, although an engineer in Rhodesia, is also a singer.

"Some people find that having a famous father is a handicap in life," says Harry Dearth, "but I have never found that so. Probably it is because my father always believed in us mapping out our own lives, although he had no idea that I would follow in his footsteps. That was mere chance."

Fond of Work

HARRY DEARTH came to Australia as a youth to gain "colonial experience." His father had kindly memories of the warm-hearted people of this country, and thought it a good idea. Harry originally intended returning to London to take up a business career, but when the depression came, and he was forced to look for work in the city, he naturally thought of trying the stage.

"Perhaps the name, Harry Dearth, helped me at first," he says. "Wherever I went I found that people here had the kindliest memories of my father, and even to-day I meet many who tell me what pleasure his robust singing of the fine old English songs brought them.

"On the air at 2GB there have been occasions when I have played my father's records. Once I received a ring from a listener congratulating me on my singing. He told me I was improving greatly in the upper register, but I hadn't yet attained the same depth as my father in the lower notes."

This versatile young announcer, his friends declare, has the energy of six ordinary mortals. Apart from being one of the most infectiously vivacious personalities on the air to-day, Dearth does his share of copy-writing, appears as an actor with the B.S.A. Players, and does a little producing.

One of the brightest spots on Sunday afternoon programmes from 2GB is what Harry Dearth describes as his own idea of an ideal radio revue, which he himself arranges and produces under the title of "Melody and Mirth with Harry Dearth."

"I do not believe in allowing myself to become stale," this Melody and Mirth Man explains, "and, while I never sing on the air, I still keep up my singing lessons. When I am not busy at work, I relax, and my favorite relaxation is a game of golf."

Harry probably inherits his love of golf from his father, although he does not think he will ever make golfing history as his father did. "For," as Harry explains, "one of my father's golfing exploits is still retold wherever golfers meet together. Back in 1911 he accepted a challenge to play a game of golf dressed in a full suit of armor, and only lost by a narrow margin of two up and one to play."

It was probably in the same spirit that Harry Dearth, senior, surprised his admirers who knew him only as a grand opera artist and a concert singer by accepting a contract to appear in musical comedy under the famous George Edwardes at Daly's Theatre. It was an unheard of thing for an artist of his calibre in those days, but since then many famous singers have followed his lead.

Whether Harry Dearth, of 2GB, will surprise his admirers by one day appearing in grand opera, or on the concert platform, remains to be seen, but certainly this happy-go-lucky, hard-working radio announcer has a bright future in store.

Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, December 2.—11.45 a.m.: London Calling. 3.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, December 3.—11.45 a.m.: Paul Robeson. 2.45 p.m.: Dance Rhythms.

FRIDAY, December 4.—11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Moods.

SATURDAY, December 5: 6.15 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Selections from "Swing Time," featuring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

SUNDAY, December 6.—6.10 p.m.: Featuring Ellis Price and his radio players.

MONDAY, December 7.—11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, December 8.—11.45 a.m.: Overseas News. 2.45 p.m.: Afternoon Tea Selections.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Truth At Any Price . . . Is Sagittarian Motto

If your associates were born between November 23 and December 22, then you're in for a bad time . . . truthfully speaking.

For Sagittarians all seem related to George Washington. They believe in the truth first, last, and all the time.

IF you value your peace of mind, don't ask a Sagittarian man if he likes your new hat. His opinion will be disconcertingly frank. If he says "No!" then give the hat to your worst friend and try to be philosophical.

Those strongly governed by the sign Sagittarius are people born when this sign is rising over the eastern horizon, as well as those born between November 23 and December 22.

They are awfully nice people really, though rather dual-natured. They are an odd mixture of the serious thinker and the good sport. They possess wonderful intellects which, if used wisely, can be turned to excellent account in the professional, merchandising, or instructive spheres.

But in most of them is also found a streak of the gambler or sport—sometimes both.

MISS JUNE MARSDEN

Good "Mixers"

SAGITTARIANS are naturally good "mixers." They can fraternise with the highborn and the low, and get lots of fun out of each. Their joviality and generosity are a by-word.

They love social contacts, and will introduce the duke to the dustman with all the poise and friendliness in the world.

They love to argue and debate, and will frequently, and perversely, profess to hold opinions exactly opposite to their real ones, in order to provoke discussion. But tell a Sagittarian she is argumentative, and she will spend hours arguing that she is not.

You cannot help liking these people. They are so ready with sympathy or help, with good cheer and optimism, and with cash which they can sometimes ill afford. For though they have splendid earning powers, they seldom seem able to hoard anything worth while.

Fortunately, a stabilising influence in their individual horoscopes helps some of them to save for the future, but as a general rule they believe that money is made round to go round.

> ***Sagittarius Affinities***
>
> **THE Sagittarian key-word is "I see." Their best quality is loyalty, their worst hurtful frankness.**
>
> **Their gems are the amethyst and turquoise, their metal tin, and their day Thursday.**
>
> **Their colors are blues and pastel tints, and their number 7.**

Love of Luxurious

THE planet Jupiter is the ruler of Sagittarius, thus protecting those born under his rays from many of the financial and health difficulties experienced by other people.

Jupiter brings a love of that which is luxurious, spacious, and extravagant. He creates a desire to do things in a big way and with a big noise. Those born under his sway love to travel—and to do so in grand style.

There are two distinct types of Sagittarians, the "thinker" and the "sport"—those who live on the high plane and those who live on the low. But to decide which is the more desirable constitutes a problem.

Admiration, respect, and liking go to the "thinkers," but sometimes they become a little stodgy and superior, probably because it ill becomes their dignity to give way to the lighter and more adventurous side of their nature.

On the other hand, those living on the "sporting" plane gain much happiness in life through optimism, good cheer, and the fun of risky ventures, plus the genuine goodwill of their associates.

Of course, the really perfect Sagittarian combines all these things. If he exists he'd be well worth knowing.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live quietly on Dec. 1 and 2, but work hard on Dec. 3 and 4. Make your dreams come true. Ask favors, begin new enterprises. Be confident and cheerful.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Poor on Dec. 2 and 4; fair on Dec. 5 and 6.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Beware of disruptions, losses, opposition, and disappointments. Live quietly, especially on Dec. 5, 6, and early 7.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Fair on Dec. 1, but poor on Dec. 7 and 8.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Ask for the things you want. Try to improve your position. Ask favors, especially on Dec. 1 (after dusk), 2, and 3. The stars will favor you then.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Be cautious in all matters. Delays, annoyances, and difficulties may spoil your plans. Dec. 5 and 6 a poor best.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Fair enough on Dec. 7, 8, and 9.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Fair on Dec. 1, but poor on Dec. 2 (late), 3, and 4.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Push affairs of importance. Ask favors; seek advancement; sign documents; make changes, especially on Dec. 2 (after dusk), 3, and 4.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Unspectacular. Routine tasks best. Dec. 1 poor; 5 and 6 just fair.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb 19): Quite fair on Dec. 7 and 8.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Live cautiously. Attempt no really important venture. Make no changes. Dec. 5, 6, and (early) 7 very poor for such.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

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WIRELESS

Continued from Page 40

poor mistress had had it in her hand only on the morning of her death.

"You are sure of that?" asked the lawyer sharply.

"Yes, sir. She told me so. And she made me take fifty pounds in notes. The will was in a long blue envelope."

"Quite right," said Mr. Hopkinson.

"Now I come to think of it," continued Elizabeth, "that same blue envelope was lying on this table the morning after—but empty. I laid it on the desk."

"I remember seeing it there," said Charles.

He got up and went over to the desk. In a minute or two he turned round with an envelope in his hand which he handed to Mr. Hopkinson.

The latter examined it and nodded his head.

"That is the envelope in which I despatched the will on Tuesday last."

Both men looked hard at Elizabeth.

"Is there anything more, sir?" she inquired respectfully.

"Not at present, thank you."

Elizabeth went towards the door.

"One minute," said the lawyer. "Was there a fire in the grate that evening?"

"Yes, sir, there was always a fire."

"Thank you, that will do."

Elizabeth went out. Charles leaned forward, resting a shaking hand on the table.

"What do you think? What are you driving at?"

MR. HOPKINSON shook his head.

"We must still hope the will may turn up. If it does not——"

"Well, if it does not?"

"I am afraid there is only one conclusion possible. Your aunt sent for that will in order to destroy it. Not wishing Elizabeth to lose by that, she gave her the amount of her legacy in cash."

"But why?" cried Charles wildly. "Why?"

Mr. Hopkinson coughed. A dry cough.

"You have had no—er—disagreement with your aunt, Mr. Ridgeway?" he murmured.

Charles gasped.

"No, indeed," he cried warmly. "We were on the kindliest, most affectionate terms right up to the end."

"Ah!" said Mr. Hopkinson, not looking at him.

It came to Charles with a shock that the lawyer did not believe him. Who knew what this dry old stick might not have heard? Rumors of Charles' doings might have come round to him. What more natural than that he should suppose that these same rumors had come to Mrs. Harter, and that aunt and nephew should have had an altercation on the subject?

But it wasn't so! Charles knew one of the bitterest moments of his career. His lies had been believed. Now that he spoke the truth, belief was withheld. The irony of it!

OF course his aunt had never burnt the will! Of course——

His thoughts came to a sudden check. What was that picture rising before his eyes? An old lady with one hand clasped to her heart . . . something slipping—a paper—falling on the red-hot embers. . . .

Charles' face grew livid. He heard a hoarse voice—his own—asking:

"If that will's never found . . .?"

"There is a former will of Mrs. Harter's still extant. Dated September, 1930. By it Mrs. Harter leaves everything to her niece, Miriam Harter, now Miriam Robinson."

What was the old fool saying? Miriam? Miriam with her nondescript husband and her four whining brats. All his cleverness—for Miriam!

The telephone rang sharply at his elbow. He took up the receiver. It was the doctor's voice, hearty and kindly.

"That you, Ridgeway? Thought you'd like to know. The autopsy's just concluded. Cause of death is as I surmised. But, as a matter of fact, the cardiac trouble was much more serious than I suspected when she was alive. With the utmost care she couldn't have lived longer than two months at the outside. Thought you'd like to know. Might console you more or less."

"Excuse me," said Charles, "would you mind saying that again?"

"She couldn't have lived longer than two months," said the doctor in a slightly louder tone. "All things work out for the best, you know, my dear fellow——"

But Charles had slammed back the receiver on its hook. He was conscious of the lawyer's voice speaking from a long way off.

"Dear me, Mr. Ridgeway, are you ill?"

Damn them all! The smug-faced lawyer. That poisonous old ass Meynell. No hope in front of him—only the shadow of the prison wall. . . .

He felt that somebody had been playing with him—playing with him like a cat with a mouse. Somebody must be laughing. . . .

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ABOUT time, too, Charles thought. Repressing a tendency to whistle, he composed his face to one of suitable gravity and repaired to the library. There he greeted the precise old gentleman who had been for over a quarter of a century the late Mrs. Harter's legal adviser.

The lawyer seated himself at Charles' invitation and with a dry little cough entered upon business matters.

"I did not quite understand your letter to me, Mr. Ridgeway. You seemed to be under the impression that the late Mrs. Harter's will was in our keeping."

Charles stared at him.

"But surely—I've heard my aunt say as much."

"Oh, quite so, quite so. It was in our keeping."

"Was?"

"That is what I said. Mrs. Harter wrote to us, asking that it might be forwarded to her, on Tuesday last."

AN uneasy feeling crept over Charles. He felt a far-off premonition of unpleasantness.

"Doubtless it will come to light among her papers," continued the lawyer smoothly.

Charles said nothing. He was afraid to trust his tongue. He had already been through Mrs. Harter's papers pretty thoroughly, well enough to be quite certain no will was among them. In a minute or two, when he had regained control of himself, he said so. His voice sounded unreal to himself, and he had a sensation as of cold water trickling down his back.

"Has anyone gone through her personal effects?" asked the lawyer.

Charles replied that her own maid, Elizabeth, had done so. At Mr. Hopkinson's suggestion, Elizabeth was sent for. She came promptly, grim and upright, and answered the questions put to her.

She had been through all her mistress' clothes and personal belongings. She was quite sure that there had been no legal document such as a will among them. She knew what the will looked like—her

GIRLIGAGS

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TALISMAN RING

Continued from Page 16

HE found this wide, innocent gaze a trifle disconcerting, but after a moment he said, with a gleam of amusement: "There is an awkwardness in this situation, cousin, which I, alas! do not seem to be the man to overcome. You must forgive me if I appear to you to be lacking in sensibility. Sylvester has arranged a marriage of convenience for us, and allowed neither of us time to become in the least degree acquainted before we go to the altar."

"In France," replied Eustacie, "one is not acquainted with one's betrothed, because it is not permitted that one should converse with him alone until one is married."

This remark certainly seemed to bear out Sylvester's assurance that his granddaughter understood the nature of his arrangements.

Sir Tristram said: "It would be absurd to pretend that either of us can feel for the other any of those passions which are ordinarily to be looked for in betrothed couples, but——"

"Oh, yes, it would!" agreed Eustacie heartily.

"Nevertheless," pursued Sir Tristram, "I believe such marriages as ours often proper. You have accused me of disliking females, but, believe me——"

"I can see very well that you dislike females," interrupted Eustacie. "I ask myself why it is that you wish to be married."

He hesitated, and then answered dully: "Perhaps, if I had a brother I should not wish it, but I am the last of my name, and I must not let it die with me. I shall count myself fortunate if you will consent to be my wife, and so far as it may lie in my power I will promise that you shall not have cause to regret it. May I tell Sylvester that we have agreed to join hands?"

"Yes, but I must tell you that you are not at all the sort of man I thought I should marry. It is very disheartening. I thought that in England one was permitted to fall in love and marry of one's own choice. Now I see that it is just the same as it is in France."

HE said, with a touch of compassion: "You are certainly very young to be married, but when Sylvester dies you will be alone, and your situation would be awkward indeed."

"That is quite true," nodded Eustacie. "I have considered it well. And I dare say it will not be so very bad, our marriage, if I can have a house in town and perhaps a lover."

"Perhaps a what?" demanded Shield in a voice that made her jump.

"Well, in France it is quite comme il faut, in fact, a la mode, to have a lover when one is married," she explained, not in the least abashed.

"In England," said Sir Tristram, "it is neither comme il faut nor a la mode."

"Really? I do not yet know what is the fashion in England, but, naturally, if you assure me it is not a la mode I won't have any lovers. Can I have a house in town?"

"I don't think you know what you are talking about," said Sir Tristram, on a note of relief. "My home is in Berkshire, and I hope you will grow to like it as I do, but I can hire a house in town for the season if your heart is set on it."

Eustacie was just about to inform him that her heart was irrevocably set on it when the butler opened the door and announced the arrival of Mr. Lavenham. Eustacie broke off in mid-sentence and said under her breath: "Well, I would much rather be married to you than to him, at all events!"

Her expression did not lead Sir Tristram to set undue store by this handsome admission. He frowned reprovingly at her, and went forward to greet his cousin.

Beau Lavenham, who was two years younger than Shield, did not resemble him in the least. Sir Tristram was a large, lean man, very dark, harsh-featured, and with few airs or graces, the Beau was of medium height only, slim rather than lean, of a fair complexion and delicately moulded features, and his graces were many.

NOTHING could have been more exquisite than the arrangement of his powdered curls or the cut of his brown-spotted silk coat and breeches. He wore a waistcoat embroidered with gold and silver, and stockings of palest pink, a jewel in the snowy folds of his cravat, knots of ribbons at his knees and rings on his slender, white fingers. In one hand he carried his snuff-box and scented handkerchief; in the other he held up an ornate quizzing-glass that hung on a riband round his neck. Through this he surveyed his two cousins, blandly smiling and quite at his ease.

"Ah, Tristram!" he said in a soft, languid voice, and, letting fall his quizzing-glass, held out his hand. "How do you do, my dear fellow?"

Sir Tristram shook hands with him.

"How do you do, Basil? It's some time since we met."

The Beau made a gesture of deprecation.

"But my dear Tristram, if you will bury yourself in Berkshire, what is one to do? Eustacie"—he went to her and bowed over her hand with incomparable grace— "you have been making Tristram's acquaintance?"

"Yes," said Eustacie. "We are betrothed."

The Beau raised his brows, smiling.

"Oh, la, la! So soon? Did Sylvester call this tune? Well, you are both of you very obedient, but are you quite, quite sure that you will deal well together?"

"Oh, I hope so!" replied Sir Tristram gracingly.

"IF you are determined—and I must warn you, Eustacie, that he is the most determined fellow imaginable—I must hope so, too. But I do not think I expected either of you to be so very obedient. Sylvester is prodigious—quite prodigious. One cannot believe that he is really dying. A world without Sylvester! Surely it must be impossible!"

"It will seem odd, indeed," Shield said calmly.

Eustacie looked disparagingly at the Beau. "And it will seem odd to me when you are Lord Lavenham—very odd!"

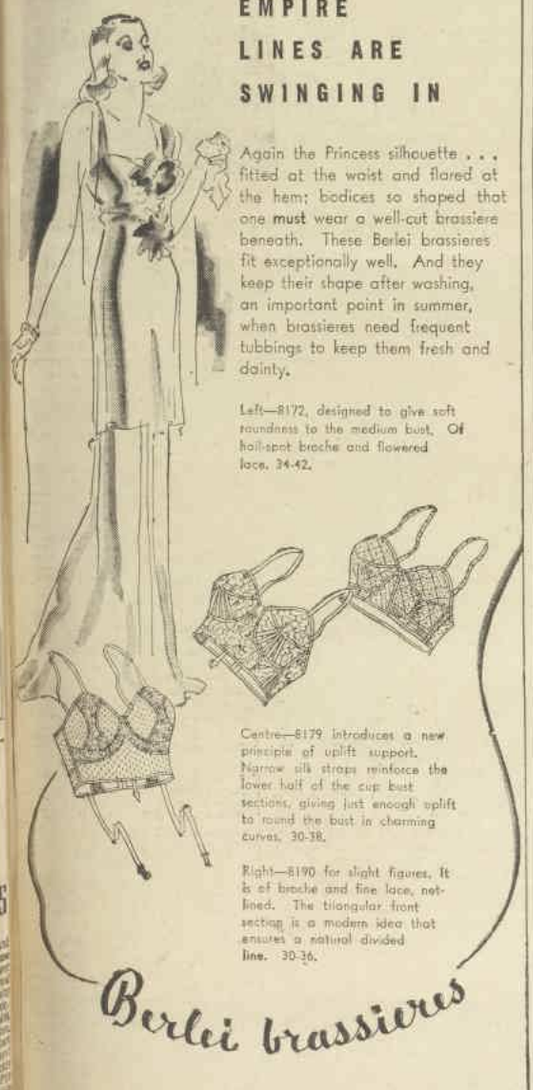
There was a moment's silence. The Beau glanced at Sir Tristram, and then said: "Ah, yes; but, you see, I shall not be Lord Lavenham. My dear Tristram, do, I beg of you, try some of this snuff of mine, and let me have your opinion of it. I have added the veriest dash of Macouba to my old blend. Now, was I right?"

"I'm not a judge," said Shield, helping himself to a pinch. "It seems well enough"

Please turn to Page 68

This Summer

EMPIRE LINES ARE SWINGING IN



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Centre—8179 introduces a new principle of uplift support. Narrow silk straps reinforce the lower half of the cup bust sections, giving just enough uplift to round the bust in charming curves. 30-38.

Right—8190 for slight figures. It is of broche and fine lace, not-lined. The triangular front section is a modern idea that ensures a natural divided line. 30-36.

Berlei brassieres

36-204

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TALISMAN RING

Continued from Page 67

EUSTACIE was frowning. "But I don't understand! Why will you not be Lord Lavenham?"

The Beau turned courteously towards her. "Well, Eustacie, I am not Sylvester's grandson, but only his great-nephew."

"But when there is no grandson, it must surely be you who are the heir?"

"Precisely, but there is a grandson, dear cousin. Did you not know that?"

"Certainly I know that there was Ludovic, but he is dead, after all!"

"Who told you Ludovic was dead?" asked Shield, looking at her under knit brows.

She spread out her hands. "But, grandpapa, naturally! And I have often wanted to know what it was that he did that was so entirely wicked that no one must speak of him. It is a mystery, and, I think, very romantic."

"There is no mystery," said Shield, "nor is it in the least romantic. Ludovic was a wild young man who crowned a series of follies with murder, and had, in consequence, to fly the country."

"MURDER!" exclaimed Eustacie. "What, do you mean he killed someone in a duel?"

"No; not in a duel."

"But, Tristram," said the Beau gently, "you must not forget that it was never proved that Ludovic was the man who shot Matthew Plunker. For my part I did not believe it possible, then, and I still do not."

"Very handsome of you, but the circumstances were too damning," replied Shield. "Remember that I myself heard the shot that must have killed Plunker not ten minutes after I had parted from Ludovic."

"But I," said the Beau, languidly polishing his quizzing-glass, "prefer to believe Ludovic's own story, that it was an owl he shot at."

"Shot—but missed!" said Shield. "Yet I have watched Ludovic shoot the pips out of a playing-card at twenty yards."

"Oh, admitted," Tristram said, "but on that particular night I think Ludovic was not entirely sober, was he?"

Eustacie struck her hands together impatiently. "But tell me, one of you! What did he do, my cousin Ludovic?"

The Beau tossed back the ruffles from his hand and dipped his finger and thumb in his snuff-box. "Well, Tristram," he said with his glinting smile, "You know more about it than I do. Are you going to tell her?"

"It is not an edifying story," Shield said. "Why do you want to hear it?"

"BECAUSE I think perhaps my cousin Ludovic is of this family the most romantic person!" replied Eustacie.

"Oh, romantic!" said Sir Tristram, turning away with a shrug of the shoulders.

The Beau tobbed his snuff-box. "Romantic?" he said meditatively. "No, I do not think Ludovic was romantic. A little rash, perhaps. He was a gamester—whence the disasters which befell him. He lost a very large sum of money one night at his club to a man who lived at Furze House, not two miles from here."

"No one lives at Furze House," interrupted Eustacie.

"Not now," agreed the Beau. "Three years ago Sir Matthew Plunker lived there. But Sir Matthew—three years ago—was shot in the Longshaw Spinney, and his widow removed from this neighborhood."

"Did my cousin Ludovic shoot him?"

"That, my dear Eustacie, is a matter of opinion. You will get one answer from Tristram and another from me."

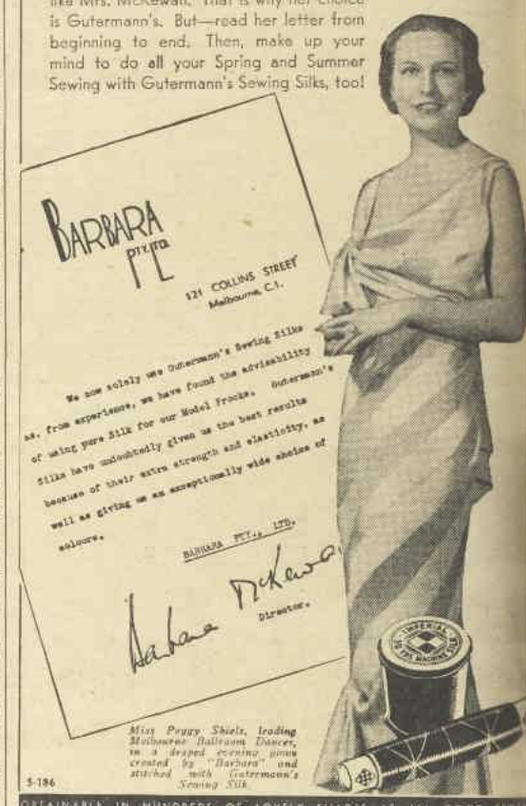
"But why?" she demanded. "Not just because he had lost money to him! That, after all, is not such a great matter—unless, perhaps, he was quite ruined?"

To be Continued

"Gutermann's Sewing Silks

have given us the best results"

THIS extract was taken from a letter written recently by Mrs. McKewan, director of Barbara Pty. Ltd., and one of Melbourne's most exclusive suit and gown designers. Nothing but the strongest pure silk thread is good enough for experts like Mrs. McKewan. That is why her choice is Gutermann's. But—read her letter from beginning to end. Then, make up your mind to do all your Spring and Summer Sewing with Gutermann's Sewing Silks, too!



OBTAINABLE IN HUNDREDS OF LOVELY SHADES AT ALL GOOD STORES

"Constipation is his trouble, or I'm much mistaken.

A healthy boy should be full of fun, skylarking with the others; but when I see a child moping alone I know that what is wanted is 'California Syrup of Figs' to put the stomach right and cleanse the system.

Give children a weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Califig'—and you'll never have this trouble with them. It keeps them regular and healthy, and then they're bound to be happy.

Safe? You're wise to ask that. Some mothers are too ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations, not realising the danger. Take my advice and give the children 'California Syrup of Figs.' Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children. We Nurses swear by it.

Send to the chemist and get a bottle. Give Bobby a dose to-night and he'll be fit as a fiddle in the morning. Wait till you taste 'California Syrup of Figs,' Bobby. It's simply delicious."

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2¼ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to ask for '*California*' and look for '*Califig*' on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"

'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER
December 5, 1936. The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY . . . Homemaker Section Page One

SWEETEST *Little* GIFTS

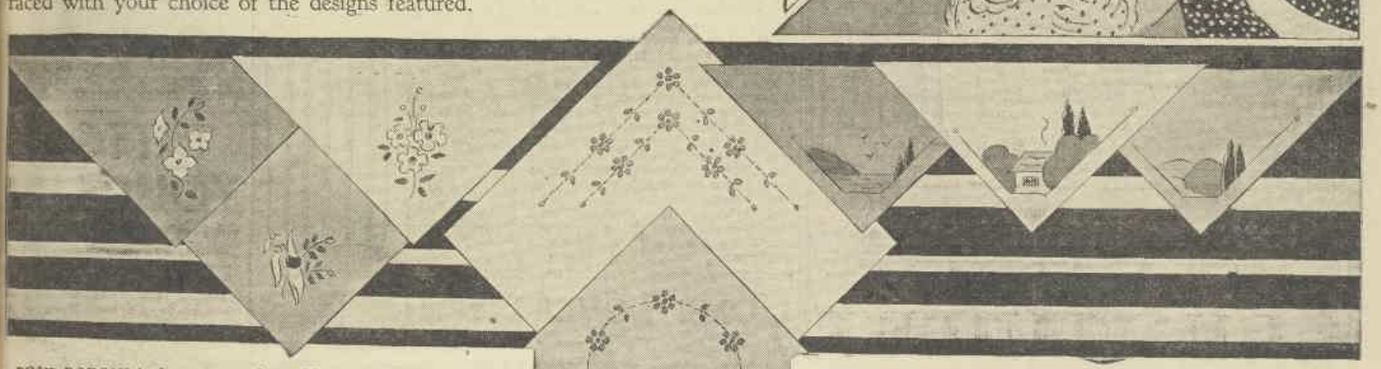
Kerchiefs carrying Bertha Maxwell's Original Designs

Twelve designs to choose from. Your choice traced on pure linen or on chic opal kerchiefs.

IS there a sweeter gift than a ribbon-decked box of dainty handkerchiefs—or even one kerchief wrapped in a wisp of pastel tissue? Better still when enriched with your own work, for then the gift becomes a precious gesture of goodwill and kind thoughts . . .

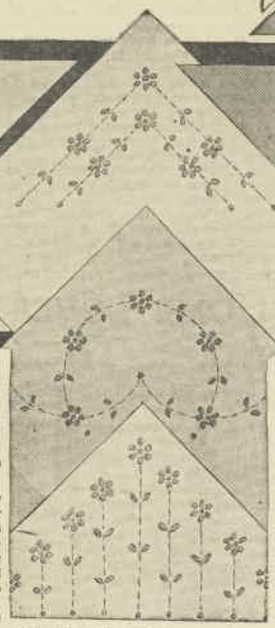
Here is your opportunity to obtain the loveliest kerchiefs in pure linen or chiffon-finished opal cloth traced with your choice of the designs featured.

ABOVE, Right: Sketch showing three of Bertha Maxwell's 12 kerchief designs. If you like these, ask for the "dotted" kerchiefs.



PINK BORONIA, desert pea, and Geraldton wax-flowers, as shown above, make novel and delightful kerchief "corners." See article for full description and prices.

PICTURESQUE SCENES (above) as kerchief corner designs are quite a novelty, don't you think? And on your left you have something different, but very sweet.



THESE lovely designs come to you traced on fine quality linen or chic chiffon-finished opal cloth kerchiefs. All are finished with neat hemstitched hems. See article for colors and prices.

THERE is very little to do to the twelve lovely little trifles shown on this page. They are hemmed and ready for use, and only a little stitching remains to turn them into valuable gifts. There are designs to suit every taste and every needle, but all are simple and easy to do. They are gay little designs, fantastic and comic and therefore quite in the mode of the moment; no need to toil away to produce elaborate patches of fine needlework, just a few lengths of colored cottons will produce surprising effects in an hour or so.

Just select the ones you prefer, order any number, and state the material required. These are the prices:

First-quality linen kerchiefs, carrying the three ready-to-be-worked dainty floral designs as illustrated on this page. You may choose white, pastel-green, pink or blue linen. Each kerchief measures close on 11 x 11 inches, and features tiny hemstitched hems. Price 1/- each.

Exquisite opal cloth chiffon-finish kerchiefs carrying any desired design in powder-blue, flesh, peach blossom or maize. Each kerchief measures 10 x 11 inches, and features tiny hemstitched hems. Price 7d. each.

Diversified Designs

THERE are four groups of designs, three in each set; together they make a charmingly diversified collection. There are three large open corners for seeding or dotting stitches; three lovely corners if you are good at lazy-daisy stitches, also suitable for rich little eyelet and satin work; three wistful little wildflowers, desert pea, pink boronia, and pinky-mauve Geraldton waxflowers; and three very quaint tiny pictures, a country cottage, blue hills and a sea scene.

Dotted Designs: These are very smart for tennis handkerchiefs or for wear with a shirt-frock or sports clothes. Take two strands of cotton, and work over the lines of the design in fine backstitches or small dots; it is just as satisfactory to work in outlining or plain running stitches instead of dots. On blue material, use scarlet thread; on pink use deep rose or black; on green use yellow or orange; on yellow use brown, scarlet or bright blue. These are all radiant color schemes when combined, and you will find them much more exciting than they sound.

Fairy Flowers

EYELET or Lazy Stitches: Fairy flowers of rose, blue, mauve or gold, with black or yellow centres and extra spots, and green leaves and long stems in the same green; these colors will work out well in lazy stitches and quick outlining. For good white embroidery, work the flowers in padded satin stitches with a tiny eyelet for the centres, satined dots and finely outlined stems.

Wildflowers: These are just the tiniest bits of plants, enough to suggest their colors and lovely little flower faces. A scrap of scarlet cotton will work the peas, with black central part; then a grey-green or reseda for the leaves to finish. The pink boronia has medium green leaves and pale pink flowers with pink centres. The Geraldton waxflowers are pink with a yellow circular ring; in cultivation they are often of a mauve tint, so you may use this color instead of pink if you wish.

Picture Corners: Each small scene has a line running on each side and across the bottom as a kind of frame; put that in first, and use black or dark green cotton. Fine outlining will do all the work very well, with one or two strands of cotton. Make the cottage a brick shade, with pale blue smoke plume; the rounded bushes should be a lighter green than the pointed trees, which may be quite dark.

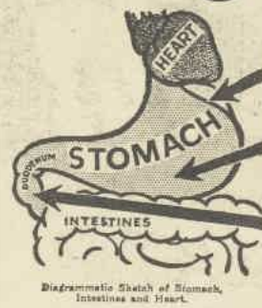
The hill picture should have blue hills, either both alike or the mound on the left rather lighter than the other; the rounded bush is lighter than the pointed trees.

In the sea piece, put deep blue lines for the water, brown for the hill, dark green for the trees, and grey for the birds.

If you are good at filling in with rows and rows of outline stitch, the pointed cypresses in these picture corners will repay such filling handsomely; so also will the rounded bushes and the sea.

Press well when finished, and fold into suitable shapes. Wrap in colored tissue paper, seal with a piece of holly-berry gummed tape, and place in envelopes ready for posting. And do try to have them all posted in plenty of time.

About Your
Indigestion
. . . Is your trouble



Diagrammatic Sketch of Stomach, Intestines and Heart.

HERE Distension of the stomach caused by gases from fermenting food. Excess acidity is the trouble. Flatulence, heartburn and palpitation are the symptoms.

HERE Inflamed or ulcerated stomach. The continual action of hot stomach acids on the lining of a weak stomach eventually causes painful inflammation (gastritis or dyspepsia), and in extreme cases, stomach ulcers.

or HERE Duodenal ulcers. Excess outpouring of stomach acids attack the interior walls of the duodenum (the first portion of the intestines). Agonising, gnawing pain is the symptom. This pain often disappears directly after a meal, only to recur with agonising intensity shortly after.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been prepared to meet the very complicated nature of indigestion troubles. It acts in a logical and common-sense way, and if you persevere it will eventually relieve you of your trouble entirely.

On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder **FIRSTLY** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

SECONDLY, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

THIRDLY, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, excess acidity is avoided, your pains vanish and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you. Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in sky-blue Canister, **2/6**

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

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Desired LINGERIE at Xmas Gift prices!

U101.—Milanese Kimono having a new bell sleeve and plain contrasting trim. Black / red, mauve /violet, green / pearl-glow. Sizes: S.W., W., O.S. Price, 9/11.

U105. — Inexpensive, but so attractive! Art. Silk Kimono. Colours: Royal, red, rose, black, green. Size, W. Price, 3/11.

U102.—Tailored Princess Slip of mesh Velvaray. Uplift top edged lace. Pearglow, camelia pink, white. Sizes: S.W., W. Price, 8/11.

U106. — Tunic style "Lustre" Milanese Pyjamas. Loom-lace trim. Camelia pink, sky, aqua-green, pearglow. S.W., W., O.S. Price, 9/11.

U103. — Lace trimmed Step-in with wide leg and brassiere top. Colours: Salmon, lemon nile, sky. Sizes: S.W., W., O.S. Price, 8/11.

U104.—Milanese Scantee beautified with ecru lace insets and edging. Elastic waist. Sky, lemon, salmon white. S.W., W., O.S. Price, 3/6.

U107.—Kiddies' Milanese Pyjamas. In apricot, sky, pink, trimmed contrast. Sizes: 3, 5, 7. Price, 5/6. 9, 11. Price, 5/11.

Don't you ever feel envious of your friends who can afford to buy exquisite underwear? There's no need . . . you can have the same! Not only the underwear illustrated, but everything in the department can be purchased on one of our Easily-paid CASH ORDERS . . . a small deposit and smaller weekly payment. Immediate delivery!

BON MARCHE

Bon Marche Limited, 1 Broadway, Sydney

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS.

Conducted by EVE GYE

Make Yourself this . . . Dainty Front

It Will Give Such a Flattering Touch to Your Summer Suit

THIS tucked front, with its box-pleated neck-piece, is a very new and smart suggestion for your summer suit. It looks particularly lovely made in creamy chiffon, georgette, or net.

You will find it very easy to make with the sketch and diagrams to aid you, plus these simple directions.

First of all, box-pleat a piece of material for the collar (note diagram), about 2 inches wide to fit the neck.

Now place a band of self material in the centre to hold the pleats in place and to make a tidy finish. Fasten with hook and eye, which are stitched to this band at the back, of course.

Then cut a piece of material to measure from high neck to waist, allowing several inches for tuck-in in skirt (see diagram). To obtain width for bust, measure from underarm to underarm.

Make small pin-tucks lengthwise at equal distances. Stitch the tucks by hand or machine.

Turn in and hem each side and then hem the pleats to the top of the front, round the neck, as shown in diagram.

HERE is your opportunity to make a fashionable front for your suit at little cost. Directions and diagrams (shown here) will guide you to professional-looking success.

HOME LOVERS *Will* ADORE THEM . . . *Gaily Colored Needlework Pictures Stencilled Ready for Embroidering with Dainty Threads*

THESE attractive pictures —a fishing village, a thatched cottage and a sailing ship on a blue-green sea—would make charming Christmas gifts.

IF you're looking for something novel in the way of pictures, here is the very thing for you. Charming and gaily-colored scenes stencilled ready for working on a background of the best quality "Old Bleach" cream linen.

Each measures 13 x 10 inches, is mounted and wrapped in cellophane, and would make an ideal gift, but whether it's Christmas time or any other time, every home-lover would adore these pictures.

Autumn tonings or dainty pastel shades are equally lovely, and there will be no frantic shopping to try and obtain just those right colors—because each picture has attached the correct shades and amount of cotton required for embroidering.

So, send 2/6, including postage, to The Australian Women's Weekly, and help to solve that Christmas gift problem.

THREE ATTRACTIVE and colorful scenes—a fishing village stencilled in rich reds and yellows; Anne Hathaway's thatched cottage surrounded by masses of pink and lilac flowers; or a picturesque ship sailing on a blue-green sea.

It's not your HEAD —it's your STOMACH

If you are a martyr to cruel headaches and nervous depression, don't be content with "first-aid" methods which, though good as emergency measures, cannot be expected to give more than temporary relief. They do not get to the *cause* of your trouble, which more often than not is stomach disorder. Any doctor will confirm this, and you can easily prove it for yourself by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This remarkable stomach corrective goes straight to the most frequent cause of headaches, depression and general ill-health by instantly neutralising the sour stomach acids and toxins which are poisoning your system and irritating your nerves. Headaches, lassitude and low spirits vanish. You sleep well and wake fresh, eager for breakfast and in fine fettle for the day's work or pleasure. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is obtainable from all chemists — get some today and banish those headaches which arise from unsuspected stomach trouble.

'Bisurated Magnesia'
For the Stomach

A concentrated preparation, very economical. *The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark* BISMAG

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with the pulse-stirring reds so effective used by the South Seas enchantress

10/6

Daring, coaxing South Sea colour for lips ...entirely without pastiness. That is TATTOO! Apply it...let it set...wipe it off...only the COLOUR remains...smooth ...even...lasting...and the lips, instead of becoming disappointingly dry and harsh, are made desirably soft. Tattooed lips *can't* chap! Actually try all five TATTOO shades ...at the Tattoo Colour Selector in your favorite store. You are sure to find an exciting new shade more flattering than the one you are now using. Yes, chances are, you will.

CORAL..EXOTIC..NATURAL..PASTEL..HAWAIIAN

Send 1/6 for Introductory size, stating shade desired, to sole Australian Agents: Doward & Co. Pty. Ltd., 326 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C.1.

TATTOO

South Sea Colour for Lips

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. stamps for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 361 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established years.***

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?

If So You Need . . .

Zam-Buk

WHATEVER your daily task; whether you serve in a busy store or restaurant, work in a factory, or are occupied from morn to night with household duties—think of the strain you put on your feet. If you neglect your feet, no wonder they swell, ache and feel tired, and you're weary and irritable.

Here is an easy nightly treatment that brings untold relief and maintains your feet in health and comfort. After bathing the feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly allayed. Hard growths, corns, and bunions are softened, blisters are healed; joints, ankles, toes, and feet are made easy, and you can again walk and wear shoes in comfort.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. *Of all chemists & stores*

"Constant standing at work caused blistered, tender feet. Sometimes I couldn't put my shoes on for the swelling. Zam-Buk is delightfully soothing and keeps my feet perfectly sound."—Miss F.S.

"When I was lame with a swollen instep, I soon relieved the swelling and pain by gently rubbing Zam-Buk over the sore part. I am continually recommending Zam-Buk."—Nurse V.S.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

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FRESHEN UP *the House* *for . . .* CHRISTMAS

[Hints that will help to make the work easier]

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

AN APPLICATION of gay lacquer will rejuvenate the kitchen furniture.

A FEW weeks to Christmas and so many things to do . . . Puddings and cakes to make . . . gifts to make or buy . . . holiday arrangements to consider . . . and, what is most important—at least, from the housewife's point of view—the house to freshen up for Christmas.

It must be as fresh in appearance as the proverbial new pin, for, apart from the family who will be romping all over the place, there will be friends and relatives dropping in, or guests staying for a few days.

If you are a wise housewife you will do as much as you can before the holidays, both cleaning and renovating, so that when the festive days arrive you will be free to enjoy them.

Make Inspection

FIRST of all go round the house, look at it critically and note where you could effect improvements. Maybe the lounge-room suite could do with a good cleaning, the carpets with shampooing and the curtains dry-cleaning.

Then the bedrooms—curtains to launder or replace, bedspreads and dressing-table mats to freshen up—carpets to clean thoroughly.

If you have a vacuum cleaner so much the better. It is then not difficult to keep carpets clean as well as upholstery and curtains, all the year round.

But if you have to take your carpets out and beat them, try this method: Lay the carpets, pile down, on the lawn, and beat with a cane that reaches just a little beyond the centre. When the beating is finished get someone to take hold of the other end of the carpet while you shake it, pile downwards.

You may, if the weather is good, wash the carpets over with a solution made from one-quarter cup of salt, half a cup of vinegar, and one gallon of water. This should be applied with a small scrubbing brush. Don't allow carpet to get too wet—rather scrub with brush well dampened instead.

Of course, if there are any spots and stains on the surface, clean these off first. Eucalyptus is a good remover of spots.

PUT A SPARKLE into the windows and the bright summer daylight will filter through the curtains most attractively. Simple window cleaning and polishing directions are given on this page.

When the carpet has dried, brush the way of the pile.

The vinegar and salt solution, for cleaning, can also be used for moquette and Genoa velvet upholstered suites.

Beat the chairs first, if you have no vacuum cleaner, with a cane, and then wipe over the solution gently. See that the chairs dry quickly.

Another way is to use tepid water and a little ammonia. Wring out a chamois leather or sponge in warm water and wash over the window. The corners should be carefully dried with a dry chamois leather or duster.

To Polish Quickly

YOU can also obtain various cleaning powders. These should be applied, left to dry on and then rubbed off.

Still another method is to rub over the glass with a soft rag soaked in paraffin. Rub dry and polish with a clean duster.

You will double the beauty of your crystal and glassware if you simply wash in warm, soapy water, and rinse in clear, cold water to which a little blue has been added. Allow to drain, instead of wiping dry.

Decanters and flower vases, which are stained inside, can be cleaned by putting a tablespoon of sand inside and sluicing it about with a little water. A solution of vinegar and salt, or tea leaves and salt, is also effective, if left in the decanter or vase for a few hours.

Get out your paint and brush if necessary now, and see how much you can brighten up the house with new color. The kitchen, for instance, the table and chairs, would probably look like new if given a coat of gay lacquer. You might find an application of paint helpful too, in the bathroom, the breakfast-room or in the sunroom or on the verandah.

If the latter are furnished with white unpainted cane or wicker furniture, they may be freshened by washing with salt and water and rinsing in clear water. Don't make too wet; and dry quickly in a current of air.

Grease marks on polished furniture can be removed with a flannel wrung out of vinegar and warm water. This will also remove any accumulation of furniture cream.

For hot plate marks on highly-polished wood, try rubbing also with a flannel wrung out of vinegar and warm water, to which a little camphorated oil has been added.

You can also make hot plate marks less apparent by rubbing in a circular motion with a cloth moistened with linseed oil.

Scratches on furniture can be partially removed by rubbing with equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine. Rub in the direction of the grain and finish by polishing with soft, clean duster.

Brass articles, which have lost their lustre, boil in water and vinegar in an old saucepan. Dry thoroughly and then polish with high-grade metal polish.

If the blinds are faded or discolored, paint over with distemper, a shade or so darker than the original color. Treat one side and allow to dry before painting the other.

It is a good idea to put one day aside for special cleaning jobs, such as the windows, mirrors and glassware.

One way to clean mirrors is to wipe them over first with a damp sponge and then polish with a soft rag. Dust over with very fine whiting before the final polish.

Another method is to make a paste of whiting and methylated spirit. This should be rubbed over the glass, left on until dry and then polished with a soft, dry cloth or chamois leather.

Avoid using water on mirrors as it is likely to seep between the frame and glass.

Windows can be cleaned just as simply. Add about a tablespoonful of methylated spirit to a bowl of water and wash. The addition of the spirit makes the glass dry off quickly, makes polishing easier and eliminates the possibility of smears.

"I Have Lost 20 lbs. of Fat"

Woman's Joyful Letter

It was a candid remark by an acquaintance that started this woman thinking about her overweight. Read her letter:—

"I must write and tell you how pleased I am with Kruschen Salts. I have reduced from 10 stone to stone 8 lbs. I am 35 years old, and feet in height. I really started taking Kruschen through being angry. I had been at a party, and a lady remarked across the table: 'My, you are growing fat,' and I determined I would show them. So I bought a bottle of Kruschen and altered my diet, but I do not starve myself. I started the Kruschen treatment four months ago, and I have lost lbs. of fat."—(Mrs.) P.R.

It is no use blinking at the truth. If you want to win admiration—what is just as important, retain admiration already won—you must cultivate the slender, free-from-fat figure that is decreed by modern fashions.

There is a simple, safe way of doing this, and the directions are as follows: Take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts every morning in a glass of hot water before breakfast.

Kruschen combats the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue. Then, little by little, that ugly fat goes, slowly, yes, but surely.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.

MODESS

for Quality Comfort Safety and Economy

1/- BOX OF 12

You cannot get better protection, or softer, safer comfort than Modess. It is the finest Sanitary Napkin made, yet sells at the lowest price. Thousands of women use Modess regularly. It is so fine, has so many advantages, and it is so economical. You should try Modess. Test its quality for yourself, and then you too will use Modess always.

More absorbent. Inconspicuous. Completely disposable.

Product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

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When you buy your new swim suit . . . *see that it passes this true Fashion Test*

You're going to have more trouble than ever selecting your new swim suit this year—there are so many delightfully intriguing models to choose from! You'll look adorable in them, too, as you try them on in the fitting room—and you'll be more confused than ever. How are you to decide which is the smartest?

The smartest suit is the one which passes the true Fashion Test—the test to prove how long that smartness will last—how long the suit will keep its line—how permanent is that sleek, figure-controlling shape. It's the test that only a Jantzen can pass!

This is what you do:

Pick up a Jantzen and stretch its fabric out as far as you can. Now let it go. See how it snaps back like elastic? That vibrancy is due to Jantzen-Stitch, and it's what guarantees that marvellous *permanence* of Jantzen style. You'll find that fabric just as vibrant after weeks of wear—you'll find your Jantzen just as sleekly smart, just as perfect-fitting as the day you tried it on. That's why you ought to choose a Jantzen—you get more style because Jantzen smartness lasts all season!

You'll be thrilled with the new designs and colors and fabrics. See them right away—they're shown at all leading stores.

• • •

The Jantzen shown above is called the "Square-Back" and nothing could be smarter. You can adjust it to your own height by the straps which run through the top of the front and fasten with a special slide. It's made of new fancy fabric. (Style 37.)

W 1

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

TINNED *Pudding* & *other* NOVELTIES

Favorite Recipes Awarded Cash Prizes in This Week's Contest

A new and splendid recipe for plum pudding with a novel method for storing it leads the list of this week's prize-winners for the best recipes.

Other recipes include some delicious summer sweets and appetising luncheon dishes.

YOU, too, may win a prize in this fascinating competition. Enter your favorite recipe now.

The prizes awarded each week are £1 first, and six consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

Here are the prize-winners for this week:

TINNED PLUM PUDDINGS

One pound flour, 1 large cup breadcrumbs, 1lb. sugar, 1lb. butter, 6 eggs, beaten lightly, 3lb. seeded raisins, ½lb. muscatels, (soaked in the brandy), ½lb. mixed peel, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 teaspoons ground mace, 1 glass sherry, 1 glass rum, 1 glass brandy, ½lb. almonds (sliced and grated), 2 teaspoons baking soda dissolved in a little warm water.

Sift flour and pinch salt into basin; add sugar and spices and rub the butter well in; add the fruit, and mix—then the eggs and spirits; lastly, the dissolved soda. Boil or steam for eight hours..

This mixture can also be used to make a number of tinned puddings. Use empty powdered milk tins, grease well with butter and fill a little more than half full, but not three parts full or the lids will pop off. Boil for 3 hours. To open, cut round the lower edge of the tin on the outside, remove lid, give the pudding a slight push and it will come out easily, ready to be cut into neat slices. Each pudding is enough for four or five persons. They may be kept for 12 months at a time. To reheat, stand the tins in a saucepan of boiling water and boil for one hour.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Baker, Merryland, Aston Street, Roschill, N.S.W.

CRAB AND SWEET CORN AU GRATIN

One tin crab, 1 tin sweet corn, 2 or 3oz. grated cheese, ¼ teaspoon curry-powder.

Flake crab, and mix it with corn from which some of the liquid has been drained. Sprinkle mixture with pepper and curry-powder; put half in a fireproof glass dish, add half grated cheese, pile remaining crab and corn on top, and finish with a liberal sprinkling of cheese; heat through in a quick oven, allowing the top to brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. C. McGregor, Birkdale, Cleveland Line, Qld.

APPLE MERINGUES

Peel and core 4 large cooking apples; in centre of each place 1 tablespoon light brown sugar and a clove.

Put into saucepan with 2 tablespoons water; cover with lid and cook ten minutes; allow to cool, then place apples in a shallow baking dish; peel and mash 2 bananas, 1 passionfruit; add a few drops of essence vanilla, and fill centre of each apple with this mixture. Then whip 2 egg-whites, add 1 teaspoon sugar and whip again, then stir in gently 3 tablespoons icing sugar, flavor with vanilla, coat apples thickly with meringue, then dust with icing sugar. Place in slow oven until meringue is set. A delicious and wholesome dish for summer days, and may be served with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Gee, 36 Laura Street, Launceston, Tas.

WHITING A LA HOSSENLOFF

Bake in their skins the number of potatoes required (one for each person), and while doing so steam in the oven one fillet of whiting to every potato. When the potatoes are cooked, cut off the tops and scoop out the centres. Mash the potatoes and fish together with a little butter, pepper and salt. Refill the shells, and over this top put a rich, white sauce into which a little cheese has been grated. Put back into the oven to heat until golden brown on top.

Serve on lettuce and garnish with lemon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Stevens, 310 St. Kilda Street, Middle Brighton S5, Vic.

STEAK ROYALE

Select a porterhouse steak, cut about half-inch thick. Boil and remove about 10 minutes before it is cooked the way you like it, and spread with the following mixture:

Enough cheese broken to cover the steak, 1 tablespoon chillie sauce, dash of Worcestershire sauce, and French dressing.

Make a thick paste of above ingredients and cover steak with it; put back under the broiler and cook until cheese becomes crisp and brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Williams, 4 Meryla St., Burwood, N.S.W.

SARDINE SAVORIES

One tin sardines, 2oz. butter, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, little salt, pinch of cayenne pepper, 1 small loaf of brown bread.

Skin and bone fish, mix with 1oz. of butter and the yolk of the hard-boiled egg, making into a soft paste. Add vinegar, salt, lemon juice, and cayenne pepper. Cut bread into thin slices and stamp into rounds with a cutter. Spread half the rounds with butter and the other half with paste, then place them together. Spread the top with more paste and sprinkle with finely-chopped white of egg and parsley. Serve with slices of lemon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Cusworth, 15 Rason Av., Bellevue, W.A.

ORANGE CREAM PANCAKES

Pancakes: 3oz. flour, 3oz. castor sugar, 3 gills milk, 3oz. butter, 3 eggs.

Orange Cream: 2 dessertspoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 egg-yolks, rind and juice of 1 orange, 4 teaspoons castor sugar, 2 teaspoons butter.

To make the pancakes, heat milk in a saucepan, cream butter and sugar, beat in the eggs, and stir in flour lightly. Now add the warm milk, beat well, and let mixture stand for one hour. Butter nine saucers and put batter into each; bake quickly until the batter rises, then place in cooler part of oven for 10 minutes. Spread with orange cream and place one on top of the other; then on the top one place whipped cream and slices of glace orange. Serve while hot.

Orange Cream: Put the rind of orange, the lemon and orange juice into a cup filled with hot water, and stand for five minutes. Strain into a saucepan, add cornflour dissolved in a little water; cook for ten minutes. Add beaten egg-yolks and sugar, and then the butter. Stir well.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Sawyer, Strathmore, 438 Guinea St., Albury, N.S.W.

FURTHER Hay diet menus in the health and beauty series will appear next week.

HERE ARE TOKENS CG27 and WB3.

CG	WB
27	3

THE Australian Women's Weekly book tokens will in future always be published at the foot of one of the inside back pages.

. . . and Hansen's Junket disappears in no time! Children welcome this delicious tempting, health-giving sweet. It's made quickly—never fails to set. Just what the doctor says your children ought to have. *Sold in Tablet form for Plain Junket; now also in Liquid form for making rich, colored Fruit Junkets.*

HANSEN'S
ESSENCE FOR MAKING
FRUIT JUNKETS

DON'T NEGLECT A CUT

'DALZO'
BRITISH STICKING PLASTER
FOR FIRST AID
ALL CHEMISTS

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Thrilling PARTY FARE!

By
Ruth Furst
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

BIRTHDAY PARTIES spell fun and feasting, and the most exciting thing of all—a prettily-decorated cake and glowing candles. See recipe on this page for a Happy Birthday cake.

Especially Selected for the Small People

The feast, of course, is the great event of a children's party, but it must be remembered that simple fare dressed enticingly is just as attractive as the sickly-sweet and over-rich things which cause disaster to little "tummies."

MOREOVER, a party need not be an expensive and elaborate affair. Give a festive air to the homely sponges, jellies, and custards with colorful icings and novel decorations. Provide cakes, etc., that are novel and amusing to look at, for kiddies love food that looks out of the ordinary.

Sandwiches with sweet and savory fillings can be served, simple, decorative cake of all descriptions, jelly and cream moulds, sweets, bon-bons, etc.

Here are some suggestions:

WHERE IS THE CHILD who does not feel delightfully important at seeing his or her name on a little place card? These novel place cards can be eaten after the feast begins.

NEAPOLITAN CREAM

One pint milk, 1 tablespoon gelatine, sugar to taste, carmine, blended chocolate, vanilla, almond and raspberry essence, chopped jelly.

Dissolve gelatine in a little boiling water, then pour on cold milk, mix well. Divide into three; add almond essence to one portion and leave white, vanilla and blended chocolate to second portion, raspberry essence and carmine to third portion. Rinse out mould, pour in white mixture, allow to set, then the pink, and when set add the chocolate. Leave all to set well. Turn out on flat serving dish. Garnish with chopped jelly and whipped cream; or the mixture can be set in small individual moulds and served on small plates.

JELLY CAKES

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 5 tablespoons milk, vanilla, 12oz. self-raising flour, jam, chopped jelly, coconut.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, then milk and essence, lastly, well - sifted flour. Pour into greased baking tin. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Turn on to cooler. When cold, stamp into rounds with plain cutter. Scoop a little out of the centre. Mix jam with little hot water. Brush round sides of cake with the jam glaze. Roll in coconut. Fill the hollow with finely chopped jelly. Serve on fancy plate with d'oyley.

RATAFIA BOATS

Shortcrust, 3oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, essence, warm icing, triangular pieces of pastry, jam.

Roll out pastry, cut with oval cutter and line boat-shaped tins. Put a little jam in each, then put in a spoonful of cake mixture (made with butter, sugar, etc.). Bake in moderate oven till pale brown. Roll out thinly the scraps of pastry and cut into triangles. Bake till pale brown. When boats are cold, cover top with a thin coating of warm icing and fix the triangles of pastry to represent sails.

TOFFEE APPLES

Twelve tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons vinegar, carmine, apples, wooden skewers.

Put the sugar, water and vinegar into an enamel saucepan, and boil to 300deg. or till a small quantity sets hard in cold water. Wash apples and dry well, insert a wooden skewer in stalk end. Dip in thickened toffee. Stand on greased flat dish till set.

This quantity is enough for 12 small apples.

ROLLETTES

Three eggs, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. plain flour, ½-teaspoon cream tartar, ½-teaspoon carb. soda, 3 tablespoons water.

Separate whites and yolks, beat whites stiffly with a pinch of salt. Then add the yolks unbeaten. Then the sugar gradually. Beat well until thick. Then add the sifted flour and cream tartar, stir in lightly. Lastly, add the boiling water and soda. Stir in well. Pour into two well-greased tins which have been lined with white kitchen paper. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cooked turn on to a damp towel, remove paper and roll up quickly, unroll, cut into three, spread each piece with jam or lemon cheese, and roll up again. Sprinkle with icing sugar and cut into four.

ORANGE BASKETS

Oranges, fruit salad, whipped cream, angelica.

Cut the tops off oranges, stem end. Remove all pulp carefully. Fill with fruit salad (made from oranges, bananas, passionfruit, mixed well, sweetened to taste, allowed to stand ½ hour). Put a rose of whipped cream on top, trim with a thin strip of angelica; form a handle across the top. Serve on small plates.

COCONUT ICE

Half-pound crystallised sugar, 3 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon glucose, 2oz. coconut.

Put sugar, water and glucose into a white enamel saucepan, bring to boil and boil slowly 5 minutes, or if thermometer is used to 240deg. Then pour into a basin and stir with a wooden spoon till thick, add coconut and when sufficiently cold knead well with the hands, till smooth. Cut in halves, color half a pale pink. Press the white part out into a square, place on greased tin, damp the top and lay the pink part on. Leave for a couple of hours, then cut into squares. Pack in airtight tins.

SWANS

Have a quantity of choux pastry, put small pieces about size of a walnut on to greased swiss roll tin, making each as nearly the shape of a swan as possible. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in hot oven. Make necks from any scraps of shortcrust. Shape like swans' necks and bake. When cooked and quite cold, place a neck on each body and top with whipped cream to represent wings.

MOCK POACHED EGGS

Stewed apricots, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, essence.

Make a blanc mange with the last four ingredients. Have the required number of cups rinsed out with cold water. Place about 1 tablespoon of blanc mange mixture into each cup then leave till quite cold. Turn out on to a flat dish and place ½ an apricot on each the round side up to resemble poached eggs. Serve very cold.

BIRTHDAY CAKE

Half pound butter, ½lb. plain flour, 4 eggs, ½lb. sugar, 1 extra tablespoon plain flour, small teaspoon baking powder, boiled icing, candles.

Beat butter to a cream; add flour, and beat well. Separate whites and yolks of eggs; beat whites well; add yolks unbeaten, then sugar, and beat till thick and frothy. Pour gradually into the butter and flour, and when well mixed together add the extra flour and baking powder, mixing in evenly. Pour into greased round or square cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 1½ to 1¾ hours. Turn out carefully. When quite cold, completely cover with boiled icing tinted to match color scheme. Fix candles on the top, and any other decoration liked. Tie a large bow of satin ribbon round, and place on serving plate. Put in front of the honored child at the table.

FAIRY CAKES

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 4oz. self-raising flour, 5oz. cornflour, vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, then flours, well sifted. Roll into small balls, using a little flour on hands to prevent sticking. Roll in sugar. Place on greased Swiss roll tin. Bake in quick oven 10 to 12 minutes. Remove from tin. Sprinkle with icing sugar before serving.

LEMONADE

Two lemons, 1 quart boiling water, 2oz. loaf sugar.

Peel lemons thinly and rub sugar on the outside of the lemons till all the oil is extracted. Put half rind, squeezed juice and sugar into a jug. Pour on the water, cover with a clean cloth, and leave till cold. Strain immediately through muslin or it will be bitter.

CHOCOLATE JELLYFISH

One packet lemon jelly, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon gelatine, chocolate, sugar, glace cherries.

Make the lemon jelly in usual way. When dissolved pour into a flat dish and leave to set. Mix chocolate with milk and sugar, dissolve gelatine in a little boiling water. Stir well, then add to milk mixture. Turn into wetted small fish moulds. Leave to set. Turn out on the bed of jelly. Place tiny pieces of cherry to resemble the eyes of the fish. Chop any remaining jelly roughly and heap it at one end of the dish to resemble rocks.

JU-JUBES

Two pounds soft sugar, 2 cups water, 2oz. sheet gelatine, flavoring, coloring.

Dissolve gelatine in water. Add sugar and boil for 25 minutes. Flavor and color according to taste. Pour in shallow wetted tins. Leave till set, cut into squares and roll in coarse sugar.

VANILLA ICES

Three level dessertspoons custard powder, 1 pint milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 3oz. sugar, wafer biscuits.

Mix powder with 2 tablespoons milk. Put remainder of milk on to boil, and pour at once onto blended powder, mixing all the time. Add sugar, stir occasionally till cool. Add essence and when quite cold pour into freezer. Freeze in usual way. Serve in small dishes with wafer biscuits.

SURPRISE CAKES

Two dessertspoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, 4 tablespoons self-raising flour, jam.

Beat butter and sugar well together, add beaten egg, then milk, lastly the flour, well sifted. Half fill deep, greased patty tins with the mixture, put in ½-teaspoonful jam. Cover with a little more mixture. Bake in quick oven 10 minutes.

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CLEVER IDEAS

BURNT MILK.—Before putting your milk in the saucepan to boil, rinse the saucepan out with clear, cold water, and this will prevent the milk from catching.

FISH SUCCESS.—If you are cooking a small piece of fish, put it on a buttered plate over a saucepan of boiling water. Cover with greased dish.

TINNED MEAT: Next time you're opening a tin of meat, stand it in hot water for five minutes before doing so; you'll find by doing this it will shake out quite easily and not break into pieces.

Relief for Hiccoughs

THOSE who suffer from hiccoughs will find great relief if they suck a lump of sugar on which has been sprinkled a few drops of vinegar. Very obstinate cases should be treated by the doctor

A WASHING HINT.—When you are washing curtains or anything else that has to be starched, dry them thoroughly before actually starching them. Treated like this they will stay clean quite a month longer.

BOOT-POLISH ECONOMY.— To make a tin of boot-polish last twice as long, moisten the polish with a few drops of glycerine. This will also impart a more brilliant and lasting shine to the shoes.

FOR *Young* WIVES and Mothers

The Feeding of Children Between 15 & 18 Months

By MARY TRUBY KING

By the time a child is 15 months old, he should have been introduced to broths, milk puddings, vegetables, egg yolk, and hard-baked crusts.

He will also know the taste of potato, baked apples, and perhaps a little light fish. It is a mistake to give meat before the child's second birthday.

THE guiding lines for feeding at this time are as follows:

Cultivate a taste for simple foods, well-cooked, but not over-cooked. Give sufficient variety to prevent the child growing tired of any food which you know to be good for him.

Feed the child regularly, three times a day. If he is unable to take his full quantity of milk at the three meals, an extra drink of milk may be given when he wakes first thing in the morning.

He should have one pint of milk daily at this age, and it should be diluted with five ounces of water. The milk should be scalded.

The child should have nearly a quart of fluid in the 24 hours, the rest being made up with plain boiled water. Never deny a thirsty child a drink of water.

Semolina and brown rice are the best ingredients for milk puddings.

Do not give too many soft, mushy foods. Baby's allowance of dry, hard, rough foods should be gradually increased, according to appetite. Use wholemeal bread.

Give a piece of raw, ripe apple at the end of each meal.

Do not give egg more often than three times a week. It should be coddled, not quick-boiled.

Fish should be steamed or boiled. Likewise chicken, which should be well minced, or given to baby to chew off the bone. One teaspoon of minced chicken is quite enough to start with. Limit the amount of chicken or fish to a level dessertspoonful up to two years of age.

For the evening meal, which should **not** be a heavy one, give simply wholemeal bread and butter, or toast and butter, with a drink of milk and a piece of apple, or a little baked apple.

Regular Meals

DO not give the child pieces of bread and butter between meals, or cakes or biscuits, or you will ruin his appetite for the wholesome food which he should take with relish at the proper meal hours.

Oatcake makes a good substitute for wholemeal bread occasionally. Mix together 3 cups of oatmeal, 1 cup of flour, 1 teaspoon of sugar, ½ teaspoon of salt, ½ teaspoon of baking soda, 2 tablespoons of butter dissolved in 1½ cups of boiling water.

Roll out a portion at a time, very thinly, on a board dusted with oatmeal. Cut into small pieces, sprinkle a little oatmeal on the hot oven tray, place oatcakes on this, put in a warm oven and bake until slightly brown.

Keep in an airtight tin. If it should become soft at any time it can be re-crisped by placing in a warm oven for a few minutes. These oatcakes are very good for baby's teeth.

Do not neglect to give the child some fresh fruit or fruit juice daily. Green vegetables, such as spinach and lettuce, are excellent. Young root vegetables of all sorts may be used.

Neither tea nor coffee should be given to children, and it is best not to use too many foods which come out of tins.

Tomatoes are risky if there is any unsoundness, but are otherwise rich in vitamins. The seeds should be removed by straining. Bananas should be both ripe and sound and mashed very finely into a cream, and only a very little given at first. Oranges are safest and best.

Most other fruits should be allowed only in strict moderation, otherwise they are liable to cause irritation, fermentation, and diarrhoea.

This applies specially to fruits with seeds—such as raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, etc.

Suggestions for Meals

THE following are suggested meals for children between 15 and 18 months of age:

ON WAKING.—Drink of milk mixture.

BREAKFAST.—Porridge (7 to 9 tablespoons) with about two ounces of scalded milk over it. Toast and butter, or home-made rusks and butter (as much as hungry for). Five or six ounces of milk-mixture. Piece of raw, ripe apple.

DINNER (midday).— Vegetable milk broth. Twice-baked bread and butter. Small baked apple. Four or five ounces of milk-mixture;

OR.—Sieved vegetables (3 or 4 tablespoons), with ½ teaspoon of butter over them. One or two fingers of twice-baked bread; milk pudding (2 tablespoons), prune pulp (1 to 2 tablespoons), with 2 tablespoons of scalded milk over it. About 5 ounces of milk-mixture. Piece of raw, ripe apple to finish with;

OR.—Half a coddled egg. Brown bread and butter. Semolina pudding. Apple pulp. Scalded milk over the pudding (about 2 tablespoons). Four or five ounces of milk-mixture and a piece of raw, ripe apple last.

EVENING MEAL.—Bread and butter, with a little Marmite or honey. Milk drink. 5 to 6 ounces. Raw, ripe apple.

If the child refuses to eat, and you know him to be perfectly well but just cantankerous, wait till the next meal before again offering food.

It will not hurt a healthy child to go without a meal occasionally. One does far more harm than good by coaxing a child to eat sweet biscuits and drink milk between meals. But always see that he has plenty of fluid, and his fruit juice daily.

BARBARA is very upset when she gets another stocking ladder. But her friend comes to the rescue. "I can lend you a pair," she says. "I'll guarantee they won't ladder."

THEN SHE EXPLAINS: "I always wash my stockings in Lux after every wearing," she says. You see, Lux preserves the elasticity in stockings, which allows the delicate threads to stretch every time you bend your knee, and then go back into place again.

AT THE END of the evening Barbara thanks her. "You were right," she says, "they didn't ladder even when I knocked my leg against the sharp edge of a chair! Lux does cut down ladders." She will always give her stockings Lux care from now on!

LUX PRESERVES STOCKING ELASTICITY

-prevents stocking ladders!

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There's a big difference in insect sprays — a difference in quality. Spray Fly-Tox, and all flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, ants, fleas and moths, etc., in your home will die. Fly-Tox KILLS. Insist on genuine Fly-Tox, and refuse substitutes.

COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY SPRAYS

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To keep your skin Young...

Protect it against the loss of its "youth-giving" oils . . . Use Palmolive, the soap made with Olive Oil!

Yes! There is a way to keep your skin young . . . alluring through the years . . . with that soft, smooth look that all men adore!

Skin will stay young, beauty experts say, as long as it retains its own "youth-giving" oils, which feed and nourish it. Once these precious natural oils are lost, your skin grows dry, rough, old-looking . . . even though you are only 20.

To protect your skin against the loss of these vital, "youth-giving" oils, complexion authorities the world over recommend Palmolive because it is the beauty soap made with soothing Olive Oil.

For Palmolive is utterly unlike any other soap. Palmolive soap alone is made from a secret and unique blend of gentle Olive and Palm oils—the oldest and finest beauty oils known to science!

Do this for a lovely skin!

Massage Palmolive's rich, fine-textured lather thoroughly into your skin. Notice how this mild, bland lather (that olive oil alone makes possible) deeply and thoroughly cleanses your pores. Gently removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics, allowing every pore to breathe and function normally.

Now rinse with warm water, then with cold. See how much lovelier your skin looks . . . neither too dry nor too oily. And if you use Palmolive regularly, every night and morning, what matchless beauty it will bring *your* skin — beauty that only Palmolive's secret blend of precious Olive and Palm oils can give! Why not get 3 cakes of Palmolive to-day!

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"I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THE WHOLE BANG LOT OF YOU!"

BENEFIT GUARANTEED

Or YOU PAY NOTHING

So many nerve sufferers have obtained immediate relief from BIDOMAK that if you do not benefit from the first bottle we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on its return, nearly empty, to the Douglas Drug Co. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or you pay nothing.

...BUT IT ISN'T THE CHILDREN, IT'S YOUR TIRED, RUN-DOWN BODY!

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MAKES YOU WELL OR COSTS YOU NOTHING

REMARKABLE REPORTS!

(Original Letters on our File)

HEAD SEEMED AS THOUGH IT WOULD BURST

Lansdowne St., Nth. Walkerville, S.A.

DOUGLAS DRUG CO.
Dear Sir,
I was very ill for many months. My head ached terribly, in fact, at times it seemed as though it would burst. I was so highly strung that I would scold the children at the least sound from them.
From the very first dose of Bidomak I could feel it doing me good. I have now taken four bottles and I can honestly say that I have never felt better in my life before. I did not think it possible that I could have the good health I now enjoy.
Yours truly,
(Mrs.) O.M

IN GRATITUDE!

Perth, W.A., 8th August, 1936.

DOUGLAS DRUG CO.
Dear Sir,
Two months ago my wife had a complete nervous breakdown; the worry of this to me placed me almost in the same state of ill-health. Money was no object as far as my wife's health was concerned. I spent pounds and pounds trying out all kinds of nerve tonics, but all to no avail. Learning through a friend of "Bidomak" I decided to give it a trial. I fully expected it to be like the rest of other reputed feeding brands of brain and nerve-building tonics, but from the time of taking the second dose of "Bidomak" I felt a considerable improvement in my health, likewise my wife. The first dose was taken by us a month ago and we are now in splendid health.
In gratitude,
(Signed) Mr. & Mrs. A.

Do trifles get on your nerves? Are you often on edge, irritable, ready to "snap" at the slightest provocation — children's mischievous pranks, or your husband? Do the simplest household tasks leave you worn out — "fed-up" — exhausted? Do you feel "fuzzy," headachy, out of sorts? Then be warned in time.

You are suffering from "Mineral Starvation."

HOW TO GET WELL

Worry and responsibility rob the system of vital mineral salts, and these are not quickly enough replaced by the ordinary food supply. It is, therefore, necessary to take Bidomak—the amazing tonic which has set thousands and thousands of people just like you, on the highroad to vigorous health, and a happier home-life free from strain and upset.
Bidomak supplies iron to combat anaemia and to build rich, red blood, potash, sodium and calcium with phosphorus to aid digestion and give new vigorous tone to nerves and muscles as well as carbohydrates which furnish food energy needed for the strenuous high pressure of modern life.

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Bidomak is offered to you by its famous discoverer, Mr. W. Attwood, under a guarantee that it must give you benefit. If it fails Mr. Attwood offers to refund your money in full. Nothing could be fairer than that. Bidomak must do you good or cost you nothing.
Your chemist or grocery store stocks it. Buy a bottle to-day and Bidomak will make you well and happy again.

CRANKY CHILDREN

Children's crankiness is usually due to rundown nerves. Give them Bidomak and you'll be amazed at how quickly their tempers improve and they become sweet and amiable again.
BIDOMAK TASTES NICE
Children ask for it and it is safe for even the youngest because it contains no bitter, dangerous drugs, opiates, nor narcotics. Give Bidomak to every member of your family.

Bidomak is a product of the DOUGLAS DRUG CO., Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne, Perth and Brisbane.
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GET A BOTTLE OF BIDOMAK TO-DAY

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

Don't Waste Your Nerve Energy—It's Valuable!

PATIENT: I was under a severe strain for many years, which resulted in a nervous breakdown. I have never completely recovered, being very highly strung. How am I to guard against another collapse?

APPROXIMATELY three out of every four patients who consult physicians are nervous in one way or another. In addition to these, thousands who never seek medical aid are suffering, or have suffered for years, from some nerve handicap.

It is true that the nervous system is as tough, if not tougher, than any other organ of the body. We are careless with our nerves and continually subject them to all sorts of insults.

But, sooner or later, a time of reckoning comes—figuratively speaking, the nerves "go to pieces"—and then we lament the days when heedlessness led us to waste so precious a possession as nerve energy.

The term "nervousness" is a very loose one, and distinction should be made between what might be called "ordinary nervousness"—the proverbial "case of nerves"—and the special and much more serious nerve disorders that constitute a nervous breakdown.

The "nervous temperament" does not necessarily predispose to nervous collapse. In fact, many gifted men and women are of this type, yet reach old age without ever having had a breakdown.

Clever "Neurotics"

THESE are the high-strung, dynamic people. They are anything but placid and easy-going. Their minds and muscles move quickly.

Their imagination is alert and active. Indeed, people so constituted are the ones who have most to do with making this old world of ours go round.

It would be best to speak of these "nervous temperament" folks as neurotic, in order to distinguish them from those whose nerves go back on them, and who, technically, develop a neurosis.

And as a third class, we should name those in whom something organically happens to their nerves; cases in which actual physical changes take place in the nerve cells themselves.

Persons with the nervous temperament use a lot of nerve energy, but do not necessarily waste it. Neurotics, however, do waste it in trying to fight down their fears, obsessions, morbid impulses, self-depreciation, and the dozens of other symptoms which may harass them.

The victim of organic nerve defect, on the other hand, has scarcely enough nerve energy to go round.

Combating Nerves

STUDY your nervous make-up as you would study the styles that best suit your figure and personality. Be ambitious, but do not place the goal of your desires so high that you are bound to exhaust yourself in reaching it. Climb one hill at a time, as it were, and set the next objective when you get your wind.

Watch your sleep. Be sure you are rested in the mornings. Avoid excesses of all kinds. Leave time for recreation and play.

Develop a hobby, if possible—something that will take you away from your daily routine grind and will make you think fresh, lively and happy thoughts.

Exercise in the open air some part of the day. Anybody can walk a mile or two every evening before retiring if he really wants to.

Lastly, learn how to work! Work with a plan, with conscientiousness, with concentration and with joy.

Scattered attention, boredom, desultory interest—these are what waste nerve energy.

Nerve energy is even more valuable to you than money. Spend it prudently. Build up a reserve.

✣ ✣ ✣

PATIENT: Is the act of weeping normal, or does it denote weakness?

TEARS are nothing to be ashamed of. In fact, not only are tears a very natural outlet for pent-up emotion, they can actually do one good.

Women cry more readily than men. They are moved to tears by joy as well as by sadness. When men cry it is usually so labored that it impresses an onlooker as being real deep suffering. Such suffering is relief, for all that, and whatever gives relief does good.

One often hears women talk of "having a good cry," as though it gave them pleasure. This is true. Weeping does afford pleasure. It is the pleasure of relief.

The older we get the more we tend to repress and hold our emotions in check.

There are many who might do well to weep less. They have actually developed a habit of weeping. But there are many others who would do well to weep more.

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked of Skin Preparation

Actual Photo. Mrs. Mavis Brentwood. New South Head Rd., Rose Bay. Age 55—taken July, 1936.

Actual Photo. Mrs. Mavis Brentwood. after 10 applications New Plasmic—taken August 18, 1936.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the Skin, Pimples, etc. developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC.

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG
YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG
BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION, or Large Tube, sufficient for twelve treatments, posted free to any address for 5/-.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamps.

JOHN AFRIAT, Radio House, 296 Pitt Street, Sydney.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By EVELYN

HOLIDAY Looks

MAKE the most of sunshiny hours, but look your loveliest wherever you go!

THIS is the season of jolly picnics, week-end jaunts—all manner of happy outings. Great—isn't it?—to be off and away, feeling and knowing you look your very best. The very thought lends an added sparkle to your eyes and a buoyancy to your step.

SO that you and every other of my readers who go a'holidaying may look and keep attractive the whole time, I'm offering a little help which, I'm sure, you'll welcome.

Firstly, your hair: You will, of course, have it shampooed and set a day or so beforehand . . . When you take off your hat and comb it through you want it to look radiantly lovely—not lank, bedraggled or wearing an uncontrollable air. If you have to set it yourself, make sure the ends are neatly curled before leaving, so that wind and holiday activities will not wreak early havoc with this asset to your appearance.

You will not think of facing a holiday without immaculately-groomed finger-tips. Nothing looks worse than untidy nails. And here's a tip: After removing the old varnish, polish the nails with a powder or paste polish. Then apply your fresh coat of varnish in the usual way. You will be enchanted with the mirror-like finish this little extra touch gives. And you'll find the varnish will stay immaculate much longer.

If your skin is inclined to be greasy (which makes cool-looking perfection in sunny weather a seeming impossibility) try this tip:

Before leaving, wash your face with tepid water in which you have soaked a small muslin bag filled with toilet oatmeal. Use this as you would a face cloth and smooth over the skin, working from the base of the neck upwards. Then splash very cold water over the face and neck. Dry gently and thoroughly.

The Problem Banished

NEXT apply vanishing cream with which has been well mixed a few drops of eau-de-Cologne or simple tincture of benzoin.

Use a powder slightly darker than you generally use. Before dusting this over, add to it (and mix well) a small quantity of finely-powdered household starch.

This special powder will help to absorb perspiration and will save you the trouble and the annoyance of having to use the powder-puff every little while.

If the weather is hot, wear shady hats, unless your skin is well accustomed to the sun's rays. Otherwise a beetroot face and neck will be your reward, plus the possibility of a peeling nose and cracked lips later.

AS PRETTY a holiday picture as you could wish to see—three smiling girls with not a care in the world between them. And how attractive they look in their simple holiday attire! . . . Summer holidays bring their special beauty problems; many are dealt with in this article.

And don't neglect your eyes. If you are at the seaside the glare of sand may make them ache. The reflection of the sun on water has the same effect. So wear dark glasses whenever you can.

Wear comfortable shoes. You can't get away from the fact that hot weather tries the feet. Don't put on a pair of shoes half a size too small, or shoes with peg-top heels. If you do, you'll suffer the tortures of the damned!

It would be a good idea to invest in a pair of flat-heeled sandals. Plenty of air gets to the feet. And, by the way, if you are inclined to suffer at all with your feet, never wear patent leather shoes in the summer-time; they draw the feet terribly.

A good idea if you propose doing a fair amount of walking on your holiday is to bathe the feet—soak them—in hot water before setting off.

Add a bath cube or a generous sprinkling of bath salts to the water. Dry, and then rub over with methylated spirit or toilet eau-de-Cologne. Sprinkle talc into your shoes and I guarantee (unless your feet were in a very bad state previously) you'll walk with a lilt!

If a dry westerly is blowing avoid moistening the lips. It would be as well to massage oil into them before leaving home. Apply lipstick and then apply a further trace of oil (or pure vaseline) to them.

Apply your make-up carefully—don't spoil the ensemble by rushing. Here are a few tips in the art.

Use a soft, coral-toned lipstick if your lips are thinnish. A dark lipstick will make your mouth look hard, but the type mentioned gives a softer outline to your lips.

A large mouth will look smaller if the lipstick is applied rather heavily at the "bow." Shade off towards the outer edges.

If you must use rouge, use it skilfully. Refrain from simply dabbing it on in blobs or patches. It must be smoothly applied in a good light, and the edges tapered off with a small wad of cotton-wool.

A thin face looks much rounder if the rouge is placed well back towards the side of the face and then blended softly into the skin so that it fades away towards the nose. For the broad face the treatment is reversed by having the deepest shade of rouge well in towards the nose. Smooth out carefully so that it becomes fainter towards the cheek bones.

Clever Camouflage

JUST a little rouge on your chin, if you have a thin face, appears to round out the lower part of the face. This is also helpful for the girl with the long face.

The long nose that tends to turn down can be helped with rouge. Apply a faint line of rouge on the division between the nostrils, then blend carefully into the skin and powder well.

If the furrow that runs from the nose to the upper lip is too long, apply a faint line of rouge and blend into the skin so that the line is not detected. Put on your powder before you rouge your cheeks and powder slightly afterwards over the rouge.

COMPACTS

TO apply eye-shadow put a tiny spot of the shadow on the centre of the eyelid and shade into the skin, working outwards.

○ ○ ○

AS well as being a most effective water - softener, oatmeal is delightful for little scent sachets. Add a few drops of your favorite perfume to a few teaspoons of oatmeal, mix well, and fill tiny satin bags, and tie with narrow ribbon.

○ ○ ○

BATH SALTS are quite easy to make. Just put in a bowl 2lb. of carbonate of soda crystals, add a few drops of sandalwood oil, and stir well. When well mixed, add a little cold tea, or a spot of cochineal to tint, and finally add a few drops of oil of lavender. Stir well. Fill empty screw-top jars, cork well and tie with wide, gay ribbons to make inexpensive birthday or Christmas gifts.

○ ○ ○

TO make your hair settle down quickly and set easily, try a few drops of liquid brilliantine in the last rinsing water of a shampoo.

○ ○ ○

DID you know that just a touch of rouge on your chin will hide any tendency to recede, and give your face a far more interesting look?

○ ○ ○

HAVE you got ugly pads of hard skin under your feet? With the surfing season now in full swing, these must be dealt with immediately. First soak the feet well in warm water for about twenty minutes, and rub away as much as possible of the hard flesh with a pumice stone. Then massage warm olive oil into the feet, leaving this on all night. Wear cotton tennis socks over them to keep the oil from being rubbed off on to the bedclothes.

fine skin ☆ gay lips ☆ happy eyes

DRAMATIC APPEAL OF MODERN MAKE-UP

Exquisitively successful Make-up requires a skin that has been cared for so that it is cleaner than soap and water can make it, and pliable despite the many ageing influences that attack the face. My Methods are as simple as any Beauty Technique can be for **true** effectiveness—the test of the years proves this. . . . The Kathleen Court Beauty Aids are devised by a woman for women.

Try this if You believe in Feminine PROGRESS

The modern girl and woman is adventurous. She seeks new and better things—greater speed—new standards of reliability.

This Beauty Method is for the Woman of Progress . . . advanced achievement with increased Charm . . . Each night and morning, cleanse the skin truly with the Kathleen Court Cleansing Cream. Each night soothe and nourish the skin with the Kathleen Court Night Cream. Each morning refresh and stimulate the deep tissues and refine the pores with the Kathleen Court Skin Tonic.

MAKE-UP by first using a foundation of "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream or Lotion, followed by "Velvet Skin" Face Powder, "Rose Petal" or "Seventeen" Rouge and a wholesomely flattering Kathleen Court Lipstick. Ten minutes a day; a few shillings a month, and your whole appearance gains new dramatic appeal.

Kathleen Court

489 Pitt Street, SYDNEY

PRICES: Cleansing Cream, 2/3; Night Cream, 2/6; Skin Tonic, 3/-; Facial Youth, Tubes 1/- & 1/9, Jars 2/6; Velvet-Skin Powder, 1/- & 2/-; Rose Petal, Rouge, 1/9; Seventeen Rouge, 1/6; Kathleen Court Lipsticks, 1/- to 1/6.

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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

GAY selection of smart summer styles. Simple and inexpensive patterns are available on application to our offices.

PLEASE NOTE:

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should—(1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters; (2) State size required; (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child; (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon; (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. in stamps.

SNAPPY SPORTS STYLE

WW1386.—Youthful, becoming frock for spectator sports wear. The lacing on front and the attractive pockets are new and charming notes. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHIC FROCK

WW1385. — A very distinctive style for summer, featuring a gay spotted cravat. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

HAS NEW COWL

WW1387.—The new cowl front and gored skirt are attractive features of this graceful afternoon mode. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and ⅜ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR SMART OCCASIONS

WW1388.—Chic, unusual style to be worn for any smart occasion. The distinctive shoulder line and scarf waistline effects are very smart. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8th yard for yoke. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

GLORIOUS EVENING GOWN

WW1389. — Graceful slimming evening mode, with bolero effect and large bouffant sleeves. Floral chiffon is our choice. Bust sizes: 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR 4 TO 10 YEARS

WW1390. — This gay little frock for Miss 4 to 10 years has leg-of-mutton sleeves and clever fullness introduced. Material required: 2 to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

CHARMING BLOUSE

WW1391. — Delightful blouse for summer, with becoming frilled neckline and fascinating sleeves. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated above fill in the coupon and post it WITH 3d STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old. Use following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns:

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 509F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4299YY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA.—C/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-113 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

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Pattern Coupon, 5/12/36.

Our Special Concession Pattern

PRICE . . . 3d.

Allows for the three striking, modish ensembles shown at right.

THE smart trio of summer styles illustrated here may be cut from this week's three-in-one concession pattern, which is now available to you for the price of 3d.

Pattern is cut in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust, so state clearly when sending which size you require. Fill in coupon at left, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

No. 1 is a jumper suit with flared basque and pretty pink collar. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide.

No. 2, tunic frock, with tunic flared, and open from the belt, 4 yards for tunic, and 2 yards for skirt.

No. 3, frock, striking and very new, 3¼ yards, and ¼ yard contrast.

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THE TIME HAS COME TO...

Tone Up Your Garden

SUMMERTIME calls for strenuous but happy hours in the garden—mulching, spraying, digging, watering, cutting and rolling lawns. Brilliant masses of flowers and velvety green lawns, however, are your reward, which makes it all worth while.

A thorough overhaul now will yield you extra dividends in colorful glory later

—Says the Old Gardener

IF you want your garden to be a spot of picturesque beauty throughout the warm summer months, now is the time to give it some close attention. A thorough overhaul now will save us a great deal of work later on. And here is the Old Gardener to aid you in the happy task. Heed him!

☆ ☆ ☆

THERE'S a lot of hard and tedious work to be done—trenching, digging, hoeing, and weeding—but how those gardens will repay us for that bit of extra trouble!

The keynote of successful summer gardens is the constant stirring of the soil. Those charming beds of phlox, petunias, snapdragons, asters, zinnias, etc., will respond marvellously to a little extra treatment. Fork the soil up lightly round them, and mulch with well-decayed manure, straw, old grass, leaves, or anything that will act as humus. If you can't obtain this, keep the surface to a depth of a couple of inches well loosened, and this will act in the same manner as a mulch.

Zinnia, phlox, petunia, and marigold must not be allowed to flower too early; nip all those first tiny buds off until the plants have become well established, with a good root system and a sturdy top growth. By constantly nipping the flowers off the plants throw out more laterals or side shoots; on the other hand, if this is not done your plants will become poor and straggling, produce an inferior type of flower, and die off very rapidly.

Success Must Follow

SNAPDRAGONS, dahlias, and chrysanthemums especially should be nipped back so as to produce tall, strong plants which will stand up to the wind and adverse conditions.

Now that the flush of the rose season is over we must go over our rose bushes and cut out all weak or dead growth, remove seed pods and dead flowers, and so have the bush in readiness for the next display.

What your garden needs, and will show great benefit from, are several good soakings throughout the week—if the weather is not very dry, two would be quite sufficient. If the garden is a large one, do it systematically, and water one section one day, another the next, and so on. Then be careful to break up that capillary action either by light surface working or by using plenty of mulch.

Mulching is a great moisture preserver.

The lawns, too, need careful attention. At this time they should be growing well; but don't neglect that thorough soaking at regular intervals. They must be rolled, also, from time to time, especially if the soil is light and sandy.

Look to your paths and drive, also, for no matter how beautiful your lawn the entire effect can be spoiled by unruly weeds springing up with amazing rapidity along your path.

And, above all, now is the time to look for insect pests and fungus diseases. Learn to diagnose the diseases and deal with them accordingly, so that your garden will always be in a healthy condition.

Fungus diseases are rust, blight, smut, curly leaf, shot-hole, and many others, and to prevent spreading they must be sprayed with fungicide. Remember, no fungus disease can be cured, but with constant and methodical spraying with lime sulphur or bordeaux mixture they can be prevented. If every gardener carried out these precautionary treatments in time, diseases in plant life would become extinct.

It is very heart-breaking for one gardener to work hard combating disease, and the next-door neighbor, through utter carelessness, to be breeding disease. So all gardeners work together during the coming season, and declare war on all the enemies of the garden.

Insects are many and varied, and also need, in many cases, separate treatment. Leaf-eating insects such as snails, slugs, grubs, and caterpillars can be exterminated by spraying the plants with a poison such as arsenate of lead. When mixing this, a little kerosene added to the solution makes it more adhesive.

Aphis is one of our most dreaded pests and does a tremendous amount of damage. These insects can be noticed on the tender young shoots, from which they suck the sap, thus causing the whole plant to wither and die.

A reliable remedy for them is nicotine (Black Leaf 40), or kerosene emulsion, made from kerosene and soap.

How did she get so Beautifully SLIM

SHE'S got that attractive, slim figure so much admired by the opposite sex. She's maintained her lovely line, and kept in perfect health, with the aid of her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily eliminate all food residue.

So, if you want to gradually melt away those surplus pounds of fat and have radiant health, just remember to take a couple of Bile Beans at bedtime.

"I recommend Bile Beans for slimming as they have been so successful in reducing my weight. Bile Beans gradually removed all this surplus fat round my bust and hips, and within the month I had lost eight pounds. My energy has returned and, thanks to Bile Beans, I am in splendid health."

Mrs. A. T.

• • •

"What I like about Bile Beans is that one gradually gets rid of the surplus fat without having to diet or do without the foods that one likes. My figure is improving all the while. I am heaps better, too, as regards my general health."

Mrs. C. B.

EVERY NIGHT TAKE

BILE BEANS

AND LOOK YOUR BEST ON THE BEACH

Going Away?

MAKE IT JAPAN

Consult

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Travel Bureau, St. James' Building, Elizabeth Street, Sydney

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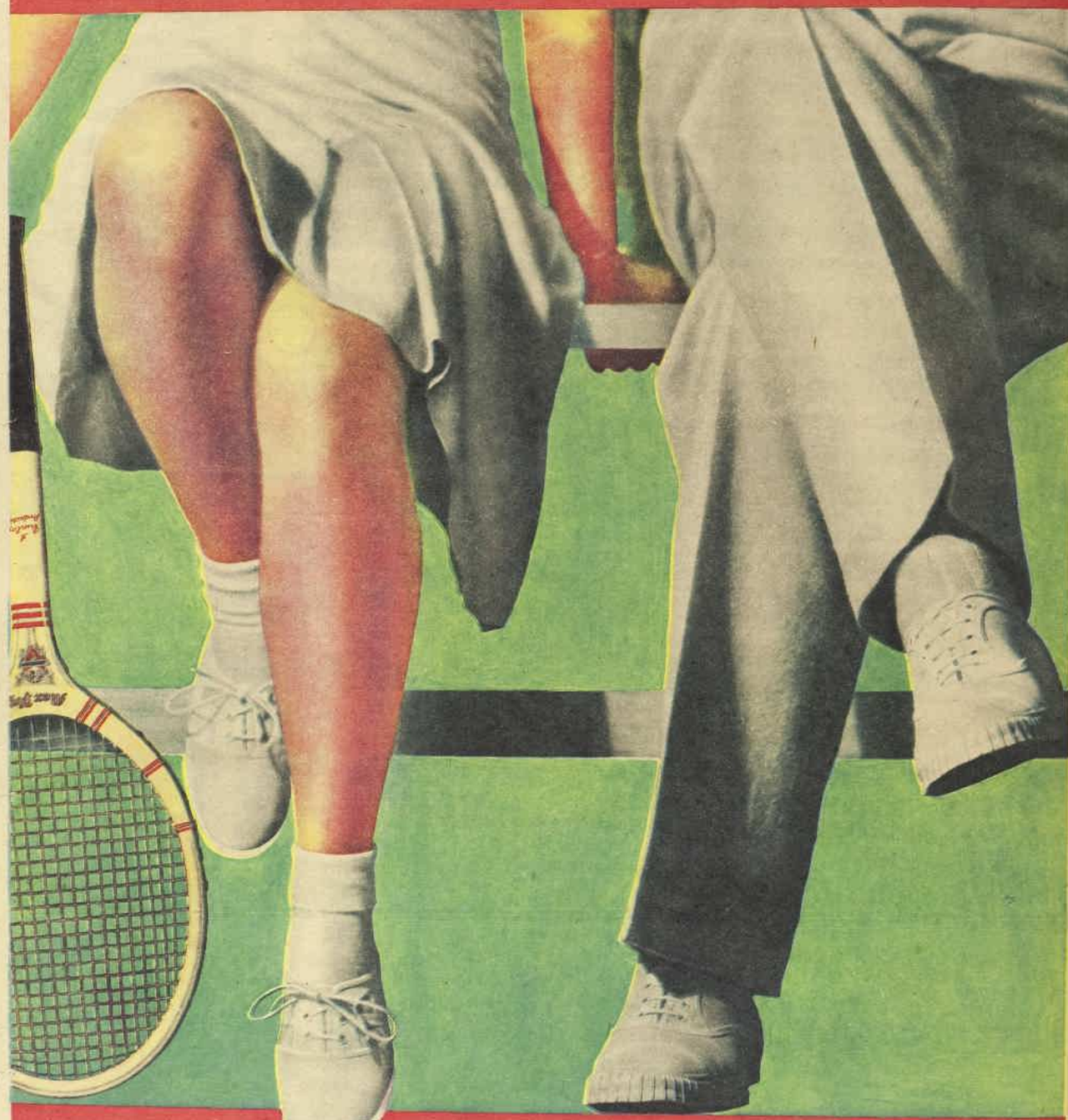
SPORT AND SANDSHOES



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RICH GIRL—POOR GIRL

Complete Book-length Novel

THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

By FAITH BALDWIN

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RICH GIRL—POOR GIRL

By FAITH BALDWIN

WHEN he awakened and looked from the windows of his lower berth he saw the river, blue under a flawless June sky, the steep streets and dirt roads and little houses of small towns, the lilacs still in bloom in this north country, and, across the river the farms of Canada sloping to the water's edge.

Jonathan Kimber looked at his watch and whistled, pressed the porter's bell and thrust his tousled dark head from between the swaying green curtains, looking up and down the aisle. The porter came, black and amiable, and Jonathan asked:

"Almost in?"

"Yessir, I was just coming to call you . . ."

"Have I time to shave?"

"That depends," the porter told him, grinning, "but you got about fifteen minutes."

When Jonathan emerged shaven, dressed and in his right and cheerful mind, they were running through the outskirts of the town. The porter brushed him off, chatting of the weather. "It's been a long winter," said the porter, "seemed like spring wouldn't never come. Thank you, sir."

A few minutes later they pulled into the small station of Riverport and Jonathan swung himself down the steps. A row of privately-owned taxis stood waiting for the few passengers and he beckoned the driver of one.

"Six-twenty Senator Street," he told the man, smiling, "and I must say I like your town—what little I've seen of it."

"It ain't bad," conceded the taxi-owner, cautiously. "Six-twenty Senator—? That'll be Doc Ballard's." He climbed into the car, a five-passenger coupe, and clucked at it as if it were a recalcitrant horse.

Jonathan, peering from the window, saw that they were travelling down Senator Street. The houses were, without exception, frame, built in the usual verandah-and-gable style of the small American town, and most of them were set almost flush with the street. But the street was wide and lined with maples and every house had its yard and garden and between each a stretch of very green lawn.

The car jerked to a stop before a neat white house, with green trim, an ample porch and brass plate on the door. Lilacs flanked it, and Jonathan, getting out, could see the big back-yard and the three apple trees beyond. The driver took his bag from the front seat and preceded his fare up the worn wooden steps and rang the bell heartily.

Doctor Ballard answered. He was a short, stocky man with a rubicund face and a shock of unruly white hair. The taximan announced, "Brought you a visitor, Doc," and Ballard, taking the bag from him, said severely, "Glad to see you got him here all in one piece. How's the rheumatism, Pete?"

"Okay," responded Pete. "Well, so long . . . Hope you enjoy your visit," he added, suddenly remembering his manners, and loped off down the steps and into the car.

"I'm certainly glad to see you," Ballard informed his guest. "I planned to meet the train but I had to go out 'round five this morning and just now got in. You haven't had breakfast, have you?"

"No," replied Jonathan, following his host into the cool, dark centre hall.

"Well, breakfast's ready," said the doctor, "and I hope you haven't any newfangled notions about orange juice and a slice of toast. If you have, Evelina's heart will be broken. Come on up to your room."

Jonathan followed him up the stairs to the room which overlooked the garden. He put down his bag and looked around. He said, "I'm liking all this better and better."

"You'll get used to it," said the older man ambiguously, and went to the stair head to shout, "Evelyn," he announced, "we'll be right down."

"I AIN'T deaf," replied a sharp feminine voice from below stairs, "you haven't any cause to yell at me. Coffee's on."

The doctor grinned and looked at Jonathan. He said apologetically, "Evelina's getting along in years, her disposition isn't what it was, and it never was very much, at that. Bathroom's next door."

A few minutes later they descended the stairs and went into the big sunny dining-room. Evelina, small, spare and belligerent as a starved sparrow, was waiting for them. Doctor Ballard made the introductions carefully. "Evelina," he said, "this is Doctor Jonathan Kimber, son of my old friend and classmate. And this, my boy," he told Jonathan, "is Mrs. Jones, Evelina for short, who has been my boss for more years than I care to count."

"It ain't an easy job," admitted Evelina gravely, and betook her immaculate starched person to the kitchen.

Breakfast was of the type to which Jonathan in his younger days had been accustomed. It wasn't in the least like the roll and coffee of his recent year in Vienna, nor was it reminiscent of hospital fare. It consisted of fresh fruit and hot cereal, bacon and eggs, sausage and pancakes, mounds of butter and pitchers of syrup, rich cream in unsurpassed coffee, and muffins.

"Golly!" said Jonathan with reverence.

They ate, talking occasionally but for the most part in a companionable silence. Afterwards Doctor Ballard sighed, loosened his belt and offered the younger man a large black cigar. Jonathan shook his head . . . "If you don't mind—?" he said, and produced a disreputable pipe.

"Let's get back to the office," suggested Ballard. "I've got to go out on some calls a little later. My office hours are in the afternoon, seeing as it's Saturday. I have to go up to the hospital, too. Take you along, so you can see how things work . . . But we've time for a little chin first."

The office proper consisted of two rooms, furnished with roll-top desks, glass instrument cases, and two worn black leather sofas. There was ample sunlight and air to combat the ancient medicinal odor. But this was an odor to which Jonathan was accustomed and which he preferred to any garden or synthetic perfume.

"Sit down," said Doctor Ballard, tilting back in his swivel chair at the desk. "Let me get a good look at you. You look like your dad . . . you always did. I remember when I stayed at your house—ten—no, fifteen years ago . . . You were, lemme see, how old?"

"About fifteen . . ."

"That's right, and set on being a doctor. I remember how your dad took on. Yet he wouldn't have had you anything else."

"No," agreed Jonathan, "he wouldn't. I'm the fifth . . . not counting a couple of cousins and an uncle."

Ballard nodded. He said, "It's a great tradition . . . If I'd had a son—well, I haven't a son, but I've got a grandson . . . Perhaps he'll listen to the old man tell him what a dog's life medicine is . . . and how he wouldn't change it for any other. When your father died," he said gravely, "his community lost its most valuable member."

"Yes, it's pretty hard to believe even now . . . I—I couldn't believe it, when the cable came . . . He'd always been so strong, so vital . . . But I had an idea somehow that he was just waiting for me to get through . . . After my mother died the heart and soul went out of him . . . But he had to see me through," Jonathan said.

"I know," said Doctor Ballard gravely . . . "You were just a little fellow then, weren't you . . .?"

"Eight. I—I don't remember her very well."

"She was a mighty fine woman," the old man said, and was silent a moment.

THEN he peered at Jonathan from under his bushy brows and asked:

"What made you write me about an opening up here? I would have thought you'd just walk into your father's practice."

"Yes, but I didn't want to. It would have been too easy . . . and too hard. Before I went to Hopkins, Dad took on an assistant. The pace got too much for him, and the town was growing. He wouldn't specialise, and he wouldn't turn away a patient. I felt that if anyone were to take over the practice it must be Keating . . . after all, he'd worked with Dad a long time. When I got back from Vienna we came to a satisfactory arrangement. He is to take over the house, lock, stock, and barrel except for some personal things, Dad's books, some furniture which has been in the family a long time . . . He'll carry on. I wanted to go somewhere where people

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didn't know me. Half of Dad's women patients had fed me cookies and spanked me and weren't likely to forget it, either."

"When your letter came," said Ballard slowly, "it seemed like a solution. I wrote you I was going to California in the autumn. But I didn't tell you that I'm going for good . . ."

Jonathon looked up quickly, his lean, dark face intent. "For good?" he repeated incredulously.

"Yep. Intended to die in harness. But Nan—that's my daughter, she's married and living in Pasadena—she's been begging me to come out. She and her husband and the kid were on here, a while ago. I hadn't told her that the old ticker wasn't behaving as well as it might, but as bad luck would have it, I pulled an attack while they were here. So there was nothing to it but promise that I'd retire, in the autumn. So, sometime along about October I'll be heading west."

Jonathan thought, he's taking it pretty hard. He's a game old chap. His keen, very brown eyes looked directly into the older man's. He asked,

"SUPPOSE people would stand for me here?"

"At first," replied Ballard, "they'll flock to you. Every old woman with a chronic ailment who's doctored with every physician in town, will come a-running to the new young one. Whether you'll keep 'em or not, can't say. You may get the cream, too. Johns Hopkins and Vienna will attract 'em, flies 'round a honey pot. I've never had 'em—always been a bit too honest and outspoken for them, and they're too rich for my blood. Were you thinking of specialising?"

"Well," said Jonathan, smiling, "I'm supposed to be a surgeon—"

Ballard whistled.

"Dick Jameson has the surgery pretty well sewed up here, in more ways than one," he said. "Rather good, too. But he's getting old. Still he doesn't like youngsters sticking in their scalpels. He makes it tough for them. However, the town can use a new surgeon; there's plenty of people who can't afford Jameson . . . providing you're not aiming to charge fancy prices for hemstitching and cutwork embroidery."

"I'm not," Jonathan assured him, "and I didn't mean I don't want a general medical practice as well. I do."

"Jack-of-all-trades, eh?" said the older man, "well, you're reverting to type, all right. And you've picked the right town to revert in. But I warn you that you have to walk carefully and not tread on important toes. This is a one-man town."

"Who's the one man?"

"Ex-State Senator Sutton. Made his money in shipping, got in on a pulp-mill merger as well, rich as the devil, even according to city standards. Elects the mayor, man-behind-the-throne stuff; President of the Board of Education; head of the hospital board; all ten fingers in every pie. Owns a couple of islands, winters in Florida; if he's a mind to, summers in Europe if his wife can pry him away. He's retired from business, and gets a lot of fun out of bossing the town. He's got one daughter . . . and there's another set of toes you want to keep off of—unless you're a good dancer. She doesn't favor us with much of her company, but when she does things hum around here."

Jonathan laughed. He said, "Guess they won't bother me much. I'm not interested in rich patients."

"Oh, yes, you are," said Ballard chuckling, "unless you're crazier than I think you are. However, none of 'em have ever set foot in this office, they run to New York, or import a specialist from Syracuse. Mrs. Sutton goes in heavily for the psycho-analysts—suppose you know something about those birds, too?"

"Well, after all," said Jonathan apologetically, "I had a year in Vienna and I attended a good many lectures and clinics."

"May come in handy, at that," mused the old man, "plenty of kinks and crochets up here for you to practise on."

Dr. Ballard stumped over to the windows and stood looking out. Over his shoulder he said:

"Dunno as there'd be anyone I'd rather have here than you, Jonathan. When can you come up—for good?"

"I'd like your advice on that, sir."

The old man turned from the window. He said, slowly:

"I'll rent you the house for a nominal sum. Enough to carry taxes and repairs and the rest. I promised Nan I'd leave no later than October 15—how about it?"

"Swell," said Jonathan, on his feet. He held out his hand to the older man. He said: "You're mighty good to me, Doctor Ballard."

"I'm being good to myself. Like to leave my people in good hands . . . There's just one thing, though. Evelina goes with the house. Promised her a home as long as she lives . . . She's snappy as a winter morning, but she's a fine cook and clean as a hound's tooth . . . and if she likes you, she'll work her hands to the bone for you. She gets fifty a month. How about it?"

"Suits me fine. If she'll put up with me. I'm pretty careless about pipes and ashes and reading in bed," Jonathan said anxiously.

Ballard chuckled.

"You couldn't be worse than I am. What are you planning to do the rest of the summer?"

"There's enough to keep me busy," said Jonathan, "settling the estate back home and all that. Keating isn't taking on the house till autumn. Thought I'd go back home and clean things up and go to Detroit for clinics now and then. "That's my plan . . . Think it will work out?"

"Don't see why it shouldn't . . . Thinking of getting married, by any chance?"

"Lord, no——!"

"I FIGURED maybe there was a girl back home . . . it occurred to me that perhaps you wouldn't have the say about Evelina, after all."

"I haven't had much time for girls," admitted Jonathan, "I've been working . . . Summers, vacations, I'd help Dad—when he'd let me. I was pretty much of a pest."

"Yes, I imagine he thought so," Ballard said dryly; "what about Vienna? I always thought it was full of Strauss waltzes and gipsies and pretty little dancers and barrels of beer——"

Jonathan shook his head.

"I'll subscribe to the beer," he said thoughtfully, "but the greater part of the time I was pretty busy attending lectures and clinics."

They returned from making the doctor's calls shortly after mid-day and found Evelina grumbling over dinner . . . "Ruined," she announced tragically, "as usual," and her employer agreed cheerfully. "Yes, of course," he said; "it couldn't be worse. You'd better go back to the kitchen and ween, Evelina. Has Rose been in this morning?"

"No," said Evelina, "she hasn't."

"She'll be along, with her mother, for supper," said Doctor Ballard. "Set two extra places."

Evelina muttered that enough was enough and departed from the room as the two men sat down to vegetable soup, followed by fricasseed chicken with golden gravy and dumplings as light as a woman's promise. Ballard warned, "Don't pay any attention to Evelina. The more company you have, the better she'll like it. Rose is my niece, my younger brother's child. You'll like her. She teaches here in the High School, and lives with her mother, down the block a piece. She's a sweet girl, and pretty, too. Not that you're interested in girls," he added slyly.

"I'm afraid I am," confessed Jonathan laughing, "but I'm scared to death of them. My specialty's old ladies!"

"Humph!" said the doctor, attacking a wing, "you'll get along all right."

THEY were in his office after dinner, shortly before office hours, when the side door opened and the prettiest girl Jonathan had ever seen in all his life put her head in . . . "May I . . .?" she asked, and came in promptly without waiting for a reply. Doctor Ballard grunted. He said, "Warn you, Jonathan, she's used to having the run of the house. You'll have to buy a dog to keep her away after I'm gone."

"Don't talk about that," said Rose Ward sharply, and then smiled at Jonathan. She said, "You're Uncle Alan's Jonathan Kimber, aren't you?"

He had risen, and now she came towards him and offered him a small, strong hand. Doctor Ballard, in his swivel chair, grunted again. He asked, "Who else could he be . . .? Surprised you haven't turned up before. You're the most curious female of my acquaintance, Rose."

She said serenely, "Don't pay any attention to him, Doctor Kimber. I'm Rose Ward."

She was small, and her thrush-brown hair was braided around her shapely head. She had the bluest eyes Jonathan Kimber had ever seen, a square little chin, deeply cleft, a tiptilted nose, with a bridge of freckles across it and a laughing mouth, deeply red and sweetly curved. He stammered, holding her hand, "I—I'm very happy to know you, Miss Ward."

"Well, well," said the doctor petulantly, "it's all in the family. You're as formal as a party up to Suttons. You two young people run along and get acquainted. I'm not willing to turn my patients over to you yet. Take him for a walk, Rose, or something . . ."

They left the house together, Rose in laughter and Jonathan in embarrassment. She said, "I'm afraid you'll find us pretty dull . . . are you really coming up to stay?"

He told her, swinging down the street beside her, very tall and lean, "I hope so. Your uncle is renting me his house . . . in the autumn."

She said thoughtfully, "I don't know how we'll get along without him . . ." Then, looking up, she saw his quick flush, and added hurriedly, "I didn't mean what you thought I meant, Doctor Kimber. I was thinking of myself and my mother. He's been all the father I can remember . . . a darling . . . he's always had time for me . . . I used to bring my dolls over to him to have their little non-existent hearts stethescoped. He's always wanted us to live with him. Aunt Mame did, too. But mother likes her own place. She's pretty much of a despot, in a gentle way, and she could never stand Uncle Alan's crazy hours."

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They walked on, and it seemed to Jonathan that he spent most of the time removing his hat. At least ninety per cent. of the people they passed, on foot, or who passed them, in cars, stopped to call out to the girl and to look curiously at him. Rose said, with a little chuckle, "You'll be all over town to-night . . ."

She took him across town, and down towards the river. Here was the yacht club and the small, very green park, maple shaded, in which children played ball and babies tumbled on the grass. The river flowed by, very alive, very blue in the sunlight.

Jonathan looked down at the girl, in her mint-green linen dress, the sun bright on her uncovered hair. He drew a deep breath of the cool, vitalising air, and said, "Do you know, I think I'm going to like it here very much."

"I hope so," Rose told him sincerely. "Let's sit down here a minute, shall we . . .? Did you go out on Uncle Alan's calls with him to-day . . .?"

"Yes . . . into the country. It's very lovely, this time of year."

A man and a girl rode through the park, and the ball-playing children scattered. One stumbled almost beneath the hoofs and Jonathan jumped to his feet and started across the grass. But the child recovered his balance and ran away.

Jonathan swore. He apologised abruptly and then said, "But couldn't they see that the kids were—?"

Rose interrupted. She said, "Yes, but it was up to the children to move—and move fast. There's no bridle path through this little park. It's not open to cars, of course, or to horseback riders. But that's Sally Sutton—"

Now the riders were abreast and Jonathan had a glimpse of them as they trotted past. He had an impression of beauty and arrogance and short yellow hair, the color of honey, curline over a small head. He did not notice the man.

The girl looked back and raised her crop and called something, smiling, and Rose said thoughtfully, "Wonders will never cease."

The riders went on and Jonathan, looking after them asked, "Why?"

"Sally and I went to school together," Rose said. "Now and then she recognises me. It must be," she told him seriously, "the new-man-in-town influence."

"Sutton?" asked Jonathan, frowning. "Oh, now I remember. . . . Your uncle told me. . . ."

"Did he? When you settle down here you won't have to be told. The Senator—he insists on his title—is our town skeleton. Oh, a well-fleshed one and really very charming . . . but when he rattles, we dance." She glanced swiftly upward and added contritely, "I haven't any business saying that. You should come into town without prejudices. And my tongue runs away with me. Some day," she prophesied ruefully, "it's going to get me fired!"

THEY crossed the park and came out on one of the wide tree-bordered streets. A car was parked nearby, a battered, ancient car, and a large blonde young man leaned from it in conversation with a policeman. Rose quickened her steps. "There's Bill Lynd," she said, "perhaps he'll give us a lift. After all, we can't walk all Uncle Alan's office hours . . ."

Coming up to the car she said, "Hie, Bill, loafing as usual? Want a couple of non-paying fares?" She beamed at the uniformed officer and added, "Hello, Mel, how's Beth and the baby?"

"They're fine," replied the short, sandy-haired policeman, "wish you'd run down and see them some day."

"I shall . . . Mel, this is Doctor Kimber . . . Mel Hopson . . . and this strange object in the alleged car is Bill Lynd."

Jonathan shook hands with the two men. The policeman moved away and the blonde giant opened the door.

"Well, get in," said Bill Lynd, amiably, "and I'll take you for a ride. The real estate business can get along without me for a little while."

"DOCTOR KIMBER is going to take Uncle Alan's house in the autumn. He's coming here to practice."

"Good," said Bill heartily, "wish you luck, Doctor. Well, Rose, where'll it be?"

"Take us down the river road," suggested Rose. "It's the prettiest . . . unless Doctor Kimber yearns to see the country club and the estates of the great."

"Listen is obey," said Bill Lynd gravely. "Hold your hats. Here we go."

A little later Rose remarked suddenly.

"Sally Sutton and Phil Dexter were horseback riding through the Riverdale Park—we saw them, they nearly ran over a child. I had half a notion to tell Mel—after all, they can read, I suppose. There are plenty of signs there."

"Mel can read, too," answered Bill. "He knows better than to tell Sally Sutton where she can and where she can't ride. Didn't her old man put the park in the town's Christmas stocking, a while back?"

Jonathan laughed. He commented.

"I haven't been here twelve hours and yet it seems to me that your city should be named Suttonport or something similar."

Bill chuckled. He said gravely, "The Senator would fancy it, at that. It just hasn't dawned on him. When you get up here you'll be living in Senator Street. It's a good thing to remember."

Rose said, "When we were in school together—you and Mel and I, Bill, remember how belligerent Mel was . . .? Didn't he get the class vote for the most aggressive and the most likely to succeed? But I'll bet a cookie if I'd told him about Sally he would have run a mile."

"It's incredible," said Jonathan. He stretched his legs and slid an arm around the back of the seat for comfort. "A one-man town! Never heard of such a thing. Why doesn't somebody do something about it?"

"It has occurred to some of us," said Bill gravely, "but so far we haven't found the formula. Rose, have you heard that Red Dexter was kicked out of prep. school last week?"

"No," said Rose, "what for?"

"I don't know. I can guess, however. That kid needs a horsewhip and a severe lopping off of the allowance. I understand Mrs. Dexter is taking him abroad. They're giving out he's had a nervous breakdown." Bill laughed shortly and turned the car into a dirt road running past fields across which Jonathan could see the river and the summer camps at the water's edge. "I hear he'll be back here for school next term."

Rose said thoughtfully:

"That's too bad, in a way. I mean, he's certain to be something of a leader. He has a good athletic record, and then he's been away so long." She turned to Jonathan apologetically. "I'm so sorry," she said, "nothing is more irritating than a conversation which leaves one listener in the dark. You remember seeing the man who was riding with Sally Sutton—[illegible] Dexter . . .? It is rumored that h[illegible] engaged to her. His father and hers [illegible] partners. Mr. Dexter still conducts [illegible] business and Phil is general manager. [illegible] —whose Christian name is Lawrence [illegible] Phil's younger brother."

"I hope, for your sake," said Bill L[illegible] "that you don't draw him as a pupil. [illegible] you will, Rose, you will. You have [illegible] talent for hot water."

"Speaking of water," asked Rose, [illegible] "how do you like our river, Doctor Ki[illegible]ber?"

"I like it," replied Jonathan, "more a[illegible] more. In fact, I can hardly wait to [illegible] back to it—for good." He smiled do[illegible] at her animated face, "because," he t[illegible] her, "I think this town's going to suit [illegible] perfectly."

"That's the spirit," said Bill Lynd appro[illegible]ingly.

Four months later Jonathan was not [illegible] certain. At the last moment his plans h[illegible] been altered. Doctor Ballard's daugh[illegible] convinced that her father would change [illegible] mind if left to his own devices, came [illegible] from California and insisted upon [illegible] returning with her some weeks before [illegible] had planned to leave Riverport. He wro[illegible] Jonathan to this effect, and added that [illegible] was leaving everything in order for hi[illegible] the house, the furniture and Evelina.

JONATHAN, alightin[illegible] from the train one cool blue Octob[illegible] morning felt as green and raw and unce[illegible]tain as if Medical Centre, Vienna, and th[illegible] past summer in Detroit had not .xiated.

A familiar face, surmounting a lank[illegible] body, approached him on a run. It wa[illegible] Pete, the taxi-owner. Pete said, "He[illegible] Doc, been waiting for you," and yawped a[illegible] an innocent bystander to "give me a han[illegible] with them bags." Before Jonathan coul[illegible] draw an adequate breath, he was in th[illegible] cab and on his way to Senator Street. ... ..."Rose Ward said to look out for you," shouted Pete over the rattle and knock o[illegible] his engine. "Thought mebbe you'd b[illegible] along to-day."

The white house looked spick and span. "Doc had it painted before he left," Pete explained, dragging out the luggage, "and Evelina's been cleaning ever since he left. You'd think by the way she goes at it he'd left it like a pig-pen. My wife wa[illegible] up to help her, and she said the way she went at the woodwork was a caution. Got any furniture coming?"

"A little—a desk, some books, a bed—a couple of chairs, some office stuff," Jonathan told him.

"Freight, I suppose. Well, that's easy. We'll fix you up. Think you're going to like it here?"

"I hope so," Jonathan answered, and his heart was a little lighter. After all, if everyone showed him as much kindness and interest——

Evelina stood in the centre hall. She wore a blue gingham dress and the largest, whitest apron Jonathan had ever seen. She said, "Welcome home, I'm sure, Doctor Kimber, and I hope," she added gloomily, "that I give satisfaction; but perhaps it's too much to be expected."

Jonathan shook her limp hand, patted her thin, bent shoulder, "I'm certain you will," he answered her, "the only question is, will I?"

The doctor's room was much as he remembered it, big and sunny, with faded, very clean chintz at the windows and covering the old chairs. A single bed was

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there temporarily, for Doctor Ballard had shipped his mahogany tester to California.

On the big old-fashioned bureau there was a vase of big purple and pale pink asters, with a note propped up against it. Evelina, fussing about the room, indicated these. "Rose brought 'em," she said, "last night."

Jonathan standing in the middle of the room, in the midst of bags, opened the envelope. Rose Ward wrote a small, square, very black hand. The note read:

"Dear Doctor Kimber:

"Uncle Alan deputised mother and me to welcome you to Riverport. And we hope very much that you'll come to supper to-night. About six.—Sincerely yours, Rose Ward."

AN hour or so later Jonathan was inspecting his domain far more carefully than he had inspected it during the two days he had spent with Doctor Ballard. He had been through the four bedrooms on the second floor, but had refrained from barging through the attic, in which Evelina lived and had her faintly morose being. He'd looked over kitchen and laundry and cellar, living-room, dining-room and offices. And now, after walking admiringly under the apple trees and even testing his palate and teeth on a sample specimen of fruit, he was looking through the garage and lifting the hood of the three-year-old coupe which waited for him there. He had made an arrangement with Ballard to buy this from him, and Evelina, standing in the garage doorway, her hands folded under her apron, announced that it had been all gone over by the garage man. "Not that I trust any of 'em," she added sadly, "but it runs, generally."

He discovered that for himself a little later when he took the car out and set himself to explore the town.

He walked down Senator Street that night to the tiny wooden house set further back from the street than its neighbors, in which the Wards lived. At the stroke of six he was knocking on the door and Rose opened it to him. She said, shaking hands, "I am glad to see you . . . How did things go to-day?"

"All right. My stuff hasn't come yet. When it does I may need a helping hand."

"You've Evelina."

"Think she can provide the woman's touch?" he asked, following Rose into the small, pretty living-room where Mrs. Ward, a wisp of a woman with Rose's eyes, quite unfaded, and masses of white hair, waited for them. "I doubt it. She's more militant than feminine."

Mrs. Ward smiled at him.

"Evelina's a good woman," she said gently, "I remember her as a girl . . . we were at school together."

"Does everyone go to school together in this town?" he demanded, staring from one to the other.

"Just about. It depends on your district. We have all of four schools," said Rose gaily.

At supper he said:

"I haven't thanked you for the flowers."

"Out of the garden," Rose told him, "but you've a bigger garden than we—I don't expect, however, that you'll pick your own flowers."

"Won't you?" he asked . . . "any time you care to?"

"That would be very kind," said Mrs. Ward before her daughter could reply. "Alan always permitted Rose to strip the garden, for church."

"Church?" repeated Jonathan vaguely.

"I hope," said Mrs. Ward rather severely, "that you are a churchgoer, Doctor Kimber."

He said, stammering, "Well, I haven't been—that is . . . of course . . ."

Rose laughed at him across the table. She said demurely, "A wise young physician, his duties permitting, establishes himself as a part of the community . . . besides, you'll love our church suppers!"

"I like this one," he said approvingly. And then, recalling himself, added, "But that reminds me . . . I've a patient coming at eight."

After supper they sat out on the side verandah. It was cool with the coming of night, but comfortable, and Jonathan said suddenly, "I wish I hadn't promised Pete . . ."

"Your very first patient," said Rose reproachfully, "run along, and then come back again. After all, you haven't established office hours yet."

"Why don't you go on up to Uncle Alan's with him, Rose? I promised Evelina a recipe for my spice cake. You can take it to her and get the brown baking dish she forgot to send back the week before Uncle Alan left. Then you can both come back here when Doctor Kimber has finished," suggested Mrs. Ward.

Walking up the street a little later Rose said, "I'm afraid she'll always think of the house as Uncle Alan's."

"It is, of course," said Jonathan. I hate to take his plate down from the door and put up my own. It seems like lese majeste."

"That's nice of you," she told him sincerely.

"Tell me something about yourself," he demanded. "I know that you teach—in the High School—but what?"

"English, believe it or not . . . It's my second year . . . I won't draw a deep breath till I've taught three years and am comparatively safe."

"What do you mean, comparatively safe——?"

"Oh, up until that time a teacher may be dismissed for, or without, any reason. After that—well, they have to prefer charges or abolish the position."

"Do you like teaching?" he asked laughing at her solemnity.

"I love it . . .!"

"Train here?"

"At the University in Syracuse. Uncle Alan saw me through, bless his heart. Mother wanted me to be nearer, but he thought it would do me good to go further away . . . he said he didn't want me running home week-ends."

"I can't understand that," said Jonathan, marvelling at his own temerity.

"Very pretty speech," she approved lightly, "and I won't pretend to misunderstand it. In any way."

THEY had reached the house and Rose said, "I hope you have your key. Evelina hates coming to the front door. Uncle Alan always left it open for patients."

"I've no rooted objection to the back door," he told her.

They invaded Evelina's kitchen and Jonathan left Rose there and went on into the office, where he tried the swivel chair at the consulting room desk, and frowned at his diplomas which he had hung on the wall that afternoon. His new State License hung there, too, inviting all-comers.

He looked about the room and through the open door at the one beyond mentally rearranging them. Presently there was a knock and Pete's lad walked in. He'd come, he announced, through the side door.

Fred's case was quickly attended to, and, dismissing him, Jonathan decided that his father's curiosity had probably sent him there, and not his ailment. He went on into the kitchen and beamed at Evelina and Rose, deep in a culinary discussion.

"First patient, aged fourteen, doctored, admonished and sent on his way rejoicing."

"Did he pay you?" inquired Evelina.

Rose giggled. She said, "Now, Evelina—"

"Well, not exactly. I paid him," replied Jonathan cheerfully.

"For Heaven's sake," said Evelina glumly, "whatever for?"

"Oh, for luck. A nice new quarter. He was speechless."

Presently they went back to the Ward house.

Jonathan followed her up the steps and to the verandah. Mrs. Ward had disappeared and Rose went to the door to call her. "We're here, Mother," she said, and then came back and sat beside him on the canvas swing. She said, "You'll make friends here."

"I hope so. You're my first—you and your mother . . ." he told her, "after Doctor Ballard."

He spoke gravely, and Rose felt her throat thicken, for no adequate reason. She asked herself severely, "What's the matter with you, getting all emotional over a tall dark stranger with a nice deep voice and a sort of absurd little boy lost look in brown eyes—not that I can see his eyes at the moment. Aloud she said lightly, "We'll prove it. I'll go around presenting bunches of poison ivy to all my acquaintances, Doctor Kimber."

HE asked, diffidently, "I suppose it's too soon to call me anything else?"

"That depends," said Rose, cautiously, "on what you want to be called."

"I answer to almost anything," he informed her, "including an hysterical scream. But—have you any objection to Jonathan?"

"Too long," she replied, after due reflection. "Never do in an emergency."

"My father called me Jon," he offered.

"That's rather nice," she decided.

"Then, if it isn't too soon—?"

"We're an informal community, Jon," she said carelessly.

He had not believed that the shortening of his name could sound as pleasant. He said, "Then Jon it is—Miss Ward."

"That," she said firmly, "is idiotic. Anything but Rosie, please. When I hear myself addressed as Rosie, I have convulsions."

"I'm good at convulsions," he began, and then turned as someone came bounding up the steps. A loud, cheerful hail preceded him.

"Anyone home? I craves food."

"It's Bill Lynd," said Rose. She called back, "Here, on the verandah, and do moderate your tone; it's after nine o'clock."

Lynd opened the screen door which shut them off from the steps and came in . . . "Company," he exclaimed, in mock horror. "Pardon my armed invasion."

"You remember Doctor Kimber?" Rose told him, laughing.

"Naturally. Heard you were coming to-day. Read it, as far as that goes, in the local Know-All this morning."

"Of course," said Rose. "I meant to leave the paper at the house this morning. . . . Your arrival was announced among the social items. You'll probably be asked for an interview. How you like our little town

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and in what way you expect to revolutionise medicine here."

"Heaven forbid!" said Jonathan, genuinely alarmed.

Attracted by their laughter Mrs. Ward came out on the porch and the men rose. Lynd slipped an arm around her slender shoulders. "Hello, Mother Ward," he said affectionately, "how's the cookie jar holding out?"

She said, "No better than usual, with you here every night in the week, Bill Lynd. I've made some coffee."

At the end of six weeks Jonathan Kimber, while still an object of great curiosity in Riverport, had more or less established a routine. He had an average of six patients a day, in the office or out, of which three would be paying patients at least.

He sent a report to Doctor Ballard, who wrote him consolingly that he was getting along "as well as can be expected. One fractured leg, an emergency appendix—three cases of measles and the usual run of the mill. Not so bad, my boy, not so bad. You won't get fat on it, but a lean horse for a long race any time. As for me, I'm all right. Climate's all they say it is and that kid of Nan's ought to make a fine surgeon. Good hands—and likes to cut up."

JONATHAN was seeing Rose almost every day. He had afternoon office hours and consultations "by appointment."

He went, on Mrs. Ward's suggestion, to her church, which was that of his own people, and met, in the pleasant informality of small-town churches, a large part of the congregation.

Lynd had been very friendly. He lived with a married sister at the other end of town, and during the first weeks Jonathan was his guest more than once. It was Lynd who advised him to join the Country Club. "Un'ss you have a yacht concealed somewhe's, then you'd better join the Yacht Club. Or both," he suggested.

Jonathan shook his head. "I'm afraid it's too steep," he said regretfully.

"The Country Club. Hundred a year. Sure it's steep, for a town of this size, greens fees and the rest not included. But it pays. Bring you plenty of patients pronto, especially if you play a good game. Not too good."

Jonathan shook his head. "Don't think I want to," he said firmly.

"You're no business man, Kim. . . ." Bill had fallen into the habit of his nickname easily enough. "What do you aim to do with your spare time?"

"There'll be plenty," said Jonathan, "I've no doubt." He grinned suddenly across the kitchen table. "Sounds silly, doesn't it," he asked, "but I don't want to make a lot of money. A living, of course, I'm worth that. But I don't think of my profession in terms of money."

"What terms, then?" asked Bill.

"Service, I suppose," Jonathan answered, a little embarrassed. "That was my father's idea, and his father's before him. . . ."

Bill yawned, stretching his great arms. "You may be right," he said, "but I dunno. Dog eat dog is the general motto around here."

It was midnight when Jonathan reached home, and Evelina had long since gone to bed. He looked on the telephone pad for any message, but there was none.

Far down the street he saw the drug store lights, and the knot of idle men standing under a lamp-post by the opposite cigar store.

A long roadster shot around the corner at a dangerous angle, skidded on the ice under the soft covering of snow and brought up sharply against the lamp-post. There was a splintering of glass and a woman's high-pitched scream.

Jonathan ran down the stairs, pulling on his coat. He did not wait for overcoat or hat, but ran out and down the steps and across the street. Other people were coming out of their houses, and in a few minutes the loafers on the further block would be coming up to see what had happened.

THE fender of the car was bent and twisted, the windshield smashed. Jonathan, reaching the car, found an angry girl in a mink coat, her soft yellow hair dishevelled, blood welling from a cut over her eyebrow. He also found a sullen young man.

"You drunken idiot!" the girl was saying.

Jonathan asked, wrenching the door open, "Can I be of assistance? I'm a doctor."

The lamp was directly on the girl's face. He stared at it, it was familiar to him, yet he had never observed it from such an advantage before.

The young man, still behind the wheel, looked upward. He said, "Oh, go away—nothin's the matter—tell those dopes to get along . . . Let's get going, Sally."

Jonathan looked back to see the curious gathering, some dozen or so of them. He said:

"If you care to go across the street . . . I'll attend to that cut . . . and . . ."

Jonathan put his arm about her and supported her across the street and into the house. He switched on the lights, led her to his office and put her in a chair, and a moment later held a glass to her lips. "Here, drink this," he said gently.

The pungent odor reached her and she jerked herself up. "I hate spirits of ammonia," she rebelled.

"Drink it," said Jonathan.

She drank it and the color came slowly back to her face. She was, he saw, even at this moment, exceedingly beautiful. A tall, slender girl, with fine features, and very black eyes, as an astonishing complement to her fair hair.

He busied himself with the cut for the next few moments. It was shallow, and unimportant. She asked anxiously, "I won't be scarred . . .? You won't have to take stitches?"

"No, indeed," he said cheerfully. "I won't have to take any stitches. You'll be right as rain in no time."

"Rain isn't always right—not at a horse-race or on a picnic," retorted Sally. She looked at him directly, and her full red mouth curved. "So you're Doctor Kimber," she said.

Jonathan admitted it, cheerfully. Crossing the room to put away his things and wash his hands again he came back to her drying them, and smiled. "And now," he suggested, "suppose I drive you home."

Then he was out of the room, going upstairs to tell Evelina that he was called away for a little while.

Jonathan came back, looked in on her long enough to remark that he was going to get his car, and in a few minutes they drove away from the house. She said carelessly, "In case you didn't know it, I'm Sally Sutton . . . I'll tell you where to go."

He thought, I might as well be the taxi-driver after all. Aloud he replied, "I believe I know the house, and I had already assumed that you were Miss Sutton."

"How?" asked Sally coolly.

"I saw you once," he told her, "early last summer. You were riding."

"That," Sally told him, "is one of the nicest compliments I've ever had."

"I didn't intend it as such," Jonathan said coolly, and exceedingly irritated.

"That," answered Sally calmly, "is why it was so nice."

They proceeded for a time in silence. Sally leaned her head back, close to his arm. She lapsed into silence for another three minutes and then aroused herself to say, "And I don't believe you like me very much, Doctor Kimber."

Jonathan, ordinarily rather tongue-tied before any girl whom he happened to find attractive, was not in the least before one he found excessively disagreeable. He said shortly, "Why should I?" and turned off beyond the town proper to climb the hill to the Sutton house which stood high above the river, in its acres of green lawn and woodland, the land sloping down to the water's edge.

Jonathan got out and helped her to the steps. He turned back to get into the car again and said, "You'll be all right now. Good-night, Miss Sutton."

"Wait a minute," she ordered and returned to put her hand on the door. "Must you be so grim? Strong and silent. St. Elmo in the flesh. Or wasn't that his name? Please come in . . ."

A man-servant, giving every indication that he had hurried into his uniform coat, answered the bell. He looked at Sally and her adhesive and gasped a horrified question. She said carelessly, "Don't upset yourself, Hardy . . . perhaps I was bitten by a rattlesnake. Where's mother . . .?"

"Mrs. Sutton has retired, Miss Sally . . ."

"Father?"

"In the library . . ."

"COME on, then," she told Jonathan, and brushed past the servant. They travelled it seemed for several miles before the library was reached. Sally walked in without knocking, and Jonathan had his first good look at the ex-Senator. He had seen him before, certainly, driving through town, but never closely.

"Sally, for Heaven's sake . . ."

Sally cast off her mink coat. She wore an evening frock, ice-blue, gleaming satin . . . and bracelets tinkled on her arms as she moved them and ran her fingers through her hair. She said, "Don't get excited, Father. Phil drove me home tonight. We got as far as a lamp-post on Senator Street. He didn't miss it. Luckily, the accident happened right opposite Doctor Kimber's door. He patched me up and brought me home."

The older man advanced, beaming upon Jonathan, and offered his hand.

"That was good of you, Doctor," he boomed. "I've heard of you . . . you've taken over old Ballard's practice, haven't you?"

"I'd hardly say that," murmured Jonathan. "I've rented his house, that much is true . . . but as to taking over . . ."

"Good man, Ballard," remarked Sutton, brushing him aside, much as Sally had brushed aside the butler, "old-fashioned, of course, but very able in his way." His tone was patronising in the extreme, and Jonathan began to grow hot under the collar again.

He had not intended to stay more than five minutes. He stayed an hour. The

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RICH GIRL — POOR GIRL

drowsy butler brought sandwiches and more whisky, and the ex-Senator grew expansive. Within the hour, it appeared, Sutton had extracted his entire family history from him . . . Hopkins, Medical Centre, Vienna, Detroit.

When he was leaving, Sutton himself took him to the door and again shook hands with him. He said, "Mrs. Sutton will telephone you and make a dinner engagement. Very interesting background you have, Doctor. Riverport needs new blood. Perhaps I can help you."

Driving home, Jonathan thought: "I don't want Sutton's help."

He told Rose so on the following evening, narrating the story to her faithfully. She listened, her chin in her hand. In the Ward living-room grate the burning coals cast a steady heat and light, and the ashes fell with a little slurring sound.

She said, "You'll have it whether you want it or not."

"And should I accept it, therefore?"

"Don't be silly," she advised practically. "Of course, you'll accept it, Jon." She tipped her head and looked at him, her lashes slanting long and dark on the rounded cheek. "If Sally's made up her mind to annex you——"

"Annex me!" He was annoyed. "Thats' absurd. Why, I was patently rude to the girl."

"Yes, that's just it," Rose told him, "she'll love it."

JONATHAN reached for a flat iron and a butternut . . . "Here, pass over the popcorn, will you," he asked, "and don't get excited, Rose. Sutton will forget, he won't raise a finger."

Sally raised it. She raised more than a finger. She was in his office next day, rapping her foot impatiently, tossing aside his magazines and looking without friendliness on the three elderly and one youthful patients who were ahead of her.

He said, coming out to her, at the end of an hour, "I'm sorry, Miss Sutton . . ."

"You might have seen me first . . .!"

"I didn't know you were here," he replied untruthfully. Evelina having admitted her and informed him of her arrival in disapproving tones, and the four patients who preceded having done the same . . . with eager interest.

She said, "You wouldn't let me pay . . . last night . . . this is an office call."

Jonathan said, very shortly, "I'll send you a bill, the first of the month."

Her fair face flushed into animation, the black eyes were wicked. She said, "Oh, then my credit's good?"

"Very," he assured her, and rose to indicate that the interview was at an end. But Sally stopped him, her hand on his arm again in the casually caressing way which was second nature to her. She said, "But I came to ask you to dinner. To-morrow night. Seven-thirty. Informal. Just us."

I should hope so, thought Jonathan, whose evening clothes had seen better days. He hadn't thought he'd need new ones in Riverport.

Dinner at the Suttons was on the stately side. Cocktails and appetisers and innumerable courses and excellent wine and a very good brandy to follow. Mrs. Sutton was as fair as Sally, but she had anticipated nature and was one jump ahead of grey hair. She was a plump woman with a manner curiously divided between the confiding and the aloof. Before the meal was over, Jonathan found himself prescribing for her migraine. He didn't for a minute believe she had true migraine however . . .

Sutton laughed jovially. "Don't tell her what to do, Kimber," he advised, "she's trying to get something for nothing."

"Bridge?" Sutton asked hopefully, after the women had left the dining-room and the two men were alone.

"I'm afraid not. I haven't had time to learn." He added hastily, convinced that it was best to speak the whole discouraging truth, "and I don't play golf."

"WELL," said Sutton easily, "you'll learn. I'm not much good myself, but I like it. Keeps me fit. In my active days I did a lot of business on various golf courses . . . I'll propose you at the club."

"But—"

"No, don't thank me, glad to do it. You must get around more, you know. Good for your business. Doctoring's a business, like any other, isn't it?"

"Not quite," said Jonathan.

"Well, you know what I mean . . . Shall we go into the drawing-room . . .?" It had taken a number of years to teach him that; parlor came a lot more easily to a Riverport boy.

Later Sally turned on the radio, and when the music of a New York hotel dance orchestra reached them she held out her arms invitingly. "Come on, Doctor Kimber—bother . . . that's too much trouble. What do they call you . . . Wait a minute. Kim . . . I like that . . . Come on, Kim."

"I don't dance," he said, alarmed.

"Lord, the man's a paragon! Come along, I'll teach you; it won't hurt you . . ."

He had, of course, danced in college, but not since. Now he found it easy enough; she was light and pliant in his arms. She said, "You're not so bad . . ."

"Thanks to you," he told her.

"That was an effort, wasn't it . . .?" She leaned closer to him, very close, indeed. She said, "You can't escape us, Kim . . . I suppose you know that. But we've good hearts if bad reputations."

That night as he was leaving she went to the door with him, and the impeccable Hardy vanished discreetly. She said, standing very near, "Good night . . . Be seein' you, soon . . . I think perhaps, after all, I'm going to have an amusing winter in Riverport."

Jonathan said, without thinking, "But you're going to Palm Beach."

She asked softly, "Wherever did you hear that? If I was, I've changed my mind. Palm Beach is an old story . . . I think I'm going to like it here . . ."

She laughed a little, her mouth very close to his. Jonathan stared at it, fascinated. He didn't like her. He didn't believe that he'd ever like her—but—

Automatically he bent closer—closer . . .

"Not so fast," said Sally, amused, and betook herself a foot away. "And, good night, Doctor," she said formally, "it's been so nice having you with us."

With the great door closed between them he imagined that he could still hear her laughter. He climbed into his car and stamped angrily on the starter. He'd keep away from the girl if he knew what was good for him, the practiced little—

But standing before his mirror later, wrenching at his collar, he said to himself angrily, she expected me to kiss her . . . well, why didn't I?

Rose would want to know about the Sutton dinner. Jonathan took her to the movies that night. It was Saturday, and the majority of his patients would be shopping and not wasting their time in his office. The few who did drift in, drifted out again promptly. Pursuant to a tentative promise, he called for R..se and took her to the nine o'clock show.

Coming out of the theatre was like old home week. Every one they encountered knew Rose and almost everyone seemed to know Jonathan, whether he had met them previously or not. Bill Lynd joined them for a drink.

Rose was laughing, and Sally Sutton, coming out of the theatre with Phil Dexter, saw the little group. She raised a manicured eyebrow and said something to her companion. Presently she strolled over to them and spoke without removing the long cigarette-holder which she held in the corner of her mouth. "Hello, Kim," she said, smiling, "I see you've joined the Main Street gang . . ." She looked casually at Rose. "Oh, how are you, Rose?" she added, and then, brightening, "If it isn't Bill Lynd!"

"It always has been," agreed Bill. Dexter, joining them, looked faintly uncomfortable. He hadn't seen Bill Lynd to speak to since an epic battle which had take place a good many years before in which young Mr. Dexter had been ignominiously defeated.

Sally, hatless, the mink coat huddled about her, now withdrew the cigarette-holder. She said, "We were just going down to Bert's for a soda. I persuaded Phil—by the way, you all know Phil, don't you? You remember him, Kim. He's the young man who wrapped me about the lamp-post. This is Doctor Kimber, Phil—he goes around consoling young women who have been in auto accidents. . . . Come on, join us. We thought a soft drink an appropriate e. to a hard evening."

Rose said something, but no one heard her, and as it would become entirely too awkward to stand around street corners arguing and refusing, she permitted herself to be taken in tow. In Jonathan's car, riding the short distance to the ice-cream parlor she said, irritated, "I don't know how we got this."

"Neither do I," admitted Jonathan cheerfully.

"You haven't told me about last night. I hoped you would, after the picture."

"THERE isn't much to tell. A lot of conversation, food, and drink. All very impressive," he answered.

Rose said, after a minute:

"You're a marked man. Sally's claimed you, tagged you, ordered you delivered."

"F.O.B.," he inquired laughing, and Rose thought instantly, what a stupid thing for me to say; I wish I hadn't.

The ice-cream parlor was crowded but tables were immediately pushed together and room made available for their party. Sally Sutton and Phil Dexter were a rather overwhelming combination. Jonathan, drinking a frosted chocolate, watched Sally's spectacular appetite with amazement . . . a three-decker sandwich, a frosted coffee, it was astonishing, when one considered her flawless skin and her figure.

Rose was talking to Bill Lynd and Dexter, patiently not overpleased at the turn of events, yawned openly and regarded the situation with disfavor. Jonathan regarded him with much the same feeling. Stocky, very dark, with heavy eyebrows and a weak mouth over a brutal chin, he was not especially prepossessing.

Sally lifted her glass and nodded over it to Jonathan. She said:

"Here's how, mud in your eye and all that sort of thing. Look, Kim, we were planning a shindig over Thanksgiving. If

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there's anything in the world that gives me the jitters it's the groaning board surrounded by groaning relatives. So we thought we'd go up to Placid . . . Come with us . . ."

He said, smiling, "I don't go in for winter sports."

He looked across at Rose. Sally was silent for a moment. Then she said:

"Your girl friend's rung the bell with Phil," Sally told Jonathan, without amusement, "and her boy friend doesn't like it," she added, not troubling to lower her voice, but observing Bill Lynd's quick, instinctive movement toward Rose with growing interest.

ROSE looked at him and held up her slender wrist. The hands of the watch were close to midnight. She said, "I'm sorry—but——"

"Of course," said Jonathan quickly. He beckoned the boy who had served them. "Bring the check, please," he said.

"But this is my party," Sally protested.

"No," said Jonathan, "it isn't."

"Then," said Sally, "it's Phil's."

"I'm afraid," Jonathan told her steadily, "you're wrong again."

He rose with the check in his possession, and went over to the counter desk and paid. Sally opened a compact and powdered her nose. She said coolly to Dexter, "You aren't very quick on the uptake, are you?" and shut the lid of the small golden box with a snap, and got to her feet. "Come on!" she ordered Dexter. "Let's go. Good-night, everybody."

Jonathan came back to the table.

"Thanks," said Sally, "for the party." And she was gone, with Dexter following. The open door admitted a rush of cold snow-clean air. And Jonathan, helping Rose on with her coat, said, "So that's that."

"She didn't like it," remarked Bill, lounging over to a counter to buy cigarettes; "she didn't like it at all."

"Like what?"

"Oh, your lordly ways with checks. Gave you the whip-hand for the nonce. What is a nonce, by the way?"

"A miniature nonsense," suggested Rose helpfully. With Sally and Dexter gone, her manner had changed. She said, as they walked toward the door, "Bill, will you drive me home? Jon . . . thanks for a grand evening . . ."

"But, look here——"

"No, you go home and get some sleep. Out two nights hard-running. And didn't you tell me you had an operation scheduled for to-morrow?"

"Tonsils. I could take 'em out in my sleep."

"Don't let Baxman hear you say that," warned Lynd. "He'll be mad enough as it is, you cutting in on his field."

A few moments later they had driven off and Jonathan was getting into his car. Setting it in motion he turned down Senator Street and saw the tail lights of Bill's little car ahead of him. He thought, What happened to the evening . . . ? He'd anticipated it pleasantly; it was always fun, being with Rose; he liked to talk over his days with her; he had wanted to repeat to her much that Sutton had said, wanted to ask her advice.

But it had gone; first Sally and that ineffable ass Dexter, and then Bill snatching her away from under his nose. No; that wasn't fair. He'd hardly done that. Rose had snatched herself away. . . . Who had a better right? If she preferred going home with Bill . . . ?

During the weeks following the first of the year Jonathan grew to look upon a northern winter with genuine respect. Old-timers assured him it was the worst winter in a number of years, and he could well believe them, going out upon streets which were smoothly sheeted in glare ice. He told himself grimly that it was an ill winter which blew the doctors no good, for he was having plenty of work. 'Flu, pneumonia, accidents—a day hardly passed that did not bring a sprained ankle, a fractured leg, a bad bruise, or a general shake-up. His practice was not always permanently increased by the fact that people often fell down at his very doorstep, but it grew steadily, if not dramatically.

He had been called to the Sutton house shortly after Christmas to attend the ex-State Senator, who was suffering from over-eating. That formidable gentleman seemed much less so when viewed prone and deflated, surrounded by polished bedposts, pillows, down quilts, and canopies. Mrs. Sutton wrung her hands and pealed the bell for the servants alternately, and whispered to Jonathan in the hall that there wasn't any use prescribing "nasty medicine" for her husband or ordering a meagre diet, as he just wouldn't obey orders and if she grew insistent he would probably throw a hotwater bag at her. Jonathan listened, endeavoring to maintain a professional gravity, and eventually sent to the hospital for a couple of strong-minded nurses, not too young, who would not, he devoutly hoped, be intimidated by the prestige of their employer.

THE senator suffered, and not in silence. Cured, however, of his ailment, he was loud in his praises of Jonathan, who had managed somehow to be both firm and tactful. And this providential laying low of the mighty brought patients to the Kimber door, patients to whom Doctor Ballard had never sent a bill.

"I'm getting on," he told Rose gally on the day after Mrs. Livingston, ample, white-haired and influential, had sent for him regarding her arthritis, and Rose nodded and told him how glad she was.

She was not seeing him as often as in the earlier days. He was busy, his calls took him out at all hours and in all weather. The main highways were being kept open by snow ploughs to a great extent, but the less used roads were heaped high with drifts and there were days when Jonathan left the little car in the garage and hired a horse and cutter at a livery stable. On such occasions, muffled in overcoat and fur toque, and feeling the warmth of the soapstone, Evelina insisted on putting under the buffalo robe, he felt that he had managed to go back a generation, and he liked the sensation.

Rose was having her own difficulties, which sometimes she discussed with him, but more often kept to herself. Larry Dexter had entered the school shortly after Thanksgiving. Rose remembered him as a small, noisy boy tearing about the residential streets, picking quarrels with his playmates, breaking windows, and getting himself generally disliked. Now he had shot up physically past all recognition. He was taller than his brother, heavier, and a good deal handsomer. Later, no doubt, his features would thicken as his brother's were beginning to, and would settle into a prototype of his father. But now there was merely the foreshadowing of this, in the thrust of the jaw, and he had wicked, attractive dark eyes and a consciously ingenuous grin. He was eighteen, a full year older than the average member of the junior class. At faculty meetings he was not much discussed, and never under the eagle eye and sharp ears of Mr. Martin, the principal, but whenever two or three of his teachers gathered informally together his name was apt to come into the conversation. Rogers, the tall, thin, nervous man who taught mathematics had been heard to remark that a good horsewhipping would do a certain young man all the good in the world, in which Rose was forced to agree.

Larry was obviously much more sophisticated than the other boys in his or the senior class. Not that the average small-town boy wasn't sophisticated with the wisdom of his generation, a generation informed in life by the printing presses and the motion picture theatre, and learning a good deal from experience as well, with fast cars available, which can eat up miles and so lessen the distance between town and city. But Larry's wisdom was of a sleeker, more habituated, less routine type. He had not been in class six weeks before he was its acknowledged leader; and he hadn't been in class two days when two girls blossomed out into redder lipstick and three in more elaborate permanents.

He waited for her every day outside of school in his car and offered to drive her home. The first few times she accepted amiably, and then, on once overhearing a whispered "Teacher's Pet!" in a singularly unpleasant tone from a group of seniors standing near the car, had afterwards refused. She thought of an eighteen-year-old boy as a child growing up. She could not, however, think of Larry as a child. In the first place anything childish in his appearance and his manner was the reverse of juvenile. In his own phrase, he had been around, he had gone places, seen things and done things, and did not consider himself a schoolboy, and it was borne in upon Rose Ward that a schoolboy was the last thing in the world he could claim to be, despite the fact that he was going to school, the oldest and perhaps the worst student in his class.

He was, she admitted to herself, amusing enough. A wise-cracker, with a gift of arrogance and a certain charm. But one day in February when he waited for her, asking humbly enough if he could drop around to see her that evening, to talk over something he did not quite grasp in his work, she found herself at a loss for an easy reply. He was not the first pupil who had asked this of her, and she had always been glad to tell his predecessors to come, without hesitation. But now, after an imperceptible delay, she shook herself slightly and replied, smiling, "Why, of course, Larry." Ridiculous, just because his eyes literally danced in his head, and his full, pleasure-loving mouth had curved to a smile the reverse of respectful, that she should feel he was using the class work as an excuse.

IT was obvious that that was exactly what he had done, for when evening came and his car slithered through ice and snow to a stop before her door and he romped in, in his absurd coonskin coat, and made himself completely at home, he was hard put to it to find exactly what had puzzled him in his lessons.

"But what was it, Larry—?"

He looked at her. She wore a little dark red woollen dress and her eyes and cheeks were bright. He said, laughing, "Honest, Miss Ward, I've forgotten . . ."

"But—"

He said easily, "I had to have an excuse, didn't I . . .?"

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She blessed the ring at the door which heralded Bill Lynd. Larry didn't stay long after Bill arrived. He regarded him sullenly and was so patently rude that Rose was alarmed. Bill, under his easygoing exterior, had a more than adequate temper.

After Larry had gone Bill asked, "What did that little beast want?"

"To talk about Chaucer," Rose replied, laughing, "and he's not very little."

"No, he's not. Too darned big! Chaucer, sez you?"

"Sez me," agreed the Riverport instructor of English Literature.

"He's a bad egg," commented Bill after a moment. "It's a pity he ever came back here. Phil's a saint compared to that kid . . ."

"That's a little overdrawn, isn't it?"

"No. Phil's crazy, of course, no manners, like all that tribe of tophats, drinks too much, thinks that he—together with the Suttons owns the world. But he's a good business man, strange to relate; and has some fairly decent traits," argued Bill, astonished at his own magnanimity, "but this youngster's just no good. If you ever have any trouble with him—"

"Oh, but I won't," Rose declared with a confidence she was far from feeling.

Bill looked at her keenly. He said, "Look here, Rose, you're twenty-four. Larry Dexter's eighteen. That sounds like a gap, doesn't it . . .? Well, it isn't. He's not a Riverport eighteen, you know. I've heard things about him . . ." He frowned. Then he said contentedly, "Nice being here. Cold as the devil outside."

She remembered Larry again, however, when she was called to Mr. Martin's office a day or so later, after school. She went in thinking that he had some class problem to discuss with her and a little nervous about it. She had not taught long enough to face principals with equanimity.

Lowell Martin was stooped, with thinning grey hair and a lean, nervous, bilious face. He peered at her over his glasses and said abruptly, "Sit down, Rose."

She had known him all her life. He was in fact a very distant relation on her father's side. Alone, in his office, like this, he could relax and ignore the official relationship in which they stood to one another. He said now, fussing with papers on his desk, "I had a call from Larry Dexter's father to-day. He wants you to tutor the boy in English literature, and history."

She said, astonished, "But Mr. Martin—"

"COME, come," said Martin testily, "don't shilly-shally about it. You'll be paid handsomely. And I judge that the boy isn't quite up to the class work, is he?"

"No, he isn't," said Rose, "but, then all his work—"

Mr. Martin leaned back in his big chair and placed the tips of the fingers of both hands precisely together, fitting them meticulously. He said tolerantly, "Of course . . . he's missed a good deal of time and then these preparatory schools. . . ." He shrugged his thin shoulders, and looked mildly pleased. He said, "Larry's a fine boy. A little high-spirited ,perhaps——"

"He's a disturbance in the class," said Rose angrily. She knew perfectly well that Senator Sutton had Martin—and the school—in his pocket; that Larry's father was Martin's closest friend and had been his partner; that Larry's brother would probably marry Sutton's daughter. But to listen to Martin maunder on about the boy was entirely too much for flesh and blood to endure.

Martin's mouth snapped shut. He opened it to say tersely, "I don't believe it. He's a little spoiled, that's only natural, but there's not an atom of real harm in him."

"I'm not so sure," said Rose. "Mr. Martin, I've been wanting to talk to you about Larry Dexter for weeks. Certain matters have come to my attention. I think you should know."

He said, interrupting, "I haven't time." He rose and looked at her. "You're very young," he said, "and you take too much upon yourself. There'll be no trouble with Dexter. . . . And now, about the tutoring."

She said helplessly, "Surely there's someone else."

"They appear to want you," he said grimly, with a touch of astonishment, "and you'd be wise not to refuse. If the family remains in town this summer, it will mean an extra income for you. And, of course, I count on you to see that the boy passes."

He added that she was to telephone Mr. Dexter at his home and then dismissed her. She went out, slightly dazed.

MR. Martin had made it impossible for her to refuse. He hadn't said so in so many words, but she knew. She went home, walking through a blinding drift of blowing snow, her lungs gasping in the registered temperature of twenty below zero, her cheeks whipped red and her eyes full of tears. The house was a haven of warmth and comfort when she reached it. She took off her heavy outer things, pulled the little knitted toque from her hair, kicked off her overshoes. She thought. But, after all, the extra money . . .?

She telephoned Larry's father and the arrangements were made. Two nights a week over an indefinite period; an hour's work and five dollars in her pocket for each hour. She would begin next week.

Jonathan dropped in about nine o'clock, after office hours. She said, shaking a corn-popper over the glowing coals in the grate, "I've been knighted by royalty."

"How come?" asked Jonathan lazily. He'd had a strenuous day and was tired. But Mrs. Angell was going to pull through, after all, and he felt as if he hadn't a care in the world. She was one of the nicest people he had ever known and one whom her family, including the new baby, couldn't spare.

Rose told him:

"I'm going to tutor Larry Dexter two nights a week. Eight-thirty sharp and see-you're-on-time, young woman."

Jonathan paused with a handful of popcorn on its way to his mouth.

"Phil Dexter's brother?"

"Yes, I've told you about him."

"Brat, isn't he?"

"Decidedly," said Rose, "thinks he's a full-grown man . . ."

Jonathan said, after a while . . . Seems to me I've heard something . . ." He knitted his brows . . . "That little girl of the Downings'," he remembered aloud "pretty blonde child about sixteen . . . I was called to see her last week and her mother told me privately that there wasn't anything the matter with her except a tantrum. She hadn't been permitted to go somewhere with young Dexter . . . Sorry," he said abruptly, "I had no business telling you that. I forgot. Thinking aloud, I guess. That's the effect you have on me."

"One large listening ear?" she asked him, smiling. "Well, I've already forgotten. Betty Downing's a bright youngster, she's in the junior class, you know, and my star pupil. I hadn't realised . . ." She broke off. Now she remembered too. She'd seen Larry and Betty whispering together in corners. And Betty was one of the girls who had bought a brighter lipstick when Larry came upon the scene. She shook her head angrily. "Let's not talk about them," she said. "I have school all day long, and after Monday I'll have it twice a week at night as well. What about yourself?"

"I'm fine," he said. He told her about Mrs. Angell's baby. He said, "And I've been called in consultation with Dr. Jameson to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" She looked at him. "That is a feather in your cap, Jon.," she said happily.

He did not answer but later, walking gingerly homeward, reflected that he hoped it would not be a goose feather. Jameson was notoriously averse to consultants. But Mrs. Trevor had insisted. Jonathan had taken care of her during a slight illness and now when this question of an operation on her sister had arisen, she had asked for his advice . . . "Two heads are better than one," she'd said.

He yawned his way into the house, hoping that he would not be called that night. Up all last night and the night before with Mrs. Angell had rather impaired his faculties, he decided. But to-morrow was another day. He hoped that he would get through it creditably.

He stopped to look at the telephone pad. Evelina had written very darkly, and as if angrily, that Miss Sutton had telephoned. She, Evelina, had told her that he could be reached at Rose Ward's and Miss Sutton had hung up "in her ear."

Jonathan laughed, and tore up the sheet with its message. He had seen a good deal of Sally Sutton the past few weeks one way or another. Sometimes she came in and interrupted his office hours and several times she had appeared and carried him off to dinner. But some day she would be made to understand that he wasn't like Phil Dexter who could shed his business responsibilities at the stroke of five.

THAT made him remember Rose. He paused on the stairs, frowning. He hadn't liked what Mrs. Downing had said about Larry Dexter. If that young cub bothered Rose in any way . . .

He went on upstairs, thinking hard thoughts about eighteen-year-old boys who had too much money and too much assurance and, he guessed, emotional precocity. But Rose, he comforted himself, was a sensible girl. She could handle a dozen Larry Dexters.

His thoughts swung to the consultation which would take place on the day following. He thought, it's gratifying, of course, but, if I make an open enemy . . .?

The consultation took place with the formality attendant upon such occasions. On his way to the hospital where Mrs. Trevor's sister, Miss Marcy, was staying under observation, Jonathan was conscious of decided nervousness. If—if he were forced to disagree with Doctor Jameson, a man nearly forty years his senior, with experience and reputation? He could not visualise a more painful situation. But he had not come to Riverport to be a medical Yes-Man. If he disagreed, he disagreed, and that was that. He wished suddenly that Rose were beside him; that she could take his hand from the wheel and put it over hers and feel her fingers close about his own in a warm, reassuring grip.

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Jameson came in, very erect, the blue eyes icier than ever, the white hair brushed to a silver cap. His fine, smooth-shaven face was courteous and unfriendly. He asked, after the greetings had been exchanged: "Shall we see our patient?"

They left Mrs. Trevor and went on upstairs. Doctor Jameson spoke of the weather. He also embodied it. Twenty below zero. He maintained toward his younger colleague that attitude of unfailing courtesy beneath which Jonathan was perfectly able to sense his reluctance, his disapproval and his, perhaps, impersonal dislike.

When, some time later, they left the room to go down to Mrs. Trevor again, Jonathan felt as if a burden had been lifted from his shoulders. He had not been forced to disagree. Surely a fourth year medical student could not have disagreed, the case was so plain, the diagnosis so obvious. He said, hesitatingly, as they left the elevator, "It has been an honor to be associated with you, doctor. Of course, my verdict was entirely superfluous. But Mrs. Trevor's nervousness made it impossible for me to——"

"Quite," interrupted the older man coolly.

They entered the waiting-room together and Jonathan stood back and permitted Jameson to do the talking and made the arrangements for the operation. Jameson allowed himself a touch of irony. "You will be happy, Alice," he said gently, "to know that Doctor Kimber, after due deliberation, agrees perfectly with my diagnosis." Then, his little speech brought to a proper peroration, he said good-bye to them both and went on back upstairs to make his rounds.

Jonathan returned to his office and was immeasurably astonished to find the big Sutton car drawing up in front of his house just as he reached it. The Senator clambered out, fur-collared, ruddily beaming. He waved a hand at Jonathan and trudged up the steps beside him. He said, "Lord, it's cold . . . I'm surprised that Sally hasn't begun to shriek for the south. Personally, I'm glad. I like a northern winter."

THEY went on through the living-room into the consulting-room. Jonathan asked, tossing his outer things aside, "Nothing wrong I hope, Senator?"

Sutton, who clung to his past title with a leech-like tenacity, rubbed his hands together. "Well, yes," he said, "and no. All depends on how you look at it. How'd you like the school job, my boy?"

Jonathan's eyebrows shot upward. He said, "But I thought that Doctor Mason——?"

"Mason," interrupted Sutton, "is a sick man. Been sick for months. Going away to recuperate . . . doubt if he'll practice much when and if he returns. Hasn't really practiced for that matter for some years. I got his resignation last night. Now you, you're young, your practice hasn't reached great proportions as yet, so an outside job would not interfere. Besides, the school work would put you in closer touch with our little community," he said caressingly, as if he spoke of an indulged child, "and you've all sorts of up and coming and modern ideas . . . Mason, poor old coot, hasn't had a new idea since the Spanish War. We've got a mighty fine school nurse; of course she'll co-operate with you in every way. I heard you talking to Sally the other night—about the necessity for a stricter medical examination of school athletes . . . didn't you quote a lot of statistics about the greater number of accidents in football happening to sand-lot players and high school kids? Well, then, here's your chance to put your theories into practice. The town hasn't quite got over young Mike O'Hara's death a couple of years ago . . . Great kid on the track, Mike, but no one seemed to know that he had a bad heart till he dropped dead in full sight of three-quarters of the town at an inter-scholastic meet . . . Then, I've been thinking that some day I might endow a dental clinic. Other towns not much larger than ours have dental clinics."

JONATHAN shook his head dazedly. He said, "But . . ."

"Too many buts. You're always butting in," said the Senator, and laughed heartily at his own merry jest. He slapped Jonathan on the back and gave him a brightly-banded cigar—"told you I had 'em made for me in Havana, didn't I?" he asked. He went on, clipping the end from another fat black roll of tobacco, "I think I can jam your appointment through, call a special meeting of the board and all that. There'll be no objection. You'll take Mason's place for the remainder of the school year and if you make good you'll sail in next year without any difficulty. Contract and all that perfectly secure. It will give you something to do, and a little extra income, and won't take up too much of your time." He rose heavily from the chair beside Jonathan's desk. "Well, I must be off," he said, "just wanted to make sure you had no objection to the job."

Jonathan got to his feet and went to the door with him. It occurred to him afterwards that if he had had an objection he had not been given an opportunity to voice it. Ex-Senator Sutton was like a friendly steam-roller—cordial and overwhelmingly benevolent—but a steam-roller for all that.

"I like you," boomed the great man, at Jonathan's door. "We need more young men like you in the town. And if I'm not betraying a secret, Sally likes you, too." He closed one porcine eye in a ponderous wink. "Come on up and see her some time," he added in an astonishing falsetto and, roaring with laughter, opened the door and was gone.

Jonathan watched him roll down the steps and into his car. When he heard the door slam he turned away. He went back to his desk and sat down and picked up a book and looked at it. He put the book aside and took paper and pen in order to write his news to Ballard. He laid the half-finished letter aside, yawned, and leaned back in his chair.

School doctor.

The telephone rang and he picked up the extension on his desk . . .

"Doctor Kimber speaking."

"Is that your professional manner, Kim? This is Sally. Oh, you knew it, did you? Has Dad been there yet?"

"He just left," said Jonathan, "did you want him?"

"No, you dope, I want you! Well, are you going to take the job?"

Jonathan smiled, "Yes, I am . . . I'm very grateful to your father."

"Don't be . . . I've been talking to him about it for weeks. Old man Mason is a dear good soul, and a fossil. He should be in a glass case. They should have retired him long ago, he must be pushing a hundred. So thank me . . . nicely."

"I do," he replied, a little stiffly, wondering why he disliked finding himself under obligation to Sally Sutton.

"That will never do. You'll have to do it in person. Come to dinner to-night."

"I've office hours, Sally."

"Oh, drat your office hours . . . must you have them every night?"

"I'm afraid so," he said, laughing.

"Well, look then, how about the nine o'clock movie and back here after? I'll drop around and wait for you. No, I won't listen. I'm coming, anyway. And if you won't see anyone but patients, I'll break a leg. Devotion can go no further . . ."

She rang off and he leaned back in the chair again. He heard someone ring at the side door. As he rose to answer it he reflected that Sally was her father's own daughter.

He had no time to call Rose during the day. His office hours in the morning were taken up with three patients, each with an interminable story, and then he was called out. He managed a sketchy dinner under Evelina's disapproving gaze and then made some calls in town. On his return he found a message from the country and went on out again. He wished before he had gone very far on the hard-packed ice and snow that he had hired the cutter again.

On the way back he stopped to see the Peters' baby, and came home to find three messages on the telephone pad.

At supper he was too tired to eat. He thought of what Doctor Ballard's days had probably been, and nights, too, and told himself that he couldn't take it, he was soft.

THERE were only two patients. He was through a little after eight, and began to contemplate an early bedtime. He'd go upstairs and read; there were a couple of articles he especially wanted to see, and several books he had ordered from New York which he hadn't looked into as yet. He had completely forgotten Sally.

He was trailing upstairs, the magazine and books under his arm, contemplating a lazy hour or so and prayerfully hoping that he wouldn't be called out, when the door bell rang. He dropped his burden on the stairs and went down to answer it. Evelina usually took her time. It might be an emergency. But it was only Sally, hatless as usual, despite the weather, the fur collar of her coat protecting her ears.

"Sally!" he said, aghast.

She looked at him a moment.

"You'd forgotten!" she charged him. "I can't believe it!"

He said, "Look here, Sally, I—well, I'll have to admit it. I've had a sort of hay-wire day. I did forget."

Her black eyes were disconcerting, they were angry and they were amused. She permitted the amusement to win. She said, "Kim, you are the limit. Run along and brush your hair and put on your face or whatever it is that young men do when about to take a girl to the movies. I'll wait."

When he hesitated, ever so little, when she saw his eyes go to the books and magazines lying in their huddle on the steps, she said sharply, "I won't let you off . . . I broke another engagement . . . if you think I'm going home to twiddle my thumbs . . ."

Jonathan turned and went up the stairs. He called back over his shoulder, "All right. But I'll probably be bad company."

"You usually are," she said serenely. "I don't know why I bother with you."

She was smiling, looking after him. He was, she decided, wandering aimlessly through the living-room, looking without interest at the magazines, peering in the sectional bookcase at the old novels, the

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most difficult man she had ever met; the most indifferent. She wondered if he had ever been in love. When such a man fell in love he would be incalculable . . . and much more exciting than the average man one met, easy tinder to the curious flame.

Jonathan came downstairs, and she went out into the hall to meet him, her regard candid, if sparkling, and linked her arm through his. "You took forever," she reproached him.

"That's a long time, Sally," he told her.

The stopped in the kitchen to tell Evelina they were going out, and Evelina eyed them grimly. Sally, flitting about the kitchen, stopped to look at a shelf of jelly. It was apple jelly, firm and clear and of a most glorious color. Sally said, "Evelina, I'll bet you're the best cook in the world . . . and I'll prove it too, if you'll persuade Doctor Kimber to ask me to supper some time."

When they went out to her car, she took the wheel, and Jonathan relaxed beside her. He said, "You've probably won Evelina's heart, although she'll never admit it."

Driving deftly and not slowly, "There are lots of people like that," Sally told him, with a small, wicked grin.

She put on her brakes for a light, at the shopping section intersection, and the car slithered screechingly a little across the line. The young policeman on traffic duty came up. "What do you think this is?" he began. "I've half a mind to ——"

"To what?" asked Sally sweetly, and leaned out of the car to look at him. . . "Hello, Nat," she said, as he stared at her, "haven't seen you for a dog's age."

"Oh!" said the arm of the law blankly. "I didn't know it was you; sorry, Miss Sutton."

"As easy as that," commented Jonathan as the lights changed and they drove on.

"As easy," she responded lightly, "only now and then I get into a real jam and have to talk my way out of it."

"I've no doubt you succeeded," he said a bit grimly, and Sally narrowed her glance.

They had reached the theatre. Sally parked, and they went in, just in time for the feature. It was a dull picture, but Jonathan did not find it so. During the unreeling of the film Sally's hand found its way into his. She said, low: "The usual bucolic ardor in the audience moves me to follow an old custom . . . besides, there's shooting, and I'm scared."

Sally's hand was warm, and it was soft, and it held tightly to his own. He was conscious of discomfort and of pleasure. After all, you couldn't pick up a lady's hand and throw it back in her face, could you? You would not.

COMING out, he looked around for Rose and Bill Lynd. Perhaps they would be there. But if they had been, they had come earlier and left. Not that it made any difference; he wouldn't have derived any satisfaction from talking to Rose before an audience.

He returned to the Sutton house with Sally. Her father greeted him with an affectionate roar, and her mother appeared vaguely and as vaguely disappeared again. There were sandwiches, highballs and coffee in the sun-room, which Sally claimed as her own.

The Senator went back to his poker game with half a dozen of his cronies. Phil Dexter's father and some others. Sally said, swinging a small, slippered foot: "So you were called into consultation with Doctor Jameson this morning?"

Startled, "How did you know that?" he asked.

Sally emitted a deep sepulchral laugh.

"The Shadow," she said solemnly, "sees all, knows all. Sherlock Sutton, that's me. There's little that goes on in this town that I don't know." But then she added sadly, "everyone else knows it too. For instance, I can tell you how many times you've seen Rose Ward in the past couple of weeks. Want me to?"

"No," he replied alarmed, "I don't. I'll begin to believe that you look in crystals, and that would make me feel very awkward."

She said carelessly, "Rose is a nice little thing. People are wondering when she'll marry Bill Lynd."

Jonathan reached for a sandwich. He asked, "Are they?"

"Yes. Phil tells me she's going to tutor Larry. Sally's dramatic eyes crinkled at the corners. "She'll have her hands full," she prophesied, "and if Larry were a few years older—say ten—I'd tutor him myself. . ."

They'd been at the house for perhaps half an hour, when the telephone rang. The manservant came in quietly, "Beg pardon, Miss Sally, but there is a call for Doctor Kimber."

"Darn!" said Sally, "there would be!"

SHE followed him out to the hall telephone and watched him as he picked it up and spoke into the instrument. She watched, too, with curiosity and an indefinable excitement how his face changed. He spoke briefly, and then hung up. "I've got to go," he said. "Awfully sorry, Sally."

This was the man she had seen that night, standing by her car saying, "I'm a doctor—can I be of any assistance?" His face was closed against her, set into older, stronger lines, shutting her out. She had an impulse to see it alter, to break it up into warming lines of emotion. She asked softly:

"Must you go?"

"Of course."

"Can't it wait?"

"Don't be silly," he said shortly, and very rudely, "of course it can't wait—Gosh," he added abruptly, "we came in your car. Of all the luck——"

"I'll call the garage at once and have Rogers drive you in mine," she said, "Where are you going?"

He told her the name and address. Sally said, reaching for the inter-house phone, "Never heard of them."

"No doubt," said Jonathan irritated, "but it so happens that the man is very ill. He's a butcher, if that's of any interest to you, which I doubt."

He shrugged himself into his outdoor things and thought rapidly. The Sutton chauffeur could drive him to his house, where he'd pick up his bag and his own car; he had to get his bag, anyway; and he wouldn't be delayed more than five minutes. He stood there fuming, waiting for the car to be driven around.

They were alone in the big foyer hall. Sally came up and put her arm through his. He looked down at her indifferently. She wore a green crepe frock of great simplicity and daring lines. The sleeves fell back from her rounded wrists.

"Mad at me, aern't you?"

"Why should I be? Confound it, why doesn't the man hurry?"

"He'll be here in a minute. You think I'm a snob, don't you, Kim?"

"What does it matter what I think?" he asked her, his attention divided.

She heard the car come to the door. She said hurriedly, "But it must matter what I think. . . . I think you're the rudest man I ever met, and the most exciting." She put her arms about his neck and laid her mouth to his. . . "Now," she said, standing back, "go and spend the evening with your butcher. See if I care."

He went out of the front door like a cyclone, slamming it behind him, and jumped into the car. "Step on it," he told the chauffeur curtly. "I'll be responsible for the cops, if any."

On the way down the hill and into town he wrenched his thoughts away from Sally. Spoiled kid. She hadn't meant anything by it. He sincerely hoped that she had not.

JONATHAN thought, driving his own car toward the house of his patient, how'd she know about me and Rose?

For the first time it occurred to him that the small town tolerates anything but a private life.

On the following morning he was in his office after breakfast when Rose called to him from the yard. He let her in at the side door. She said breathlessly, "I'm on my way to school——"

"I'll drive you. I'm going your way."

"You look tired," she said, "out last night?"

"I got home after midnight . . . I had a call."

"After the movies?" she asked casually.

"I didn't see you," he said astonished. "I telephoned and your mother said you were out. I looked for you in the theatre. Were you there?"

Rose laughed suddenly. She answered, "I wasn't. But lots of other people were. You'll get used to living in a glass house after a while. I just came up this morning to congratulate you on the school appointment."

"Now, how in the world," he asked her, going into the hall to get his things, "did you hear that?"

The very blue eyes danced. She answered, "Oh, I get around."

"I was going to tell you," he explained, as they drove away from the house, "that's why I telephoned yesterday evening. But it isn't confirmed yet. There has to be a board meeting."

"If Senator Sutton says you're to be school physician," said Rose, looking away from him, "you'll be school physician—and like it."

"I expect to," he said promptly. He was somewhat annoyed. She spoke of Sutton as if he were a puppet-master. Jonathan didn't much care for the role of puppet. He said impulsively, "Look here, don't get the man wrong . . . I mean . . . Of course, he's pompous and arrogant, and all that, but he really cares a lot about Riverport. He has its interest at heart——"

"Only," said Rose coldly, "if they further his own."

"Why, Rose—!" he began, astonished.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said, flushed. "I didn't mean—I've an absurd temper. You will learn, Jon, after a while. At least I think you will,' she added thoughtfully. "Only it's pretty irritating. You only see one side——"

"Don't you?"

"Perhaps. But it's the right side," she said defiantly, "and there are a good many of us who feel we'd like for instance to elect our own mayor and not a Sutton mouthpiece. There are a good many of us who feel that Riverport could do with a little less benevolence. Some day there will be enough of us to alter things."

They were at the school now.

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Groups of boys and girls were hurrying in. Three or four boys lounged against the iron fence which ran along the street frontage. One of them, big, dark, very sulky in coonskin coat, detached himself and came to the kerb. "Here comes teacher," he said mockingly, over his shoulder, as Jonathan's car stopped.

He was there to help Rose out. "Good morning, Miss Ward," he saluted politely, too politely.

"GOOD morning, Larry," said Rose abstractedly. She waved her hand at Jonathan . . . "Thanks for the lift," she said.

He called back, "I'll see you to-night," and drove away. As he drove he frowned. Swinging around the corner, he thought, so that was the Dexter kid. Well, I don't like him.

Before his first winter in Riverport had suffered a reluctant defeat at the green attack of spring, Jonathan had discovered that it was not as easy as he had believed to refuse the Sutton invitations. He spent two week-ends at Lake Placid with Sally, her mother and father, Phil Dexter and several other young people, feeling considerably out of place, excessively uncomfortable and very chilly. He assured himself that he had "tried" to refuse, but was completely aware how feeble an excuse that would sound to almost anyone—Rose, for instance. Yet he justified these little holidays to his own satisfaction on the grounds that when they occurred he had no cases which needed his special care, and besides, the Suttons had been so very insistent and he owed the Senator a good deal. That formidable gentleman had waved away his hesitation as if it were so much smoke . . . "Nonsense, my boy . . . All work and no play you know . . . besides, Sally's set her heart on it. If anything goes wrong with your people —well, they worried along without you quite a spell, didn't they? They can call in one of the old-timers."

Jonathan was a shade stiff in replying to that. But the Senator slapped him on the back with considerable force.

"Come, don't take it that way. Naturally I know that you want to build up your practice. Don't worry about that. I can help a good deal there. Did Geraldine Loring bring that kid of hers to see you?"

"She did," replied Jonathan, a little grimly.

The Senator beamed upon him.

"I thought she would. Told her to. She's been dragging him to all the high-priced specialists in Boston, New York, Syracuse and San Francisco . . .I told her you had plenty of common sense. I knew you'd satisfy her."

"Well," said Jonathan, "thanks just the same, but I didn't. I wasn't high-priced or specialist enough, I presume. I made the mistake of telling her the truth."

"And what was the truth? Don't be alarmed, I won't betray a professional confidence. Besides, Gerry's an old friend of mine, so she'll tell me anyway. Out with it!" demanded Sutton, very much amused.

He and Jonathan were alone at the vast dining-room table in the Sutton house. Sally was answering a telephone call and Mrs. Sutton had disappeared at the close of dinner. Sutton pushed the brandy decanter over to Jonathan. Jonathan, shaking his head, smiled slightly.

"Mrs. Loring's little boy," he reported clearly, "over-eats. Both at meals and between meals. He also goes to too many motion pictures. And he is completely spoiled. Otherwise, there's nothing whatever the matter with him."

"Do you know," said the Senator cautiously, "I always thought that child a brat . . ." He roared with laughter . . . "privately, of course. And you told his mother so!"

"I'm afraid I did," admitted Jonathan ruefully.

Sally came back from the phone. She said crossly:

"For heaven's sake, haven't you two stopped settling the affairs of the nation yet? Surely I'm just as important. Come along, Kim. Have you made up your mind to go to Placid with us, after all?"

"Of course he has," boomed the Senator, "do him a world of good. Needs it. It's all arranged."

So that was that. Jonathan went down beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut and found the sensation not entirely unpleasant.

Placid was amusing. He felt like a fool on skis, stumbling around and sticking head first in snow banks to Sally's obvious delight. He looked like a fool, too, he believed, and he was a little alarmed at the cost of the equipment which it was essential to possess . . But the air was chilled wine in a crystal cup, the sky was pure turquoise and Sally had never been prettier.

ON the dance floor Jonathan acquitted himself well enough, thanks to Sally's recent instruction, and it amused rather than irritated him to find that Phil Dexter regarded him with open hostility, in the light of a rival. He said as much to Sally, during the second week-end.

They were dancing at the club. Her daffodil hair brushed his cheek. She asked, smiling, "Well, aren't you?"

Jonathan, considerably taken aback, exclaimed, "My dear child!" in tones of the utmost astonishment, and Sally laughed up at him under the frowning regard of Dexter, revolving nearby with a chattering girl in his arms.

"That's not very complimentary," she reproached him lightly, "but perhaps you can be persuaded."

It was all very frivolous, and, he admitted, a lot of fun. He hadn't, of course, had very much fun . . . as these young people regarded it . . . in all his life.

He was amazed to find that he kept apologising for these lapses into frivolity to Rose Ward. Rose looked at him serenely enough, but her very blue eyes held a spark of—mischief, was it?—or anger. She said carelessly, "What on earth are you stammering about? I think it's grand you had such a good time. It's part of your education to learn how the other . . . shall we say one per cent?—lives."

Somehow he had no answer for that, and disliked it very much.

He saw Rose several times a week. They had he believed settled into a pleasant, and, yes, exciting companionship.

He did not see her alone always. Bill Lynd was there much of the time, and there were other young men, friends of hers and of Lynd's whom he had met when he first came to Riverport. These constituted an interesting and progressive group, all of them under thirty. Two of them particularly engaged his attention. Fred Bates, a young lawyer, and Sam Patten, who published and edited a little weekly sheet which was run in direct opposition to the local daily paper which, it was said, Sutton controlled.

At first Bates and Patten, Bill and the others had talked very freely in Jonathan's presence . . . had spread before him lavishly all that they intended to do when the day came which would see them and their kind in control of the town. But lately, whenever he had walked in on such a gathering at Rose's or at Lynd's sister's, or at the club to which Bill belonged, and to which he had introduced Jonathan, he noticed that the conversation died a sudden death, or became much more general. He asked Rose about it, late that winter.

"What's wrong with your gang, Rose . . .? They're beginning to look on me as if I had a dread disease or something—not that they aren't pleasant and friendly enough. I don't mean that . . ."

Rose remarked, after a moment, "You can't run with both packs, Jon."

"I see. The Suttons?" He frowned. "But that's absurd," he burst out, "just because I'm friendly with the Senator and Sally . . ."

"Perhaps. But you see Fred and Sam and Bill and a lot of us aren't friendly with the Senator or Sally and we don't like anything they stand for—and if in the enemy's camp . . ."

"But I'm not, I tell you," he said angrily. "I do think you over-estimate, shall we say, the Sutton influence and all that. Of course I can see your point in some ways. But I believe that what's happened to all of you principally is that you've got a Cause. And people with a Cause are apt to go off the deep end. Sutton isn't such a bogy man as you seem to think . . . And —well, look here, Rose, I'm on the fence, you know that."

"It's an uncomfortable position," she warned him quietly, "for one of these days you'll have to fall off. I don't know which way, but I have a pretty good idea. Don't bother your head about us. We have a pretty good time. We haven't got anywhere yet, but, we will. I think we'll get a candidate or two in the next elections, even if the mayoralty is, as usual, fixed. These things take time. We don't expect actual reform overnight."

Jonathan shook his head at her. He said, "When a girl as pretty as you begins to bother her head——"

ROSE shrugged. "Let's talk about something else. Tell me about Placid," she suggested.

"It was fun. Nothing more to tell. Tell me what's happened to you lately? How are you getting on with the tutoring job?"

A shadow crossed the clarity of her regard. She answered, "Well enough. It isn't easy to batter learning into Larry's rather thick skull, you know."

"I don't like his looks," said Jonathan.

He remembered something Phil had said in a group at Placid. He'd said, "That kid brother of mine has all the luck . . . closeted for an hour or more twice a week with one of the prettiest girls in town. Hope he makes the best use of his opportunities."

Rose said, "Well, I suppose there isn't any real harm in him . . . he's just terribly spoiled. Still, I don't know."

"If he becomes a nuisance to you I'll beat him to a jelly—" threatened Jonathan.

Rose colored again. She said, "I think I can take care of myself."

"Women always think that," said Jonathan, irritated.

Surely, thought Rose, watching him cross to the fireplace to knock out his pipe, there was no sense in telling him how much and

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how completely Larry Dexter disturbed her. It wasn't this sly business of touching her at every opportunity, it wasn't even the things he said . . . She could cope with either manifestation. But there was something about the boy so definitely unpleasant, so almost definitely evil, that it frightened her. She tried to tell herself how silly it was—Larry Dexter was only eighteen years old; he was a child compared to herself. Yet sometimes she felt like the child. She had heard from other young teachers of their experience with older boys. She'd always discounted them, and taken the view which would be taken by the average onlooker, principal or parent, that these young women being older than their pupils, and standing in an established, formal position, must have in some way encouraged the ridiculous but perfectly normal everyday "crushes" which flourish in schools, and which are so soon forgotten, and so easily handled. It had never occurred to her that a boy of eighteen could make her feel like an alarmed and inept schoolgirl.

ROSE said hastily:

"What about the school job?"

She smiled a little as she said it. Jonathan found himself awkward under that smile. He replied testily:

"Oh, routine stuff, of course. I suppose you knew it would be. After all, the seasonal physical examinations took place long before the job came my way . . . there doesn't seem much to do. I consult with the school nurse. I make my reports. I assume that I'll look the boys over before track and baseball season."

Rose said, after a moment:

"In other towns, bigger ones than this, of course, yet not very large at that, it's a full-time job. Their men go between the various schools, maintain an office, and have no outside practice. But here, to be frank, it's always been more or less of a sinecure. Still," she went on earnestly, "there are things you could do, Jon . . . new things . . . new, that is, to Riverport."

He looked away uncomfortably. After a minute, he said:

"I've tried, Rose. I wanted to give a series of talks, hygiene, and so forth . . . one series for the older children in the grade schools, another for the high school classes. I buzzed around and saw people—and was told to lay off. I was told they get all they need in the regular way in their courses, and that the parents would object seriously to a more detailed, more adult exposition . . . so that's that. It simply can't be done, not in Riverport at any rate."

"No," agreed Rose, "I don't suppose it can."

He didn't exactly like her tone. Her tone said: You have the job, if you want to you can force the issue. You can call a meeting of the School Board and put your views to them forcibly. You can make them see . . .

He argued: "I've talked to Sutton. He deplores the narrow-minded attitude of the board and the parents and many of the teachers. And I must agree with him that there's nothing to be done at present. Maybe we can bring 'em to it by education."

Rose said slowly: "Of course if you've talked with Sutton, there's no more to be said."

"Oh, Rose," cried Jonathan, in real despair and sickening suddenly at the very name, the name which kept cropping up to ruin all their friendly conversations, their sense of congenial companionship, "Please don't let's quarrel . . . If it weren't for you," he added, "I couldn't stick it out here, I'd be so desperately lonely!"

She smiled at him, then. She said gently, "I'm glad you feel that way about me, Jon."

"Rose," he said, after a minute. "I haven't the least right to ask you this, but are you engaged to Bill Lynd?"

"No," replied Rose steadily, "I'm not. I'm not engaged to anyone." She got to her feet and went towards the door. She said, over her shoulder, "And I don't want to be."

At the door she called her mother . . . She asked, "How about those doughnuts?" and Mrs. Ward appeared almost instantly, with a heaped plate of fresh fried doughnuts and a pot of coffee. "You get the cups," she told Rose, as Jonathan came forward to relieve her of her pleasant burden.

He thought, well, she warned me, well enough; keep off dangerous ground. She could have let the doughnuts wait a moment!

. . . . . .

Spring comes slowly to the North. It is a true transition. It is not in the least the spring of more southerly climates, a falling in love at first sight, an alteration overnight. It is more like the love which follows friendship, which waits, which weighs, shy, a little reluctant, a little cool, but how magnificent when it comes.

In May the roads were still rutted, and back of the camps along the river's edge ice was in the gullies. But the sky was a flawless blue and the brooks and streams were swollen with the fresh running of water.

Jonathan's own garden began to show its first color. He knew next to nothing about gardens. It was Rose who came along after school and raked and pruned and tidied. Often he would not see her except to wave through the windows and to look out from his office now and then when a patient permitted, to see her, her gloved hands sternly wielding shears, a silly little tam partly covering her bright hair, a consciously shabby skirt and sweater adorning her slender figure.

SALLY had been away for a time. She did not return to Riverport until early in June. One night, after dinner in the house on the Hill, she had suddenly announced that she was bored, that she could scream with boredom, and that it was indicated that she take a trip to New York and buy some clothes. She added firmly, "Lots of clothes . . . what's your favorite color, Kim?"

"Color?" repeated Jonathan vaguely. "Oh, I dunno. Any color as long as it's blue—or pink," he added.

Sally laughed.

"Marvellous imagination!" She stopped laughing. Her pencilled, delicate eyebrows drew together. She said abruptly, "I've had an invitation to cruise during the summer . . . why I haven't accepted it I can't fathom. It must be love." She grinned at him impishly. After a while she said, "Well, it won't be so bad. We can have our fun. The Country Club, the island; I hope you're in trim for a terrifically social summer."

The next day she had left town. Jonathan missed her, but not too much. He was fairly busy.

Living up to the Suttons had its drawbacks, Jonathan reflected. Sally, for instance, expected the routine attentions . . . flowers, candy . . . "Riverport isn't entirely barbarian." Movies cost little, but when you added up the times you'd attended during the past few months, the sum mounted. Sally thought he should have a new car. And she'd decided that his house was shabby. She'd see to that. New curtains, grass and fibre rugs for summer, new screens, slip covers . . . She'd walked in one day and made a tour of inspection and the first thing he knew she'd sent someone to take measurements and found him "a cheap little woman" to do the sewing and had herself selected the material from samples she procured from New York. "It's a bad advertisement," she told him severely, "to let your house or yourself run down."

Under this expensive spell he had ordered some new suits, flannels, golf clothes. His clubs had run into money, too. The Senator had told him that the professional must select them. There were no two ways about it. Consequently Jonathan found himself weighed down by a handsome bag so heavy that he was sorry for his caddy but would have been sorrier for himself had he been forced to cart it about, and a complete set of clubs, of which there were several which remained mysteries to him, and which he would probably never use.

JONATHAN wasn't always worrying about his income. There were evenings with Rose, at home, and in his little car. As days grew longer, and spring was definitely at home once more, he fell into the habit of stopping for her when he made calls at night, and returning home with her for something to eat. Now and then they went picnicking, when he had the time . . . a basket supper somewhere—at the camp of a friend of Rose's, perhaps, or along the road. And more than one Sunday she inducted him into the woods, where he viewed for the first time the red and white faces of the trillium, the rosy swaying of the pink moccasin flower and the yellow glory of lady slippers. There were also mosquitoes to engage his attention, and once he found that he had an armful of Rose herself, as she sprang back from an encounter with a long, grey, sleepy snake, which eyed her indifferently and slipped soundlessly off along the ground pine, the slippery pine needles and wet black leaf-mould.

It was a pleasant sensation, Jonathan found. Rose recovered far too quickly to please him. She apologised ruefully. "I'm sorry. I've always been a fool about snakes. I'll never have another peaceful moment in these woods. I can't bear the critters!" she said.

She had not since their last argument, mentioned the Suttons. But presently Jonathan said, feeling shamefaced and annoyed to find himself in that condition:

"Sally suggested that I throw some sort of a party after she got back . . . a sort of house-warming."

"House-warming?" Rose repeated, walking along beside him and keeping an alert blue eye out for more reptiles; "aren't you a little tardy?"

"I know it sounds silly. But, after all, people have been very kind to me here, and——"

"Your new curtains are attractive——"

"Rose!"

She laughed at him suddenly, tolerantly. She said: "I'm sorry. They are, you know. Evelina showed me. You were out."

"Be a good sport," he begged her, "and take over the job. Evelina can't manage alone. We'll have to have outside assistance." He looked at her appealingly, and ran his hands through his hair until it stood up in all directions and gave him the look of a frantic small boy. "Food and all," he said helplessly. "I'll never go through with it alone."

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She thought, "Well, ask Sally to arrange things for you; she'll lend you a butler or two." But she didn't say it. She said merely: "All right, when the time comes we'll make out a list and everything. Evelina's a grand manager. She'll know someone who can come in and help."

She was startled to find herself committed, to find herself, indeed, in the role of unofficial hostess.

Jonathan's party took place in June, shortly after Sally returned. His guests included Sally, Phil Dexter, Rose, Bill Lynd, Bill's sister and her husband, Fred Bates and his bride, Sam Patten and his sister, Miss Anderson, the attractive school nurse, and himself. It was out of the question to seat them all at the table, so Rose evolved a buffet supper and spent her spare hours closeted with Evelina, who grumbled and chewed, and enjoyed herself very much.

AN agile girl was found to help in the kitchen and with the simple serving; and Rose borrowed the sturdiest card tables she could find and delved in her mother's linen closets, as well as in Dr. Ballard's, and supplemented the china and glassware and silver. It had been decided that after supper they could all pile into cars and go up to the Country Club to dance.

The day, of course, proved an unusually heavy one for Jonathan. He performed two minor operations, made some country calls after his office hours, and rushed home, with all the speed of which the little car was capable, to change into flannels and blue coat. He breathed a sigh of relief when he found Rose already there. She had borrowed an apron from Evelina and had been out in the yard picking flowers. Now she was arranging them in every possible jar and bowl.

Jonathan came in, tossed his bag into the office, cast his hat aside, and groaned. Rose, turning, her hands full of lilac branches, smiled at him. She said, "There's lots of hot water, and you've plenty of time. You'll have to make the cocktails, though. . . . I'm no expert."

"You're an angel," he said fervently. "What have you got on under that?"

Rose laughed. She was enveloped from hem to chin in the biggest and bluest apron she could find. She said, "Cellophane, of course . . . as far as any wings go. Hurry up; get bathed and shaved. You certainly need a shave. Everything's all right."

She was smiling to herself, as the went about the living-room and dining-room with her vases and jars. She heard the water running furiously in the tub upstairs and the slamming of many doors. And presently a car-door slammed, long before time for the guests to arrive, and Sally Sutton walked in at the open front door. Her chauffeur followed with a basket of flowers. The Sutton gardens and greenhouses were rather famous in the north.

"Oh!" said Sally, blankly.

She was wearing starched cotton lace in a deep night sky-blue. She had had a new haircut while in town. Her yellow curls were piled high, and she had a funny little curled bang. Lapis swung from her ears, and her frock was demurely high in the front and alarmingly low in the back. She wore brilliant lipstick, and her eyelids shone with some faintly metallic synthetic shadow.

"Coals to Newcastle," she commented, recovering from her first not altogether pleased astonishment. "I see I'm too late. Thought Kim would like a few posies. Men never think about these things."

"No," agreed Rose, "they don't. If you'll set the basket—here," she told the chauffeur. The chauffeur, grinning slightly, complied and hastened back to his car, revolving phrases. . . "Taken aback if ever I saw anyone . . . and the other dame as cool as a cucumber and as pretty as a picture. . . . A hot number the Doc. . . . Take these quiet guys."

Rose went to the basket and lifted out the roses, forced, waxen, beautiful. She said sincerely, "They're lovely. I'll find vases for them."

Sally put aside her silly little wrap of tailed ermine. She opened a vanity-case and looked at herself. She snapped it shut. She remarked: "Kim's fortunate to have persuaded you to come over and help him."

"I like to," said Rose quietly. "I suppose I feel at home in this house. It's my uncle's, you know."

"Oh, Doctor Ballard's. I'd forgotten." Sally fished in her cloth of gold bag for a cigarette-case and a lighter. Presently, inhaling, she said, "Kim's quite a man with the ladies, isn't he . . . ? Here I come bearing gifts, and here you are so delightfully domestic. Perfect set-up for a harem. Can't I help you?"

"Thanks, no," said Rose sweetly. "You might spill water on your frock. It's charming, by the way."

"Our host's favorite color. Worn out of courtesy to him," said Sally.

"That's nice," commented Rose, moving away to set a flower-vase on the living-room mantel, "mine's blue, too."

Sally grinned at the other girl's back. She thoroughly enjoyed the situation. And in all fairness, she could be fair: she rather admired her adversary. Schoolma'am or no schoolma'am, Rose Ward had her points.

She was in no especial hurry to see Jonathan succumb. Once he had succumbed she'd probably lose all interest in him. Meantime she adored this tip-toe sensation, this teetering on the edge of what might well prove a volcano, or she didn't know men, after all.

So she said to Rose, cordially: "We're opening the Island camp soon. I do hope you'll come down with us for a week-end soon."

Rose set the last vase down carefully in place. Very carefully. It would have been too bad to drop it. She thought swiftly, "What's in her mind . . . why?" and then answered, as coolly as Sally had asked, "I'd like to—very much."

She thought, "And if she expects me to swoon at her feet out of gratitude for this almost divine patronage, she'll be very much mistaken!"

Jonathan, coming downstairs a little later, was startled to find the girls together in animated conversatoin. Rose said cheerfully:

"Oh, here you are; Sally's brought marvellous flowers . . . I'll slip upstairs now and get this apron off; the others will be coming along any time now." She flashed them a quick, inclusive smile and left the room.

ROSE came down to find Evelina almost in convulsions in the kitchen because Jonathan was "messing about in the pantry." Rose soothed her and went to the debated ground to find Sally smoking, perched on a table and Jonathan shaking up the cocktails in a mammoth shaker he had borrowed from Bill Lynd. Sally was saying . . . "I could have lent you Hardy and spared you all this."

How sweet of her, thought Rose, her little face guileless, smooth and rosy. Her lovely heavy hair was burnished to brightness, and her lips were a softer crimson than Sally's. And her absurd little dress was entirely satisfactory. It was the color of her eyes and she had made it herself.

Sally said, "Oh, here you are, Rose. I was talking to Kim about a week-end. He swears he can't get away. You persuade him. After all, if he's really needed he can get to the mainland in two shakes of a cat's tail, and we're only a little way out of town. I'm having some people up from down state."

"Anybody home?" boomed Bill Lynd from the front door. "Hey, Kim, where the heck are you?"

He came in with his sister and her husband and Rose and Jonathan went to the hall to meet them. "You're looking excessively plain," said Bill, admiringly to Rose. Then, catching a glimpse of Sally trailing languidly after them he added, "And you, too, if I may say so, Miss Sutton."

She gave him a slow smile. "You may," she decided graciously, "a couple of times. How do you like my taste in slip-covers?"

She indicated a fat chair, an old sofa. Bill looked amazed but bore up nobly. "A little on the restrained side," he decided laughing. "Isn't that a car?" he looked out. "It's Dexter," he announced, with a marked lack of enthusiasm.

The party was a great success. It was after ten when they reached the Country Club. Rose, dancing with Bill, watched over his shoulder Sally and Phil Dexter trying out new steps. They seemed to have a good deal to laugh about, she thought suddenly and comfortingly. After all, they're made for each other, those two; she doesn't really mean anything when she looks at Jon. Jonathan was making himself agreeable to Miss Anderson; and Bill said lazily to Rose, "Pretty festive occasion if you ask me. Rising young physician proves social riot. Now . . ."

SOMEONE had cut in. Rose found herself looking up at Larry Dexter. Larry said smoothly, "I may, of course," and detached her skilfully. He danced very well. He said, guiding her deftly, "This is a lot better than books, isn't it, Miss Ward?"

Rose said, "It's been a grand evening . . . I didn't expect to see you, Larry."

"No," he smiled down at her. "Of course you didn't. I saw Sally a little while ago. Your young man might have asked me to the party."

"He isn't my young man," said Rose with proper indignation and added, "It was a grown-up party anyway, Larry."

Larry laughed. He said, "Thanks. That puts me in my place. But then I'm awfully old for my age, and you're awfully young for yours, dear teacher."

He added presently, as she did not reply, that he had been glad to hear she might be down on the Island. And Rose, forgetting discretion asked, "Why?"

"Oh, the Dexter Island's just a stone's throw. And there's a bridge. I'll be seein' you," he said lightly.

She was delighted to have Jonathan cut in, and without much apology, a moment later, Larry went off nonchalantly, his hands in his pockets. And Jonathan said, "It was a nice evening till that slug wandered along. You looked beautifully distressed——"

She said, "It's silly, isn't it? The minute he cut in I felt as if I were in a closed room!"

"Not," said Jonathan, "that I blame him. After all, he has eyes in his head . . . which is probably empty otherwise." He looked at her appreciatively. "Sally said you'd consented to go to the Island——"

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"I didn't really mean it. That is—it was just one of those things," said Rose. "What earthly reason can she have for asking me——?"

"I presume she wanted you," replied Jonathan obtusely, "and, after all, you youngsters went to school together. She's just being friendly."

"I see," said Rose, furious. After a moment she said, smiling at him, "In that case I think it would be rather fun to go."

If he thought her jealous of Sally she'd want to curl up and die!

"It's to be toward the end of the month," said Jonathan. "I hope the weather's decent. I begin to look forward to it."

"Can you swim?" asked Rose seriously.

Jonathan laughed.

"Even in the Middle West," he told her, "there are lakes. Of course I can swim. I may not dance any too well," he added a moment later, missing a step, "but I'm elegant in the water. I can even row a boat."

"That's good," said Rose, "seeing that we'll be on an island. But the river isn't a lake, by any manner of means. You haven't even a speaking acquaintance with the river. And the Sutton island isn't very far from the swift water."

TOWARD the end of June Sally gave her first house party of the season at the Sutton island, some miles below the town. She brought several pretty girls, house guests, from out of town, and an equal number of personable visiting young men. Rose and Jonathan drove down together. Bill had refused. "Too rich for my blood," he said, "and besides, the river doesn't interest me till the bass season opens." The Dexters would be on their island, over the week-end, but Phil would probably spend much of his time across the bridge, at Suttons.

The Suttons owned considerable acreage on the mainland, a small farm run by a caretaker, housing the boatmen and gardeners, as well as supplying them with milk, cream, butter, eggs, chickens, and vegetables. The boathouse was also on the mainland, and the ice house.

It was a short run through swift-flowing water to the island itself, which was quite large for that part of the river. The main house was built in the Adirondack style, log cabin fashion, with big wide verandahs. There were several guest cottages. There was a swimming pier built on the side where the water had less current and there were tennis courts, a croquet ground, bathhouses and all the comforts of someone else's home.

Around the house and cottages, with their big living rooms, their many bedrooms and baths, their own electric light plant, lawns had been made and were kept close-cropped to a velvet smoothness. There were little gardens, carefully informal, well watered, and a small artificial pool painted blue and stocked with goldfish. The rest of the property had been left as man found it after nature had designed it. There were heavily-wooded slopes, wild fields, and pleasant narrow beaches.

Even Rose, who was determined not to permit anything Sutton to impress her, was enchanted. She rather liked Sally's casual out-of-town friends. They were cordial enough in the completely casual way of modern youth, and two of the girls "worked." One had her own smart dress shop in Utica and another ran a little book-store in New York. They were good-looking, healthy, slightly veneered young ladies who smoked excessively, drank moderately, read "everything," saw all the latest plays, knew stage and bookish people, travelled, went in for mental candor.

The men were just men. Rose wasn't interested. That was what frightened her. She had the normal girl's healthy curiosity about new young men. Or at least she had had it. Now they were shadows, they were trees walking. Things had come to a pretty pass, she thought, when you could see only one man in all the world.

They had come down to the island Friday afternoon. The party was chaperoned only by Mrs. Sutton, the Senator having been called out of town to a meeting of some directorship he held. Mrs. Sutton's idea of chaperoning was vague and pleasant in the extreme. She appeared at meals, flapped her hands helplessly whenever Sally suggested anything, and retired to her big cool room at the back of the house to read and listen to the radio.

They swam, played tennis, went out in one of the boats . . . there were plenty of these, punts, canoes, a speed boat, a cruiser, and a sturdy boat with an outboard motor which the caretaker used . . . danced to the radio, ate, slept, grew tanned or burned according to the pigmentation of the individual skin. Jonathan suffered most, the unaccustomed exposure turning him an angry and painful red despite the oil with which Sally commiseratingly rubbed his back and arms and shoulders.

Rose, to her astonishment, found that she was enjoying herself very much. She was perfectly well aware that Bill had disapproved of her coming. He had said as much. She couldn't tell him the truth, which was that she had found that she'd accept the invitation of a boa constrictor in order to be near Jonathan Kimber. But perhaps Bill surmised that, without her unthinkable confession.

Early on Sunday morning the out-of-town guests left to drive back home in their varied and various cars. Rose and Jonathan were the only remaining guests. Sally went to the mainland with her gang and saw the others off in triumph. She felt triumphant. Out of a total of three young men she had had two week-end proposals and, as one was engaged to one of her dearest friends, also present at the party and highly indignant, and as the other one had been almost to the boiling point as far as the girl who had brought him was concerned, she felt she had done a nice piece of head and footwork. So returning to the island she surveyed her lazy guests with satisfaction.

PHIL had gone fishing with his father and some men. He would be back for supper. In the meantime, there they were, the three of them with Mrs. Sutton absent and somnolent somewhere somewhere like an Abstract Convention.

"What's happened since I've been away?" she demanded.

"Nothing," replied Jonathan yawning. He added, "If anyone slaps me on the back when I get back to town I'll count it murder."

"We'll paint you a sign. Soft shoulders, for instance," suggested Sally laughing. "Wasn't Larry around when I left . . ?"

"He's not here now," said Rose. "He came over before you went and asked me to shoot the rapids with him, or something." She laughed. "I have a real regard for the rapids," she said, "and for my own skin."

A very pretty skin, quickly and evenly tanning to gold. Her eyes were bluer than the river.

Jonathan supplemented, "So he went off sulking."

"He'll come back," said Sally. "You do treat him badly, Rose, and the poor kid's devoted to you."

Rose shrugged. She looked at Sally, slim and enchanting in shorts and a silly little Isle shirt. She said, "I'm not tutoring this week-end. Hours off."

"Lord, it's hot!" said Sally after a moment. "How about a good long swim before lunch? Can your sunburn stand it?" she asked Jonathan with mock solicitude.

"I guess it will have to," Jonathan agreed.

IT was a very warm day, with a brazen sun in a cloudless sky. But the river was like fluid ice. They swam out to the anchored dock and rested there a while, and then swam back and sunned themselves on the beach. Jonathan crouched under a large towel like a tent.

"You are having things your own way," Sally told him. Her bathing suit was cut from the minimum of material. Heavy, white, knitted, it clung to the fine lines of her body. She took off her scarlet cap and shook out her curls.

"Why?" demanded Jonathan, half asleep. He heard a motor boat on the river. He heard a bird singing somewhere, and the plaintive cry of a gull. He heard all these, and Sally's voice, out of a deep, unthinking dream.

"Alone at last," she answered, "and with two young and beautiful women who love you madly."

Rose sat up and stretched her smooth arms to the sun. She said, calmly, "Leave me out of it. I don't love him madly. Not at all."

Traitor! said her heart, and Liar! said her pulse.

"Come now," said Sally reproachfully, "is that nice?"

"Very," said Rose. "And I'm starved. I couldn't love anyone on an empty stomach."

Lunch was pleasant in the big, raftered dining-room. Mrs. Sutton, in white, murmured drowsy amiabilities. Jonathan thought, I'll bet she doesn't know my name even yet, and as for Rose she's confused her half a dozen times with two of those out-of-town girls. It must be marvellous to live like that—like something under water.

After lunch they rested, exerted themselves at croquet and then rested again. Staring over past the Dexter Island Sally said, "I believe that's Larry . . . ."

"Where?" asked Jonathan idly.

"Leaving the mainland. In a punt. Phil and his party took the big motor-boat, and the speedboat isn't in commission. He's got a girl with him. I thought," she added, "that I saw him on the road in his car when I went uptown with the crowd."

Rose sat upright and looked across lawn and through the gap in the trees to the water. She said, "It looks like Millie Downing," in tones of apprehension.

"Well, what of it?" asked Sally.

Rose said sharply, "Plenty. Her people have forbidden her to have anything to do with Larry . . and you remember the episode at the Country Club? Is Mrs. Dexter on the island to-day?" she asked, knowing that the boy's mother had not been down the river during the week-end.

"Why, no," replied Sally slowly, "she isn't. Just Phil and his father and some men, and Larry, of course. For heaven's sake, Rose, why get all hot and bothered?

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Larry's just talking her out for a row or something. It's perfectly harmless."

"He's not!" said Rose angrily.

Sally surveyed her coldly. She said, "The Dexters are the best friends I have. There's nothing the matter with Larry. He's a little grown-up for a hick town, at his age, I admit. But he's capable of taking care of himself. I wouldn't set myself up as a guardian of minor morals if I were you, Rose. Can't you forget you're a school teacher?"

"No," said Rose, "I can't," too worried for anger.

Jonathan roused himself. He had been dreaming of—he hardly knew what. He'd felt extraordinarily young again, and carefree and happy. Now he said, "Look here, you girls—"

"What about us?" asked Sally.

"Nothing, only I think Rose is right."

Sally shrugged again. She said, "Talk about tempests in a teapot. Just because the poor kid takes a town girl rowing."

Rose disliked her tone. Town girl, indeed! What was Sally Sutton but a town girl, born and bred in Riverport. You couldn't change that, not all the interludes of Florida and Europe and cities and boarding schools could alter the fact.

"SPEAKING of tempests," said Jonathan, staring.

The clouds had come up swiftly, as they do on that great, magnificent, treacherous river. They were not mere thunderheads, precursors of a swift, brief storm. They were bad clouds. The sun darkened and a wind came up. It came up with the rapidity of sudden death, it whipped the glass-smooth surface of the water into choppy waves, and now the water was no longer blue, but a sullen dirty green, angry and menacing.

"For heaven's sake!" he said staring at the phenomenon which was entirely new to him.

Rose had jumped to her feet. She said, with agitation:

"Larry, and that girl! In that little punt. They must be half way across. We must send someone after them."

Sally said, troubled:

"We can't. There's no one at Dexter's and there's no one at our farm. They've gone into town. I let the men off, too . . . told them to come back in time to take us across after dinner to-night."

Rose said frantically, "I don't care about Larry Dexter . . . but Millie . . ."

"Hold on," said Jonathan gently, "are you sure they're in any real danger? Can't they put in somewhere," he asked vaguely, "until it blows over?"

"No," said Rose, they can't. You don't know this river, Jon." She turned to Sally. She said, "You do."

Sally said, "Phil and his party didn't expect to come back until late. They're way up the river anyway." She stared at the other girl. She said slowly, "I came back to the island in the farm outboard this morning. It's the only boat over here, aside from a canoe and the punt."

Rose said, "It's the best . . . much better than the speedboat." She looked at Jonathan . . . "Can you run it?" she demanded.

"Yes," said Jonathan briefly, "I can."

"Then," said Rose, "we've got to get along."

Sally said, "But you can't . . . I mean . . . they'll get back all right . . . it's absurd."

Rose was on her feet. Now the sky was a dull sodden grey and the wind was rising. Rain had begun to fall in slanting sheets. The little choppy waves were big waves.

Jonathan rose quietly. He said, "Come on them. Show me where the boat is; I'll go out after them."

"Down at the landing," began Sally but he was running as she spoke. She said angrily to Rose . . . "I've never heard of anything as crazy . . . he hasn't the least idea——"

Rose said, "I have. I know the river. I was brought up on it. I'm going with him."

Sally said, "You're a fool!"

"Save your breath," Rose advised. She was running, too, following Jonathan. Wet branches slapped her face, the wind tore at her skirt, her lungs ached, her eyes smarted. Sally followed, too, much against her will.

They reached the island landing. The sturdy boat lay there, moored to the little dock. Jonathan jumped in, tinkered with the engine, found the can of gasoline under the seat.

"You girls go back to the house," he shouted. The storm was increasing. It was necessary to shout.

Sally said, screaming, "Don't attempt it, Kim . . . you're crazy."

Rose was in the boat. Jonathan turned. He said, "Say you little idiot, go back to the house with Sally."

"I won't," said Rose. "You run your engine, I'll tell you where to steer. You'd get in the current alone, and if anything went wrong with the engine, you'd be over the rapids. Someone has to tell you."

Sally said, "You're crazy I tell you, crazy!"

She hadn't much physical courage. She couldn't have set foot in that boat to save her life. She listened to the hesitating sputter of the engine which, after the longest minute in his life, Jonathan had got running. Rose had already cast off. She sat facing Jonathan, her thin frock drenched. She called, "When we get away from the island—steer clear across. I was watching them just before the storm came up."

THE motor drowned whatever else she said. Sally stood there a moment and then turned to fight her way back to the house. She thought I could telephone . . . But to whom . . . The other campers further up river might be in their camps but none had telephones.

"Good girl!" shouted Jonathan. His hair was plastered flat, his face was streaming, "sit tight, we'll find them."

Larry and Millie were in mid-river. Their boat was visible to a watcher only at intervals. Millie, frightened, deadly sick, clung to the sides of the boat with her little hands. Larry, sweat and rain pouring from him, struggled with the oars. He was a very strong youngster physically. And he was terrified. He hated this girl who sat pitifully crouched before him, whose lips were washed free of paint, whose lips were white and formed a prayer, whose lips kept screaming at him, "Oh, Larry, do something, do something . . ."

"Sit still!" shouted Larry . . .

He was not making for home but for the nearer island, one of a group of Canadian islands. If he could make that, if he could land . . .

But he couldn't.

The boat wasn't moving, nothing moved except, grey-green engulfing waves. The wind battered him, the oars were useless in his blistered hands.

He measured the distance from island to boat. He couldn't row any more, he couldn't . . . But, he thought distractedly, he could swim. He was a very strong swimmer. He had swum over the Canadian shore more than once. He might make it—alone.

Millie saw the other boat first. It came steadily toward them, a valiant little craft. She screamed, "Someone's coming out—they've seen us, Larry, they've seen us!"

HER strained bloodshot eyes watched the slow progress of the motor boat. It was often lost to sight, but it always came back into sight again. There were two people in it. She didn't know who they were, didn't care. They meant home and shelter, they meant father and mother.

Larry didn't hear her. Perhaps the noise of wind and the beat of rain and the waves prevented him. Perhaps he couldn't hear anything but his own heart pounding its insistent message, its demand. You must escape, never mind her, let her shift for herself, it's your life, you can't save her and yourself . . .

"There they are," shouted Rose, and Jonathan nodded. He was sweating despite the cold impact of rain and wind. He had had trouble with the engine, but for the moment it ran perfectly.

Suddenly Rose screamed. She said, thrusting her face close to his . . . "He jumped . . . Larry . . . he lost an oar and jumped . . . they've capsized."

Jonathan looked, afraid of what he must must see. The punt was overturned. Millie clung to it. Larry clung to it. They were being terrifically battered. Rose exclaimed again, "He jumped!"

Jonathan said nothing. He knew as well as Rose did why Larry Dexter had jumped. It was perfectly clear to him even before Rose said, through stiff lips, "He has a swimming record . . ."

Now they were almost alongside. Larry let go the boat and swam toward them and Jonathan shouted at him: "Keep clear; you'll capsize us—too."

He turned over the engine and steering to Rose. Little by little they edged closer. Jonathan reached over and caught hold of Millie. Her hands fell away slackly. She was very nearly unconscious. It was a dead weight which he finally dragged over the side.

Larry clung to their boat, gabbling at them. His face was not pleasant. Jonathan leaned to help him in. He thought, I'd like to leave him where he is . . .

The empty punt swirled in the current, drifted away, beaten and buffeted by waves and wind. Rose sat on the floor of the motor boat with Millie's head in her lap. Millie's face was bruised, her hands were bruised. Jonathan spoke to Larry. "Can you run this thing?" he asked.

Larry's teeth chattered. He said . . . "I—no—don't ask me to—I can't—I—get us ashore . . ."

Jonathan slapped his face. He said, "You'll run it. Get over there and run it, you snivelling little coward!"

Somehow he got Larry at the engine. Somehow, with infinite caution he lowered himself, steadying the boat as best he could to crouch beside Millie, to put his fingers on her pulse.

Shaking and sick Larry sat at the engine. Inch by inch they crept nearer the Sutton island and safety. He had never in his life hated a man as much as he hated

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Jonathan Kimber, who knew him for a craven. He hated Rose, too, who also knew. He felt no gratitude, nothing but smouldering hatred. He looked down once and saw Millie's face staring up at him, the eyes closed. It was a very young face and very pitiful. He forgot that he had kissed the pale mouth, that he had felt it quiver under his own. He forgot everything but his hatred.

THE narrow escape from drowning of the son of one of Riverport's leading citizens was a nine-days' wonder in the town, and indeed in the county. Even the downstate papers copied the items. Millie, very ill from shock and in the hospital, came in for her share of sensational reporting, and Jonathan's and Rose's part in the rescue—"house guests of Miss Sally Sutton, on the famous Sutton Island"—was well played up.

Rose, and Jonshan too, would have liked nothing better than to forget the whole business. It seemed to Rose that the trip back to the island was the longest she had ever undertaken. When they reached there Sally was down at the dock with the house servants, and even her mother appeared, literally wringing her hands and, for once, jarred out of her lethargy.

Millie was taken to the house, where Jonathan worked over her until the men returned from the mainland with the bigger boat. By then the storm had cleared, as suddenly as it had come. The river flowed steadily toward the Gulf and the sea, dimpled, blue, impertinently placid. Only the broken branches of trees, the drenched soil, and Millie crying ceaselessly in the big bedroom in the Sutton house, remained to remind them that there had been a storm.

"She's all right," Jonathan told Rose, coming out of the room and leaving the youngster in charge of an efficient maid, "just shock and, of course, bruises. But she needs absolute quiet . . . the hospital would be better than her home at present, I think. I'll take her there."

"Her parents must be told at once."

"They've a phone, haven't they? I'll talk to them. Perhaps you'd better drive up and see them," said Jonathan, "and try to explain . . . as much as is discreet," he added, frowning.

"No. Tell them to go to the hospital at once," advised Rose, "and you'll bring Millie . . . I'll go along with you."

"O.K. Good girl," he said briefly, and put his hand on hers. For a second they remained quite still in the wide corridor of the house. They were alone; they could hear Millie moaning faintly, and the maid speaking softly to her; they could hear Sally talking to her mother below stairs; they heard Larry's voice upraised and querulous. He had demanded and received a stiff drink, and dry clothing, and was downstairs with Sally and her mother.

"You must change your clothes, Jon," said Rose definitely. "Sally put out something of her father's for you . . . You're soaked to the skin."

Jonathan thought ruefully of his discarded blue flannel coat, his new, once white trousers, and grinned. He said, "My ice-cream pants shrank. I'd look swell in the Senator's, wouldn't I—?"

"Larry can send across to his house and get some of Phil's clothes. One of the servants went over, and brought some back for him," she said; "I'll tell him."

"Wait a minute. . ." He laid his hand on her wrist. He said, "I haven't any words to tell you what I think of you."

She did not answer, but, looking at him, she found her regard so deeply plunged in his own that it seemed as if she could never look away. But at last she did, and ran from him, down the corridor, down the stairs, her heart singing. It had been a horrible experience, and she realised dimly that they had not heard the last of it by a good deal. She was sensitive to impressions and she knew without any need of analyzing it that she and Jonathan had made an enemy in Larry Dexter. Then there was Millie to think of, and her family. But Rose was happy . . . happier than she had ever been in all her life before. It was as if, wordlessly, she and Jonathan had reached an understanding. They had been through a major experience together, one which might have ended in catastrophe for them all. And she had realised, as the little boat shuddered and drove through the sickening welter of water, that, if disaster was to come to them, it must come to them together.

The arrangements were made. Larry, sullen and silent, went over himself to his house to get dry things for his rescuer; the Downings were reached by telephone, and, after their first horrified reaction, proved sensible enough, promising to meet Jonathan at the hospital and agreeing that trained care and quiet were indicated for their daughter. The men returned from the mainland, and Millie, dry, drowsy under a sedative, wrapped in warm robes and blankets, was carried to the boat, and thence to the mainland and the car.

THEY took one of the Sutton cars, the chauffeur driving, Jonathan and Rose supporting Millie in the back seat. Sally and her mother remained with Larry. "Poor boy, he's so shaken," said Mrs. Sutton sympathetically, until his father and brother returned. Later, someone would drive Jonathan's car back to town for him, together with his and Rose's belongings.

"I should have taken a dinner-coat," he remarked suddenly as the car sped along the winding road, "then I wouldn't have had to appear in borrowed plumage."

At the hospital Mr. and Mrs. Downing met them, grateful almost to hysteria, but controlling themselves well enough. Nurses waited. Millie was put to bed. Her mother sat there in the room beside her, her hand on the slender wrist, her eyes fixed on the small white face, as if she could not imprint it deeply enough in her mind and heart. Downstairs, in the waiting-room, Jonathan and Rose talked with the girl's father.

"If I were you," advised Jonathan, a little awkwardly, "I would not be hard on her—when she's well, I mean. Better wipe the slate clean. She's had her lesson—a pretty severe one. . . She'll never see young Dexter again, except in the ordinary way of existence . . . I can guarantee you that."

"Anything you say goes, Doctor," agreed the older man, sighing. "I can't believe it yet. We—we've come so close to losing her. . . . It will be a horror that will stay with us always. . ."

He was silent a moment, and then said brokenly: "I don't know how we can thank you—both——"

They assured him that they had done nothing, and apparently the local paper agreed with them, because by night Larry had recovered sufficiently to see reporters. The next day, alone in his office, reading the headlines, Jonathan tossed the paper aside with a scowl, half amusement, half anger. Not that he wanted any praise, although it seemed to him that surely Rose should have been the heroine of the occasion. But while both he and she received editorial pats on the back, it was Larry's metamorphosed behaviour which came in for the heavy print and the admiring exclamations. It appeared that Larry, seeing rescue not far off, and fearing that his weight in the boat added greatly to the danger, had jumped into the river, facing possible death, in order that Millie Downing might have a fighting chance! It was an extraordinary explanation, but it looked as if the reporters had swallowed it, hook, line, and sinker.

To be sure, Jonathan had received both praise and thanks from the elder Dexter and Phil; and Rose had come in for her share. But it was obvious that Larry's fond family, as well as the public, considered him the hero of the day.

Sam Patten did not. Sam Patten, wringing from Jonathan and Rose a story somewhat approximating the truth, swore, and scattered pipe-ashes furiously on Rose's living-room floor. He said: "It's time someone showed that young scoundrel up for what he is . . . I've a mind to run the real story——"

"Don't," advised Rose quickly. "You'll only make enemies. Besides, no one will believe you; they know how down you are on the Sutton-Dexter outfit in general . . . and you're not editing a scandal weekly, Sam."

"Maybe not, but it makes me mighty sick——"

"I know," said Rose soothingly, "but you'll only defeat our purpose in the end, Sam. Just at present they regard you tolerantly as a sort of harmless nut, leaning somewhat to the left, a parlor pink, in fact, as you don't play along with the established rule. But once you show your hand too clearly, before the time is ripe, you're headed for trouble."

"She's right," declared Jonathan, after a moment.

He and Sam, Bill Lynd and the young Bates were at Rose's. Mrs. Bates was out in the kitchen with Mrs. Ward, talking recipes, as befitted a bride anxious to do her best by her husband's digestion. There was a little silence, and then Bill asked, laughing but astonished, "Don't tell me you've come over to our way of thinking, Kim—why, you'll ruin your practice!"

Jonathan flushed. He said steadily, "Ragging aside, I've come to the conclusion that whatever Rose—I mean whatever you guys think must be gospel. I'm just beginning to find my eyes opening a little . . ."

"Because Larry Dexter turned yellow?"

"NO," said Jonathan, "that's not it. I never had any use for him, anyway, as Rose will bear witness. But there's something about the way the whole business has been played up, enhancing the Sutton-Dexter glory that makes me see red. Gilding the lily, I suppose," he added, grinning.

"It's a wonder to me that they didn't say that Sally was towing along behind on the end of a rope with a lifebelt in her teeth and a flask of brandy," asserted Bill absurdly; "the aquatic St. Bernard, beautiful and blonde!"

"Sally," said Rose unexpectedly, "is all right. She was scared and said so. She made no bones about it. She wouldn't have been any help, anyway, merely a hindrance, an extra burden and an added danger. And once we got back to shore again, I was impressed by her efficiency."

They looked at her in amazement, and Jonathan smiled at her. Seeing that smile and the instant response it elicited, Bill Lynd's heart sank. He might as well pull up stakes, he reflected, gloomily, and clear out—alone. Because, if he were not much mistaken, Jonathan and Rose had reached an understanding.

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So they had. He was not far from wrong. It had been an understanding quite without words, for words were not necessary as yet. They merely knew, each of them, that they belonged together.

GRADUATION exercises took place at the school during the week following the accident. Neither Millie nor Larry was present to represent the Junior Class. Millie was still in the hospital, and after she returned home her parents were sending her downstate to visit relatives for the rest of the summer. Larry's mother was taking him abroad at once. The tutoring ceased and Rose received her cheque for the final lessons and a pleasant word or two from Mrs. Dexter. Mrs. Dexter hoped very much that when Larry, fully recovered from his harrowing experience ("poor, brave boy, he refuses to talk about it") returned to Riverport in the autumn to enter the Senior Class, there would be no further need of her services.

Rose showed the letter to Jonathan. She said, "That's that. And I'm glad. I—I couldn't sit across a table from him again and look at him and remember. I don't know when I've disliked anyone quite as much! And he dislikes me, too, now," she added thoughtfully. "He's avoided me ever since we set foot on shore that day . . . As for tutoring——" she shrugged and smiled, "he'll go on needing it or I'm very much mistaken. But he's probably said something to his mother . . . perhaps that I'm not the right person . . ."

"He was pretty insistent that you were, originally."

"Well, he's changed his mind and Mrs. Dexter is so blinded by him—she is really the most doting parent I've ever met, and I've met a good many," added Rose, exasperated—"that she won't see anything odd in his determination not to employ me any more, or if she does see anything, you can bank on it that it will be detrimental to me and not to her 'poor, brave boy'," she quoted, in disgust.

"Let's forget it," said Jonathan, and took the letter from her hand and tore it up. "I'm leaving you the cheque," he said smiling.

She looked at it. She said, "I've a good mind to tear it up, too."

"Well," said Jonathan practically, "that would be pretty silly of you, wouldn't it? After all, you earned the money. Cash it, and squander it in riotous living."

. . . . . .

With Larry Dexter sailing for ports unknown, with little Millie safe downstate, and other matters arising to occupy the mind of the public, the "Near Tragedy on the River" was soon forgotten by all but those most closely connected with it. The most curious thing that had come out of the whole business was Sally's friendship with Rose. Sally, a week or so after the affair, drove to Rose's house late one afternoon and found her alone. She said, when they were settled out on the porch together:

"I want to tell you how marvellous you were the other day——"

Rose said, "I didn't do anything, Sally."

"Don't be so modest," said Sally sharply, "of course you did. Kim couldn't have made it without you. And I was too much of a coward . . . If you hadn't been there ——" She paused and shivered. She added, "But you were. You're a pretty swell person. And as for that little beast of a Larry——"

Rose looked at her wide-eyed, and Sally promptly explained:

"Oh, I've always been fond of him in an elder sister manner. He's a brat, of course, and terribly spoiled, but I'm so used to hearing excuses made for him that I've always made them, too. Naturally I haven't breathed a word of this to the family, or Phil or anyone. But I know that handsome touch about his jumping out of the boat to lighten it was so much hooey. I had the binoculars and went up to the lookout. I saw it all pretty well, as well as I could for the rain and the fact that the waves kept coming over the boats and hiding both of them from my sight. But even if I hadn't seen anything, I might have known . . . My guess is as good as anyone else's, so I guessed that he was trying to swim to the nearest island. He's an excellent swimmer," said Sally, "and I just wanted you and Kim to know what I thought about you both. I tried to tell him, but he shut me up."

Rose murmured something, anything. She was rather touched by the tribute and amazed that Sally Sutton could be so fair, for she was being fair. Yet she was arrogant, spoiled, a small and pretty edition of her steam-roller parent.

Sally asked:

"Look here, I like you . . . I don't suppose you have much use for me——"

"Why, Sally!" began Rose feebly, shocked into speech.

"OH, don't bother to deny it," advised Sally, lazily lighting a cigarette, "don't you suppose I know in just what esteem I'm held in the town, along with poor old Pop?" She grinned impishly, "And I know you haven't anything left over for me. But —look here, I asked you to the Island because of a sort of—let's call it whim . . . I'm going to ask you again, as often as you'll come, because I want you. Although," she said calmly, "I know perfectly well you're in love with Kim and that after your marvellous exhibition the other day he's probably in love with you, as well."

"So what?" inquired Rose, with spirit, and the shades of all the English teachers since time began probably turned over in their graves with the rapidity of squirrels in revolving cages.

Sally laughed delightedly. She said:

"You're grand. I like Kim, too. I give you fair warning. I won't pretend that my intentions are honorable. I don't think so. In fact," she said, as if startled, "I certainly hope they're not, that would be a little bit of too bad, wouldn't it? But for the time being I'll give you a run for your money. I'm warning you, that's all. He's the only man in this rural spot who interests me at all, and now that I've decided to stay here the rest of the summer, I don't intend to withdraw from the lists and martyr myself just because I've discovered that you're a regular person. Only I like you well enough to warn you, that's all. All's fair, you know," she reminded her.

"Sally," said Rose severely, "you're talking like a bad play or novel or something."

"Take it or leave it," said Sally carelessly. "I just wanted you to know that if it wouldn't demoralise your sterling character, I offer the friendship of a Terrible Sutton. Just between us girls, you know, when no men are about and we can let down our back hair and have a good cry over life and love, I think we could have an elegant time together. But I warn you again if you have any designs on Jonathan Kimber, I've a whole handful of monkey-wrenches. As far as that goes," she said discontentedly, "how about Bill Lynd? He thinks you are pure gold, and personally I think he's just the man—for you, of course."

Rose began to laugh. It was all very silly and light-hearted and ridiculous. And, besides, nouning Sally could say could touch her. She felt as if she had received an immunity from fear and from jealousy. She and Jonathan understood one another. There was no necessity for speech, not yet; nor did she wish to hasten the time. There stretched before her the long, lazy summer, the months to follow, and if the time went slowly, so much the better, there was so much sheer, intangible happiness in this sense of expectancy, this tip-toe waiting, this comradeship. She was in no haste.

"O.K.," said Sally and tossed her cigarette over the railing. "I'm giving a dinner at the Country Club next Saturday night. You'll come along, won't you? Wear your prettiest frock and do your darnedest. I don't care!"

SHE rose, held out her hand, and grinned. Rose put her own strong, slender hand in the other girl's clasp. She found herself liking Sally Sutton very much, and pitying her as well, for some obscure reason she could not now make plain to herself. She said, smiling, "All right, Sally, and perhaps I will do my darnedest to save Jonathan from your predatory clutches."

When Sally had gone she found herself still laughing at intervals. It was all so perfectly plain to her. Sally didn't really care anything about Jonathan, not seriously; she had as much as said so. But, a born flirt, bored with her surroundings, it was to be expected that she would exercise upon the newest and, according to her own rating, the most attractive man in town, all her enchantment. Well, let her. Rose wasn't afraid.

No, Rose was not afraid and Sally knew it. The trouble was that Sally was, and Rose couldn't know that.

Sally had been honest with the other girl, up to a point. She did like her. She did believe that Rose Ward was in love with Jonathan, and that Jonathan was perhaps a little in love with her. What she had not told Rose, and what she dared not fully admit to herself, was that, watching from the lookout that day through the strong glasses, watching the little boat which Jonathan guided tossed and turned and all but submerged, eclipsed in the grey greenness of angry waters, she had suffered as she had never before suffered in all her shallow, exciting little life. And she had been terribly frightened; not alone for Jonathan, in the boat, but for herself, safe in the lookout on land. She had been frightened because she realised then that she was more than casually interested in Jonathan, that the attraction had deeper roots than she had believed, and that she was, in short, seriously in love for the first time.

She was by no means a stupid girl. She could fathom, easily enough, how much Rose would attract Jonathan, how this adventure of theirs would bring them closer together; and she could deduce, too, just what her own attraction for him was worth. But she was not a clever politician's daughter for nothing, she had the devious mind which could see around corners. Rose Ward, she had discovered, had plenty of spirit. She would be a fighter. But now through an offer of friendship, and through a confession of a purely light-minded interest in Jonathan, she had disarmed her. And Rose disarmed, would not be on her guard.

All's fair, Sally had said — in love and war. Well, this would be war, then, all through the bright and lazy summer and in battle strategy attack is better than defence, and it is just as well

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to keep the enemy within sight. She could expect to see a lot of Rose Ward during the next few months, thought Sally, driving up the hill to her big house. And, after all, she decided, leaving the car in front of the door and going in to the cool, darkened foyer, couldn't she do much more for Jonathan than Rose could . . .? The Sutton influence could further him as Rose could not. The idle thought she had had some time ago of being the perfect wife for a rising young surgeon in some city of a good deal more importance than this one, came back, and to stay.

Jonathan liked her. He was not committed to Rose. Very well. Rose should have her chance, but she, Sally, would have hers. If she had an idea that the cards were stacked against the other girl, was that her fault?

THAT summer was one of the gayest Rose Ward had ever known. School was out, not only for pupils but for teachers as well. She had completed her third year of teaching and dared to breathe a sigh of relief. Now, unless something serious occurred, her job was secure. She wrote her uncle to that effect and Doctor Ballard, reading the letter in California some four days later, grinned to himself.

"The probation time is over, so to speak, and unless I slap Mr. Martin's face or run amok in a class-room I suppose I'm safe. It's been a rather curious year and I'm glad it's behind me. The appearance of Larry Dexter in the Junior Class has not been without its major and minor excitement. I'm sorry you were upset over the river business and hope my wire reassured you. The enclosed clippings tell one version of the story. Jonathan was marvellous, handled the boat like a veteran and kept his head. By the way, I'm seeing a good deal of Sally Sutton. She's nice really, under the veneer. Jonathan and I were her guests at a country club dinner last night. It was fun. Only if I am to keep up with the Four Hundred I shall have to take time off and do a bit of sewing on my wardrobe."

Doctor Ballard sent her a cheque. He wrote:

"Now, don't scold me, you young whippersnapper. Never let it be said that the Ballards can't hold their own. Not that you are one in name. And speaking of names, I see Jonathan's cropping up frequently in your letters. Does this mean that poor Bill Lynd has been relegated to the limbo of forgotten men? Don't mind me, Rose, my dear, I suppose I'm homesick. Perhaps I'll get back East one of these days if only for a visit. Not that they aren't kind to the old crock out here. I have to take such good care of myself that sometimes I find the cottonwool getting in my scanty hair.

"Tell Jonathan t. write me more often. I have occasional—and I must say very good reports of him from my old patients. How did he get along in the school work? His last letter on the subject was more or less of a tirade."

Reading, Rose smiled; shook her head over the substantial cheque, and sat down to figure with pencil and paper. The house needed some repairs. Would she be justified in letting them go until the autumn and squandering the money on things for herself? Her mother found her thus occupied and said definitely, "Nonsense, why shouldn't you have some new clothes? You spend very little on yourself, my dear, and now that you are going out more frequently you certainly owe it to yourself to be well dressed. Nothing gives a girl more confidence."

Rose was amused at her mother's attitude. Mrs. Ward had always listened to the arguments which raged about the house concerning the Sutton clan. She had seemed to agree with the younger people's flat disapproval of Sutton and all his works. But now that Sally had begun to run in and out of the cottage as an intimate, she took it in her stride and seemed to think it a just tribute to Rose's power of making friends. Mothers, reflected Rose, even the most democratic, were slightly snobbish when it came to their children.

Frankly, she was enjoying herself; there were dances at the club and parties at the house on the hill, and excursions to the island, picnics, swimming parties, and trips on one or the other of the boats. Sometimes Jonathan was with them, but not always. On such occasions it seemed to Rose that Sally appeared to console herself very well, with Phil or a visiting out-of-town man or one of the usual crowd.

The one less happy result of this new friendship was that she saw Jonathan less alone. When they were together in the evenings or Sundays, the general rule was that Sally and her crowd were with them. To be sure, he dropped in now and then on his way home from his calls or late in the evening. But for the most part they were surrounded by other young people.

ONCE he mentioned this to her. They were dancing, at Sally's, and he swept her through an open french window and stood with her for a moment on the big verandah high above the river. He said, leaning on the railing and looking across at the opposite shore:

"Seems to me I see very little of you nowadays."

"Jon . . .!" She began counting the times they had met during the last week—"not to mention my early invasion of your garden the other morning and the cup of coffee Evelina gave me . . ."

He smiled, remembering. They had drunk the coffee at the kitchen table with Evelina hovering around them the picture of a restrained and dour benevolence; he remembered morning sunlight on white walls; copper utensils, blue dishes, he remembered Rose's curly hair and her sparkling face and the funny blue overall she had worn; he remembered the smell of doughnuts and the scent of strong coffee and the purr of Evelina's grey cat, its round, small head under Rose's hand. There was a pot of geraniums on the windowsill and the blue-and-white clock had ticked like an amplified heartbeat.

"Yes. Agreed. But we aren't often alone."

He drew closer to her, and put his arm about her waist.

"Rose—" h began—

Someone came out on the verandah, and with the opening of the french windows, the music of the radio came to them, not faintly as it had before, but loudly, insistently. Sally cried, coming up.

"Here, you two. This isn't allowed. Phil's doing his milk-bottle trick, he wants a full audience. Come on, you can look at the moon some other time and the river won't run away."

She put a possessive arm about each and led them back to the big room and the other guests. Jonathan could have turned her over his knee and spanked her and Rose could have smacked her cheerfully. What had he been going to say, she wondered and then thought, happily, "There's plenty of time, he'll say it—a dozen Sallys can't stop him . . when the time comes."

He hadn't known himself what he was going to say. He'd known only that he missed her, that latterly she always seemed surrounded by a dozen unimportant people and that it was imperative that they be alone together for a little while, perhaps not even talking much but just standing close together, with their regard on the stars . . . and their awareness of each other. For certainly if he felt as close to her as he had a moment before, she must have felt something for him . . . if only a dim reflection.

Later, dancing with Sally, she inquired, her impertinent little face close to his:

"Did I break up something interesting a little while ago?"

"Did you?" he asked evasively.

"I'm asking you. Poor dear, you're so terribly transparent. I suppose you know that Bill Lynd is contemplating everything from a sensational suicide to a trip to Tibet. You shouldn't come into a strange town and flutter the dovecotes, it isn't fair to the local young men," she said, laughing.

He was not like Phil Dexter, nor for that matter like Bill. He hadn't any comeback, he wasn't quick on the trigger, as they were. He muttered something which she didn't bother to catch. She complained, "You might hold me a little closer, I'm not poison ivy, you know."

Mechanically and obediently, his arm tightened about her. Rose, talking to the Senator over by the fireplace, saw them dancing by, apparently absorbed and very near together. The Senator regarded them with raised eyebrows. He commented genially, "It's nice to see Jonathan really enjoying himself. He's too serious for his years . . . his profession perhaps," he added vaguely, "although," brightening, "I have known some young doctors!" He laughed and looked down at Rose. "Never mind them," he added. "Anyway I've never seen Sally as contented to remain in Riverport before. I'm grateful to Kim, if he's the immediate cause. I was getting tired of being dragged all over the map when I had a perfectly good home, excellent golf, all the swimming and fishing I could want, right here."

JONATHAN and Sally passed them again. Sally's cheek was so close to his that the yellow tendrils of her flyaway hair brushed his face. Rose followed their progress and as they came up close to her Sally's left eye closed in a slow and wicked wink. Rose's heart, which had been ridiculously leaden, lightened at once. Sally was flaunting her "conquest"; Sally was amusing herself; Sally was telling her so. It didn't mean anything.

Summer went by very quickly. The last event was the party Sally gave over Labor Day on the island. She had asked her guests down for a full week. Jonathan, when approached, shook his head.

"I couldn't possibly my dear."

"But you are entitled to a vacation. All the doctors in town take vacations, two weeks, a month," she reminded him, frowning.

"I can't," he told her definitely. "I have patients who need me and a possible minor operation."

Doctor Jameson was away on his annual trip to Europe. Several minor operations were coming Jonathan's way. He and the

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older man were on much better terms than formerly. Jameson was under an obligation to Jonathan Kimber. It had galled him but he had tacitly acknowledged it. It had been a little matter of mistaken diagnosis. Jameson had been called away on a case out of town, and his patient, having grown worse, Jonathan had been called. He had made the second diagnosis, and saved the woman from consequences which, while they might not have been serious, would have been uncomfortable at least. But he had managed to cover Jameson, very neatly. When Jameson returned and the report was made to him, he had flushed, stammered, and lost much of his refrigerated poise.

Jonathan had passed the matter over, covering Jameson even when the two men were alone and there was no need for stately pretence. And Jameson had been grateful and had shown it; not that gratitude made him like the younger man any better personally; on the contrary, human nature being what it is. And Jonathan had been suddenly sorry for him. The mistake was one that anyone might make . . . most medical men had made it in their day. But Jameson was old, he had always been so sure of himself, he was the big frog in the little puddle, people were used to accepting his pronouncements and feeling that from them there could be no appeal. Perhaps he had grown a little careless, confident that the king could do no wrong.

FINALLY a compromise with Sally was reached. Jonathan would omit his office hours during the week-end itself, leaving the island phone number with Evelina and his patients in case of an emergency. For the rest of the week he would come down evenings, when he could get there, after early office hours.

"We won't have dinner till eight," Sally promised.

"You'll have to expect me when you see me," he warned her. "I can't pledge myself to anything definite. I have calls to make. I'll have to be at the hospital——"

She said, "You work too hard. You owe it to yourself to relax a little—everyone else does, why not you?"

She was sweetly serious, without a trace of her usual flippancy. He looked down at her, rather touched and flattered by her concern. His relations with Sally Sutton had settled down into a light-hearted friendship which was perfectly satisfactory to him and, he assumed, to the girl as well. She had kitten ways and they meant exactly nothing. When she put a hand on his arm, when she tucked her head under his chin, when she demanded: "What . . . aren't you going to kiss me?" it was done as thoughtlessly as the kitten to which he compared her demanded the caressing hand. He was, now that he knew Sally better, very much ashamed of the disturbance she had caused him early in their acquaintance; and even more ashamed of the fact that he had believed she was being deliberately provocative—with a purpose. She was still provocative, but he no longer suspected the purpose.

What was the song, "Bird gotter fly, fish gotter swim?" Something like that. Well, Sally had to sun herself in masculine admiration. That was all there was to it.

He still assumed that sooner or later she would marry Dexter. He was sorry about that. No that he minded Phil, any more. Phil wasn't a bad sort, he was simply a product of his parents and his parents' money; a lightweight, but no real harm in him; and Jonathan judged that was more than could be said of his younger brother. But it seemed to him that Sally could have done a good deal better. She needed a tighter hand on the reins, a man who would compel her better qualities. She was essentially kind, under the arrogance and carelessness. She simply had to be shown. She had asked him not to broadcast the things she had done for two or three poverty-stricken miserable families in whom he had been interested. She had passed their wretched homes a thousand times in her short life, and never noticed them. They had to be brought to her attention, but once that was accomplished, her hand and purse were open, and generous. "Why didn't I know of this before . . .? Please, Kim, act for me . . . and don't tell them . . . I hate people who put others under deliberate obligation. I'd rather they didn't know."

It had been rather a shock to him, carefully administering Sally's sizable cheque, to find that Rose had been looking after the people for a long time. It was Rose, of course, who had asked him to take them on, as charity cases. She had had one child in school for a short while, and then had discovered that her pupil's protracted absence was due not only to illness, but to lack of proper clothing . . . no shoes . . . and the most ragged of undergarments, the most inadequate of outer covering.

And so she had investigated and found not only her pupil but the unemployed parents and the ailing younger children, two with ear infections. Through them she had visited the neighboring houses as well. She had gone to the relief agencies, but because an older boy was employed there was nothing that could be done, despite the fact that his contributions to the family were intermittent in the extreme, and very small.

Jonathan . . . arranging for hospital treatment for one child, for the mother of the next-door family, for a tubercular home for another patient . . . was forced to tell Rose that Sally had given him money for them. This had been in the late winter and Rose's lips had tightened. She had said, furiously: "How sweet of her . . . But if she'd wanted to do something she could have, long ago—Resteck is a discharged under-gardener of theirs, you know . . . As for the other family—they simply lost out when the Dexter company began hiring cheaper labor—across the water."

WELL, that was a long time ago, and since then Sally had assured him that if ever he came across a needy case . . . "Of course father does a lot, privately — people never hear of half the things he does. But he's busy, he can't investigate everything. You go around among the people so much, Kim, there must be a lot of needy cases which can't be reached by relief owing to red tape or something similar."

It didn't dawn on him until much later that most of the relief was obliquely administered by Sutton himself; that is, his friends were given the jobs of administering it.

Rose enjoyed the week on the island. There were crowds of young people coming and going and there was always something to do. There was the ageless, changeless fascination of the river. She had thought after Larry's accident that she could never look upon it again without a cold coil of fear at her heart, but it had not proved to be the case. She perhaps regarded it with a little more respect than formerly, but even the ugly memory of the early summer could not change for her its altering beauty. There were luxurious boats and trips to the Thousand Islands. There was canoeing and fishing, swimming and tennis. There was dancing at night, and a half a dozen young men who were pleasantly attentive. And there was always the breathless expectancy of long, golden days wearing toward the evening which would bring Jonathan down, soonr or later.

As it happened his office hours were very slow. He was able to see his patients in the late afternoon and to reach the island by seven in time for a swim before dinner. Only once during the week was he called to town at night, and on that occasion Sally insisted on driving him.

"But you can't leave your guests . . . I don't know how long I'll be gone."

"THEY'RE all right. You must be tired. I'll chauffeur you back and down again. I don't mind waiting, Kim."

Over the holiday week-end he was free to lie in the sun, to sleep late mornings, to be beaten at tennis by Phil Dexter, and to laze around during the long, hot afternoon between swims. The woods were vocal with red-winged blackbirds and the late flowers were blooming in fragrant profusion in the gardens. He told Rose guiltily, "There's something about all this — the ease, luxury, which demoralises you. This morning, waking up and knowing there was no hurry to get up, or, in fact, to do anything, made me think just for a moment how lucky a man is who has all this . . . so I envied Sutton and all his works."

Rose said firmly:

"You'd hate it after a while. After all," she said slowly, "you haven't earned it; if you'd earned it, it might be different."

"Then you admit our host has earned it," he said laughing.

She frowned a little, looking out across the water. Then she turned over on her flat stomach on the dock and sunbed her bronze back. "I don't," she answered after a moment . . . "not really. Oh, he's worked, of course, it's been through his own effort that much of this has come to him. But the effort itself . . .?" She shook her head, propped up in her hands. "No."

They were silent a moment. Phil was out in a punt with a banjo and Sally. They could hear her singing across the water. Jonathan turned on his side and squinted over the water at the mop of yellow curls glinting in the sunlight, and Sally waved to him.

"I thought Bill was coming down," he said presently.

"He was asked," said Rose, "but then you know he's busy. Elections and all . . . not so far off."

"They'll never get Bates in," Jonathan prophesied.

"Not this year. But they'll swing some new votes perhaps. And perhaps another year . . . these things take time, Jon. I expect that Bill felt a little odd about accepting the hospitality of a man he's determined to help defeat one way or another. I feel odd myself," she said soberly.

"Don't split hairs," Jonathan advised her. He scrambled to his feet as the punt with Sally and Phil in it slid to the side of the dock. He went over and took the rope and made the boat fast. Sally put her

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wet brown hand in his. She said, "Phil's become quite a virtuoso . . . did you hear him . . . ? Just a good old upstate hillbilly!"

On the last night, the evening of Labor Day, those of the guests who lived out of Riverport had gone and there were only half a dozen of them left. During the evening they had danced to the radio, and then, toward eleven Sally suggested a swim before bedtime. It was a moonless night, bright with stars, windless, very warm. The suggestion was received with enthusiasm and they all went off to put on their bathing suits. Later, they returned, and dripping over the kitchen floor, raided the ice-box. Apple pie and pitchers of milk, highballs for those sterner souls who demanded them, wedges of very old, very good cheese, crackers, cookies. They sat on tables and sinks and chairs, and ate and laughed and were hungry and sleepy and filled with a sense of well-being.

Shortly before one, they all yawned their way up to bed. Jonathan said, catching Sally's hand as she passed him, "Look. I have to be uptown early to-morrow . . . I may not see you . . . I'll just sneak off, Evelina will give me breakfast at home. I've already thanked your mother and father for an elegant time . . . now I want to thank you."

She stood just above him on the stairs. She said, "I'll get up—I want to talk to you . . ."

"You'll never be up at six," he said laughing.

She made a horrible face at him.

"I suppose not." Look here, Kim . . . there's something I want to—to ask you about. Hop into a bathrobe and come on down again . . . it's important."

"My child, your weary guests have gone to bed. It's late. Can't it wait?"

"No, it can't. Something happened to-night . . . I have to ask someone's advice . . . please, Kim . . ."

"All right," he said, after a moment. "I'll be down again, in a jiffy."

"Better wear something more substantial," she advised, laughing, and went on upstairs.

A LITTLE later Sally looked in on Rose. Rose, next door to her hostess, was already in bed. Sally opened the door between and the light from her own room streamed in.

"Aren't you going to bed yet?" asked Rose, astonished, for certainly Sally, in pale green satin pyjamas which were never meant to be slept in, her yellow curls caught into a childish knot on top of her head, her little face delicately powdered and her lips a bright, newly-painted scarlet, looked as if sleep were a thousand miles away.

"I'm not tired," said Sally. She grinned at Rose. "Sleep well," she said gently, and began to shut the door. "Pleasant dreams," she added. The door closed.

After a while Rose, now perfectly wide awake, shook her head in annoyance.

But sleep had fled, as had the desire to sleep. She got out of bed and belted a silk robe about her slim waist, and went out on the narrow screened porch which opened from her door and from Sally's. After a while, voices came clearly to her from the wide porch below. And she could look straight down and see Sally there at the railing. But she wasn't with Phil.

When Sally came downstairs Jonathan was waiting. He raised his eyes at the sight of the green pyjamas, and murmured, "Very effective!" He himself was soberly clad in white ducks and a pullover, with sneakers on his bare feet.

Sally put her arm through his.

"Come out on the porch," she said, "we won't wake anyone. And it's so darned warm to-night."

He followed her out, leaned on the railing beside her, and pulled his pipe from his pocket. "May I?" he asked, and she shook her head.

"What's on your mind?" he asked, the pipe going. The smoke drifted up to Rose, there on the narrow balcony above, a familiar scent. She told herself, it isn't your business. You get right back to bed. But it was her business. She stood where she was, afraid of being afraid.

"Phil asked me to marry him to-night," replied Sally.

"OH, that!" Jonathan laughed, relieved. "Well, it isn't the first time, is it? I thought it was all settled."

"Oh, you did, did you?" She turned on him angrily. "Well, it isn't! Of course there's been an understanding . . . for ages. Everyone knows that; it's common property. Our families arranged it. And—until lately I thought perhaps it would be as good as anything else—once I settled down. But—now, it's different."

"Of course, it's different. Why should you marry him—as a graceful gesture to your families? If you don't love him you'd be crazy . . ." Jonathan agreed.

She said slowly, "I don't love him, Kim, and I'm utterly miserable. You see, he—he takes it for granted. To-night he suggested that we be married in the spring . ."

"Well," said Jonathan practically, "why all the fuss and bother? You aren't compelled to marry him if you don't want to."

"Yes, I know. Father wouldn't mind. He was terribly set on it once—and mother still is, and, of course, the Dexters." She laughed shortly. "It's nice to keep the money in the family," she said.

"But your father—you just said—"

"Oh, he wants me to be happy," she said sighing. "No, he wouldn't mind. The fact is, he's grown a little fed up with Phil lately; doesn't like the way he conducts himself in the business."

"Then," said Jonathan, "I don't see what all the shouting's for. You and your father are a match for a dozen Dexters."

For a moment she was silent, staring across the lawns and gardens to woodland and water, then she said, "Oh, I don't know what to do, Kim . . . I'm wretched! It might as well be Phil, I suppose . . ."

"Sally, I do believe you're out of your mind," he said mildly. "Why—it might as well? How idiotic. With a million men in the world . . . you'd have no difficulty choosing . . ."

"Wouldn't I . . .?" she asked, "perhaps that's just the trouble. Perhaps I have chosen and he doesn't care—"

Jonathan was as gullible as most men, and very free from vanity. Having once made up his mind that Sally was all bar' and no bite it was difficult for him to unmake it again. But he could not now delude himself that he did not understand her. He was excessively uncomfortable. He felt like a fool. He was well aware that from the scientific and biological standpoint it is the female of the species who does the pursuing. He was also aware that the majority of men prefer to retain their illusions, to the extent of believing themselves the hunters and not the hunted. He said quietly, after a moment, "Look here, Sally, you're overwrought. You go to bed and sleep on this. No one is going to force you into a marriage you don't want——"

She said sullenly, "You will . . ." Suddenly she turned and clung to him. She cried, "I thought I could go through with it, just playing. I can't, Kim; you do like me, don't you . . .?" We—we could have such marvellous times together . . . we'd get away from this hole in the wall; we'd find you a big practice in New York—we——"

Her arms were about him, straining close. Her cheek was against his own, her mouth . .

He freed himself gently.

Sally stepped back. She said, after a moment, and her voice carried, "I'm sorry I made such a fool of myself, Kim . . ."

"Oh, my dear," said Jonathan, sorry for everything, but principally for himself, loathing the absurd position into which he had been thrust. "If you knew how sorry I am . . ."

"You needn't be," she said, with something of her old arrogance. "I'll get over it."

He said quietly, "Sally, perhaps there's nothing to get over. You don't really mean it. You can't. I'm not at all your type. I'm just a very average man, deeply interested in his profession. It's a profession you would come to detest after a while because it doesn't leave much over, you know. It makes a man selfish and absorbed and neglectful. I—I wouldn't have much time for play, you see. And I'd hate a big city practice. I turned my back on all that when I came up here. I didn't want it . . ."

She said, "Never mind that. I know all the arguments. Don't you suppose I've said them over to myself?"

HE said, "Sally, be sensible. It's just because I'm new, still unfamiliar. The gilt would soon wear off the gingerbread. I'm not your kind, my dear. I never could be."

"Who is your kind?" she demanded.

He was silent. Presently he knocked out his pipe. He said, "Let's go on in, shall we? I'd like to think you'll forget all this and that we'll go on being friends. I—I like you a lot . . . I don't want you to dislike me."

She came up to him again and put her hand on his arm.

"Tell me," she demanded. "I have to know. Is it Rose?"

After a moment he answered her, amazed at his own joyous shock of utter recognition. He'd always known, in a way, but not as clearly, as definitely, and as finally as he knew now. He said, "Yes, it's Rose, Sally, it always has been."

Rose heard him. She had not heard everything that had been said. Jonathan's voice had been low at times, and once Sally had spoken in a rush of eager words, with only a phrase here and there reaching the listener. But the last thing Jonathan had said she had heard. He had said it slowly, strongly, happily..

Rose went back to the bedroom and flung herself across the bed. Listeners never heard well of themselves, did they! Ah, but that was wrong, wrong—she had heard so well of herself that for the rest of her life she would be a different person.

It was not that she had doubted that Jonathan cared for her. She had not, she had known; she had been content to wait. But to hear it said like that, quietly, irrevocably, the confession given not only to Sally but to himself, and to Rose, who listened. She was not in the least ashamed of listening.

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If she had not overheard all that Sally had brought him there to tell him, she had heard enough. Sally had offered herself, and been refused. It did not occur to Rose that a proper heroine would have found some means of urging her lover to reconsider Sally's offer; would have debated with herself, in tears, all through the night that it might be better for him to have Sally and the Sutton influence and the city practice and all the frills. It never once crossed her mind. She was entirely too logical, too practical, and too much in love. For Jonathan did not want Sally and the Sutton gilding. He did not want "a marvellous time" and a Park Avenue office. He wanted Riverport and a home and the exigencies of his profession. He wanted work, and hope, and a decent living and herself. And, Rose promised, lying prone on the bed, too glad for laughter, and too rapturous for tears; he should have them!

She did not know when Jonathan came upstairs again. His room was in another wing from her own. But Sally came up almost directly, walking with her light step on the polished bare flooring of the hall, her heels clicking, walking with a step that seemed so entirely defeated.

Rose thought, I ought to be sorry for her; I ought to be ashamed for her, but I'm not . . .

It wouldn't go very deep, she reflected, not much beyond hurt pride and astonished arrogance, and amazed vanity. Sally would be herself again before very long; she would laugh it off; she laughed most things off. And in a way Rose felt a certain admiration for her going straight after what she believed she wanted, brushing everything aside, even the conventions. She had the courage of her convictions, had Sally . . . perhaps this was admirable. Or was it too like her father to be wholly so?

Rose thought suddenly, and the riotous happiness within her stilled; it remained, but it was no longer ebullient—if Jon's made her his enemy?

Perhaps that woman scorned business was as outworn as convention, she consoled herself. Perhaps Sally, who had some pride after all would have too much to permit Jonathan to know how conquered and how humbled she had been. Yes, surely that would be the way of it. It must be, Rose thought presently. I'll get up early. He can take me to town with him. I'll leave a note for Sally. I suppose it would be rude—but——

She slept suddenly, lying there in her light robe across the bed, with neither sheet nor light blanket drawn over her. A minute before she had not been in the least drowsy, yet now she slept, deeply as a child, breathing evenly, her lips just parted in a faint smile.

IN the next room Sally sat by the window smoking. Her eyes smarted. She wouldn't cry. She never cried—except to get her own way and what good would that do her now?"

"Yes, it's Rose, Sally, it always has been."

Idiot!

He deserved all he'd get, a stuffy little house, a stuffy little wife, babies, debts . . .

No, he didn't.

Rose wasn't stuffy. Sally lit another cigarette. Rose was—a person, clear-eyed, friendly, a good enemy. She liked Rose.

The lump in her throat thickened. She was very sorry herself. She began to hum the wedding march absently, Di di di—di di di di—di . . .

They'd do the church in arum lilies and spring flowers. The tinted light would stream in from the stained glass windows which her father had given in memory of his father and mother. The bishop would officiate. She'd wear not white, but flesh pink, the color of pale tea-roses, she would carry white orchids. People in the church would nod approvingly and nudge each other, herself so fair and Phil so dark. A handsome couple.

She began to laugh a little, down in her throat. She stubbed the cigarette out on the window sill, careless of the mark, and lit another.

I HATE him, she told herself quietly, I could kill him. I never want to see him again . . .

She hadn't meant it, of course. It had been—oh Phil had been insistent, she was tired of his kissing her, he had kissed her for years, it was monotonous, unexciting, boring . . . She hadn't wanted to "settle" things as he had urged, to be pinned down to a day, a date. She'd felt imprisoned . . . So she'd done a foolish thing, she'd thrown herself at an other man. Well, her aim hadn't been very good, had it?

Phil wasn't so bad. She was used to Phil. If Jonathan Kimber hadn't come to town she would have married Phil eventually.

Eventually, why not now?

She'd show them. She'd show them all that she hadn't really given a snap of her fingers for Jonathan Kimber.

And he'd be sorry, he'd always believe he'd driven her to it, he'd reproach himself, he'd look at Rose a hundred times in the months to come and wonder . . .

Sally got to her feet. She left her room very quietly. Rose, deep in that sudden, almost deathless sleep, heard nothing. Sally went down the corridor and rapped lightly on Phil's door. She'd say, "I've changed my mind . . . but it must be now . . . Let's give them a run for their money, let's give this town something to talk about . . ."

Sally was remembering, as she waited for him to open the door, the name of the town downstate, the Gretna Green of New York. It wouldn't take ten minutes to dress, to pack a bag . . . The punt was moored at the island pier. Phil's people were on the neighboring island. He mustn't stop for anything. He could buy what he wanted . . . If they started now within half an hour and drove like mad, seventy miles an hour . . . they could be there by early morning . . . they could even be back by night if they wished—walking in, saying, "Well, we fooled you, we're married . . ."

Jonathan, waking early, lay a moment frowning at his surroundings. His first conscious thought had been that something disagreeable had happened. What was it? Oh, now he remembered. He shook his head as if to dispel it. Midsummer magic stars and a velvet sky. Sally would laugh at him when next he saw her, as if nothing had been said, as if nothing had happened . . .

It would be he who would feel a fool.

He jumped out of bed, showered, shaved, dressed. He hoped the noise of the running water had not awakened anyone. He threw his clothes in the old grip and with it in his hand when cautiously downstairs. From the window seat across the room a small figure rose to confront him. His heart sank. Sally.

But it wasn't Sally.

Rose said, and indicated the suitcase beside her.

"I'm driving up with you, Jon."

"Well, for heaven's sake!" he exclaimed helplessly.

"I've left a note for Sally. She won't mind," said Rose, thinking that she knew how little Sally would mind. On the contrary. "I was going up after breakfast anyway. So why wait . . . Or won't you take me?"

"I'd be delighted," said Jonathan quite formally. For no reason at all they looked at one another and laughed. Like conspirators they opened the big front door and crept out, across the lawn and down the path to the landing pier. Jonathan carrying the bags.

"It looks like an elopement," began Rose and then blushed furiously. But Jonathan wasn't listening. He said, puzzled, "The boat's gone. I was sure it was here last night. In fact I made certain that it was."

They looked at one another in astonishment. There was the punt moored across the water. "Well, I'll be hanged," commented Jonathan, annoyed. "I can't be expected to swim for it. I wonder if we can rouse anyone."

He cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted. They were far enough distant from the house not to risk waking anyone there. Presently one of the men thrust a trousled head from the upstairs boat-house window. Several of them slept there in summer. Jonathan made explanatory gestures and the head vanished. A few minutes later the man, blue dungarees pulled over his underwear and with bare feet thrust into old shoes, came running out of the boat-house and jumped into the boat.

While he was rowing them across, Jonathan said, "I thought the boat was on the island side, last night."

"SO did I, Doc., and that's a fact. Sure I saw it there myself before I turned in. I had the canoe and the outboard in the boat-house, giving them a going over, as you might say. But the punt was docked at the island. Miss Sally said it should be left there, she said you were leaving early and would row yourself over."

"Oh, well," said Jonathan, "one of life's little mysteries, I suppose."

Presently he and Rose were in his car with the suitcases thrown in the back. It was an exquisite morning, pale gold, deep blue. The trees were as green as spring except now and then where a lovely maple had reddened in an early frost. Crows were noisy above the field stubble on their left and towards the right, past field and fence and strips of wood and the chasms of gulleys, the river flowed, placid, smooth as blue glass. The air was still and cool, not yet warmed by the sun. They could hear a train whistle in Canada. A farm dog ran out to bark at them, and the farmer's boy, tanned, ragged, friendly, whistled to the animal and waved at the car as it passed.

Smoke rose from chimneys, and the road wound ahead of them, narrow, and rutted. Once they stopped at a cattle crossing and waited until the cows crossed the road, slow moving, implacable, stupid, with great unastonished eyes, a scent of hay, of warm milk, of the farmyard about them.

They had crossed, the gates were up again. The car shot forward. Rose said, "Don't let's hurry. It's such a marvellous day . . ."

"Aren't you hungry?"

"Terribly, but that doesn't matter. Evelina will give us coffee, won't she? She'll growl like anything when she sees me, but she'll feed me," said Rose serenely . . .

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"Oh . . . the air, the air, it smells like nothing on earth!"

"Barnyard," observed Jonathan.

"Unromantic creature . . . I can hardly believe that school will soon open . . . and the first thing we know it will be autumn and then winter . . . Time begins to go a little too fast to suit me."

He asked idly, "Larry Dexter returning?"

"Yes . . . We got him into the senior class by hook or crook—frankly I don't see how he did it. His work with me was just passable, thanks to the tutoring. I don't see how he'll graduate next year . . . unless he turns over a very new leaf," she said soberly.

"I saw Mr. Downing a few days ago," remarked Jonathan, "I meant to tell you. Millie's staying downstate, she'll finish there. Then, perhaps Normal School. They miss her, but it seemed best. Not that young Dexter would ever bother her again. He's through with her. I might make a very bad joke and say washed up . . . but——"

"That wretched boy," said Rose, setting her lips in a firm line, "I wish he'd never come back here!"

After a moment she added:

"I don't think for a moment that I'll be asked to do any tutoring next term. In fact Mr. Martin told me so. He didn't say anything specific but he acted very much as if my work had been unsatisfactory. They'll get Helen Crampton, I suppose, if any extra work is needed. If they get anyone. And unless Larry improves very much," she said again, "I don't see how I can pass him."

"Well, don't," he told her easily.

"You have the neatest way of disposing of things!" she said laughing. "It isn't as cut-and-dried as that. We'll all be given our orders, in a veiled way. We'll be told to pass him—or know the reason why."

"But that's absurd!" said Jonathan, amazed.

"Yes, isn't it? But like a lot of absurd things, it's true . . . Look at that red-winged blackbird. Who called them fleet soldiers'?"

Goldenrod still nodded, tall and yellow, beside the dark or pale purple of the small wild asters. Rose said . . . "It's so lovely . . . every season . . . I wouldn't live away from here for all the Sutton money."

"Hay fever," murmured Jonathan abstractedly, and they looked at one another and laughed.

JONATHAN said, "I'm so glad you came with me this morning."

"Are you . . .?"

Jonathan looked to left and right. On the left a little lost road rutted with wheel tracks ran through a wilderness of enlaced trees. He pulled the car over sharply. He stopped, he turned the switch. The speaking silence of the morning was about them, the call of birds, the sounds of insects, the faint rustle of leaves—

"Rose . . ."

He didn't have to say more. She spoke his name, as he had spoken hers, lifting her lovely mouth frankly and happily for his kiss. He said, after a while, "I don't know how this happened!"

"That's a flattering remark." She thought, I do . . . Sally, bless her, Sally made it happen. But that was one thing he must never know, that she has listened; that she had heard.

"I think I've been in love with you ever since you walked into your uncle's office that day so long ago."

"I know I've been in love with you since then," she replied, with as much composure as was compatible under the circumstances.

He said, "I haven't very much to offer."

"You couldn't offer me more, Jon . . ."

"Then you'll marry me?"

"Jon, you astonish me! A proposal before breakfast . . . ?"

"Rose . . . darling Rose . . ."

"I'll 'narry you," she said firmly; "try and stop me."

"When . . .?"

"Oh," said Rose . . . "next summer."

His disappointment was ludicrous. "Next summer," he cried, "but——"

"No buts, dearest. I'll keep my job . . . this year . . . I've signed my contract. Not that there's much fuss about married teachers. Or rather there didn't use to be. There might be now."

"I don't want you to teach after we're married," he began.

"I don't intend to," she said gaily. "I intend to be a useless, parasitic wife. Oh, I'll mind the door for you and answer telephone calls and go to see chronic patients," she promised, laughing, "and I'll try to make Evelina forgive me for marrying you . . ."

"But, Rose, why not sooner . . .?"

She said, more soberly, "No . . . Look, Jon, let's be sensible. By the end of the next year you'll have worked up your practice into something really solid. Then it will take mother a while to adjust herself——"

"But she'll live with us, won't she?"

"That's another thing," said Rose. "I don't know that she'll want to. But if I'm not teaching we can't afford to keep up two establishments." She turned a troubled face to him, and he caught her to him once more and kissed her eyes and her mouth. He said, "We'll manage . . ."

"YES, of course . . . Jon, I'm perishing . . . I'll faint on your hands if you don't take me back to town . . ."

"Of joy?" he inquired sedately.

"Of hunger," she said, laughing.

On the way back he said, "We'll tell everybody . . ."

"Oh, no, not a formal announcement!" she begged him. "Just Mother, and Uncle Alan, of course . . . and a very few others. I hate this being engaged business. Let's be comparatively secret about it, and then after we're married we can be engaged for the rest of our lives."

They had taken a long time to drive the distance between the Sutton farm and the Ballard house. It was eight o'clock as they sat together in the kitchen finishing their breakfast with Evelina clucking about them disapprovingly. The telephone rang shrilly and Jonathan got up to answer it. Rose heard his astonished exclamation, Sally's name, and his questions. She went into the office and stood beside him. She said, as he replaced the instrument and turned a blank, bewildered face to hers, "What's happened Jonathan?" and he answered, "That was Sam Patten . . . he's just heard . . . Sally and Phil eloped last night, and were married downstate . . . this morning."

"But, Jon!" cried Rose aghast.

"I know . . ." He looked away. He was, she saw instantly, embarrassed and uncomfortable.

"Perhaps it isn't true."

"It must be," said Jonathan, "as Sally telephoned him herself. She said it was a scoop for his paper. She said her mother would be having hysterics by now, so it was no use calling her for a confirmation. She asked him to call me," added Jonathan, very red.

Rose was silent. She stood beside him, her hand on his shoulder. She said presently, "I—hope she'll be happy, Jon."

Sally's elopement created an eddy of excitement. But no one was astonished at her choice. It was merely her manner of proclaiming it. The Senator stumped into Jonathan's office a day or so later and settled himself in a chair. He asked, "I suppose you were knocked all of a heap—?"

"Well, rather," Jonathan assured him, smiling.

"WISH she hadn't done it that way. But she assured us she couldn't face a church wedding and all the trimmings. No, they're not coming back now. They went on to New York and had their things sent after them. They're sailing for a short trip abroad. The Dexters, Mrs. Sutton and I are going down to see them off. By the way, she sent you a message. She said, 'Tell Kim I was only kidding.' That may mean something to you; it doesn't to me."

The small eyes regarded him shrewdly. To his annoyance Jonathan found himself flushing. He said lamely, "It was only a little joke we had between us."

"I see," said the Senator, who didn't, and wasn't at all satisfied. "Look here, she didn't do this out of any—any silly idea of pique, did she? I had the notion once that you and she——"

Jonathan shook his head. He said hastily, "Why, no, sir . . . I assure you . . . Sally and I are great friends, nothing more. She—" He stopped to smile at the older man. "She likes a good time," he said simply, "but, of course, Phil was always top man."

"I suppose so. Well, we'd settled on Phil a long time ago. He's disappointed me in some ways . . . but . . . perhaps now . . ." He paused, cleared his throat, and said briskly, "but I really came to talk about you and not that crazy girl of mine, Kim. About the school position. There'll be no trouble when elections——"

Jonathan interrupted hastily. "I've been wanting to talk to you about that. I appreciate all you've done for me, and all you are willing to do. But, no, I'd rather not. Someone else."

Sutton frowned. He asked sharply, "What's the matter with you? Why don't you want the job?"

"Frankly," said Jonathan, "it isn't a job. It's a sinecure. A little conference here and there, a lecture to the kids with all the bone and muscle removed, flabby platitudes remaining . . . routine examinations and all that. I was originally very much interested. I'm not now. I'm beaten every way I turn. The athletic director has less than no use for me. I've co-operation from no one but Miss Anderson. And the job that interested me, the sensible, practical things that I wanted to teach, and that, believe me, these youngsters need to learn, has been denied me. Without any hope of progress the job isn't a job—just a sop."

"I'm sorry you feel like that," said Sutton rising. "Well, I'll say no more. There are other men who'll be willing, even anxious. You can't make haste this way, Kim. You can't come in and overthrow convictions of generations. You young people are always in a hurry. Well," he said abruptly, "that's that . . . I'll be going along now. No, don't trouble to come with me. I know the way."

He walked out of the room, and Jonathan looked after him reflectively. It wasn't

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his refusal of the job, it was his refusal of anything that Sutton cared to offer. There goes the Sutton influence, he told himself, with a twisted grin.

Sally had gone, too. He thought—most of that influence was Sally. With Sally in New York, in Europe, coming back to live in the Dexter house, perhaps, to be the complete Lady of the Manor, his backing vanished. She wouldn't be bothered now, he thought, and found himself very much relieved. They'd leave him alone, all of them, Sutton with disapproval, and Sally with indifference. Up like a rocket and down like a stick. He thought, groping for an account book: And I've been a fool at that . . . I've spent more in good hard cash than they've brought me . . . Oh, a rich patient now and then, but rich patients have a way of letting their bills run as far as that goes . . . He'd ask Rose, he considered, about the advisability of resigning from the Country Club. For a time at least until he was straightened out. There was a good deal of money on the wrong side of the ledger, and he had done considerable charity work. He had had to keep his end up socially and that ran into more money. He closed the ledger with a snap. It had been fun while it lasted, and he'd been as dazzled by it at times as a kid in front of a bakery window. But that was over now. He had his work and Rose and the Suttons could jump in the river for all he cared. Not that he wasn't grateful . . . or was he? No, he wasn't, not really. But he liked Sally. He thought uncomfortably: If I fling her into that . . .

Well, what else could he do? Perhaps inadvertently he'd helped to precipitate things, but, after all, it had been in the cards that she'd marry Dexter one of these days.

Life went on smoothly. Their immediate circle knew of Rose's engagement to him. He'd become one of them now, sitting around the fire with Sam and Fred and Bill, chewing the rag, interested in the town. He'd done his bit for Fred in the elections. That the election went against him was to be expected. Bill Lynd was subdued but game. He'd shaken his hand and said, "Not that I don't hate you . . . you know how it is . . . still, if it had to be anyone . . . don't worry about me, Kim . . . it's just hard to break a habit, that's all, even a good one."

MRS. WARD was resigned. She had even grown fond of him. So the adjustment hadn't been hard to make. It was arranged before winter that when Rose married her mother would have her own small apartment in the Ballard house. The house was to be Doctor Ballard's wedding present to them. "It will save you rent, Jonathan, you lucky beggar . . . and save me, too. I must be Scotch. For the house would have been Rose's eventually, you know."

An apartment could be managed easily with a little expenditure, a bedroom and living-room and bath of her own, even a tiny electric kitchen in case she wished to entertain, or to stay away from the family table. "Jon will demand crazy meals. I know doctors," said Rose. And Evelina, informed of the state of affairs, said glumly, "I'm sure I hope it's all for the best." But she'd stay on, and later, perhaps, someone would come in to help her. "At present," said Rose, laughing, "I'm young and healthy and housework's no harder than teaching."

The young Dexters returned to town in December. Rose and Jonathan went to their first party. Phil was unchanged, wisecracking, dark, complacent, and Sally was like a yellow flame, talking too much, laughing too loudly, very comic about travel and people and being a bride. She was tremendously friendly towards them both, she'd brought some tortoiseshell combs to Rose from Italy and a cigarette case for Jonathan. But somehow she was no longer Sally Sutton, she was Mrs. Phil Dexter.

Larry was at the party. He avoided them both. He drank too much and had to be taken up to bed during the evening. It was an unfortunate episode.

Rose looked after his undignified exit with darkening eyes. She was troubled about Larry. She had kept this from Jonathan. She knew what Jonathan would say, and he was right. But she had no proof . . . no actual proof. He was a disturbance in not her class alone, but all his classes. He was a leader of the most undesirable element in the school. Worse than that, most of the younger boys made a hero of him. He broke training deliberately, yet he remained in the football team, playing an erratic and reckless game, spectacular with victory.

There was a new club among the older boys, and Rose knew it. It was purely and simply a gambling club. She knew who the ringleader was, but she had no actual evidence. She couldn't ask the other boys to "squeal" even if they would.

The mid-term examinations came and went; after they were over Rose went to see Mr. Martin in his office. She shut the door and he looked up in some astonishment.

"I had to see you."

"WELL?" he asked testily. He knew that she was to be married after the close of school. It annoyed him. Why any woman with a good position should prefer marriage. He was a bachelor and gloried in it.

"It's about Larry Dexter."

"Well, what about him?"

"I'm flunking him," she said.

"Flunking . . .! but——"

"Yes, I know." She looked at him as she stood there by the desk, at his disagreeable pinched face with its expression of amazement. "Yes, his paper was quite correct. Too correct. He cheated. I know. He knew all the answers. He couldn't help but know them. He had them with him. Oh, no doubt in his head for the most part. You see, the questions disappeared from my room. I had left them carelessly in my desk, a day or so before. They were returned, however."

Martin's face lighted. He said, "Rose, you are making a very serious accusation. You can't do this. You have no proof that it was Dexter."

"I have some very clear finger-prints."

He looked at her in horror. "But," he said, "this isn't a police station or a detective story."

"I appreciate that," said Rose, "but the fact remains. I shall flunk Larry Dexter. And moreover, I believe he should be expelled. For cheating. For stealing, for lying. For undermining discipline in classes, for gambling——"

Martin's face was white. He said: "You don't know what you're doing."

"Oh, yes," said Rose. "I know, well enough——"

He ordered, after a silence, "You'll pass Larry Dexter, and there will not be a word of this——"

"You can't dismiss me, Mr. Martin. You'll have to prefer charges if you contemplate that. What charges can you prefer? And if you don't do something about Larry Dexter, I shall. I'll force a board meeting. I'll—I have a good deal of influence. Enough to push this thing through."

He said, shouting at her, "If you dare . . . you'll be sorry . . .!"

Rose walked away from the desk. She said, "I'll dare all right, and I won't be sorry." She turned at the door and looked at him levelly. "It's time that this school was under a more competent rule than the Sutton-Dexter combination," she said, "and that a Dexter found himself something less than sacrosanct. I'm not the only one who feels this way."

THE door closed after her. Martin picked up the telephone. Presently he was connected with the Sutton house. Sweat stood out on his forehead despite the snow lying white on the ground outside. He said, "Senator Sutton . . . This is Martin speaking. Could I see you for a moment on urgent business?"

Hanging up after a satisfactory answer he wiped his forehead. He took up his coat and hat. One of them must go, the boy or Rose Ward. He knew it would not be the boy.

Rose was telling her troubles to no one, not even to Jonathan. She had discovered that while young Doctor Kimble was slow to anger, once aroused he was difficult to pacify. She had a vision of him storming at Martin in his office, and shuddered. No, this was her affair and she would see it through.

Her next step, of course, would be to go over Martin's stubborn head and see Rogers, the superintendent, which would be, she conceded, an almost hopeless proposition, as Rogers was in Sutton's pocket. Rose set her strong little jaw, deceptively masked in soft feminine flesh. One way or another she would get action, she determined.

She spoke tentatively to Lucy Anderson, the school nurse, with whom she had been friends since their childhood. Lucy was of the school, yet she was sufficiently detached. Lucy listened, frowning. Eventually she said soberly, "You can't beat 'em, Rose; there's no use running your head against a stone wall. The best thing you can do is quit and keep on lowering his marks. After all, you'll be leaving at the end of the school year. Now don't, for heaven's sake, tell me it's the principle of the thing . . . I'll scream if you do."

Rose said, after a moment, "That's all very well. And it is the principle of the thing. It's a long time from now till June. He can do a lot of damage before then. And besides . . ." She sighed, shrugged her shoulders. . . I can lower his marks till kingdom come," she said, "and it won't do any good. I know."

"Well, it's your own funeral . . . Personally I don't know what I'd do in your shoes. I haven't the courage, I suppose," Lucy told her.

Boarding the superintendent in his den was almost literally that, for Mr. Rogers had the finest Van Dyke in the northern country, and gave it the fond care one would bestow upon a beloved child. He was not overcome with delight to see Rose, and indeed it took her some time to reach him, as he appeared remarkably busy all of a sudden and quite unable to make appointments.

Finally she went to his house one evening after supper and was welcomed there by his wife, a pleasant, plump little person who drew her within and informed her husband of her arrival. There was nothing for Rogers to do but receive her in a singularly morbid-looking den, decorated with all the ancestral chromos and left

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over Mission furniture which had been accumulating for the past thirty years.

It was evident to Rose that Martin had already seen his superintendent. Rogers was pleasant enough, but his manner was the tactful, tolerant attitude of an experienced man dealing with the whims and crotchets of frail femininity. He agreed with her that Larry Dexter's marks had not been of the best and that Larry was perhaps a "little wild." "But," he added, pontifically, placing the tips of his fingers exactly together, leaning back in his chair and regarding Rose through his thick lenses, "we must make allowances for youth. I'm sure you will not be too hasty, Miss Ward. I will have Mr. Martin speak to the boy. A little closer application to his work—and I am convinced his work will be brought up to standard. I appreciate your deep interest in the school and your classes, but, if you will forgive me, you are very young and——"

"You mean," interrupted Rose, "that I am young and that Mr. Dexter, and more especially his friend, Senator Sutton, are very influential."

"I wouldn't put it quite like that," breathed the pleasant superintendent in silky tones. "Of course we feel that it has been rather a feather in our scholastic cap that Mr. Dexter brought his son back to Riverport and placed him in one of our schools."

Rose was exasperated past all caution. She got to her feet and looked down at the gentleman. "He was expelled from his last preparatory school, Mr. Rogers," she reminded him.

"QUITE," agreed Rogers, unmoved and unmoving. "Mr. Dexter spoke to both Mr. Martin and myself about that. A mere boyish prank. Of course, many of these fashionable preparatory schools permit their students entirely too much freedom, removed as they are from the steadying influence of their families. It is bound to go to their heads——"

He indicated that the interview was over. Rose went out into the breathlessly cold night. She had done all she could. She had flunked young Mr. Dexter, she had seen his principal and the superintendent of the school and so young Mr. Dexter would go merrily on his way and graduate with his class in June. That was that. She had been told to lay off, virtually. If she laid off she would finish out her school year, and be married. When the contracts came through she would not sign, as she was going to resign. Perhaps it would be just as well to let sleeping dogs lie.

Larry would be leaving at the end of the school year. He would not, she reflected, get into college. It would take a tutoring school to drag him in by the heels. But at least he would be graduated.

Why not wash her hands of the matter? Once he left school things would quiet down, be as they had been before.

But would they be? Would not his influence linger among the boys—and yes, the girls, too—now so patently impressed by him? There were boys in the junior classes, and in the lower classes as well, who were flattered and proud of being a part of Larry's special "gang." If they saw him slide through school without working, if they saw him get away with the things he was doing, without reprimand or punishment, might that not influence their own remaining school years, if not their entire lives?

Rose told herself: you're taking this too seriously—just because a boy drinks and gambles and shirks his work, just because a boy is idle and completely good-for-nothing, is that any reason why you should imagine a group of similar boys, following in his footsteps because they think that he's smart, and that they'd be smart, too—because he's set a new student fashion?

She reached her house, rosy, breathing fast from the pace she had set herself. Her eyes were so dark with anger they were almost black. On the steps she paused to look up at the sky . . . it crackled with Northern lights.

JONATHAN was waiting when she came in.

"For heaven's sake, where've you been?" he grumbled, untangling his long legs and rising from a comfortable chair by the fire. "I've bored your mother to death and eaten all the doughnuts in the house. What's up? You look pretty darned severe."

He put his arms around her, kissed her cold lips, her colder cheek. The lips warmed under his. Rose, disengaging herself, laughed. She tossed her hat on the table and flung her heavy coat on a chair. She said, "I'm mad!"

"Why?"

"Oh, I've just been to see John Rogers—" She stopped and sat down on the divan. She said, "Never mind that. Come over here and tell me all you've been doing."

But Jonathan's curiosity was aroused. He said, standing over her, "Here, make a clean breast of it. I thought you'd been going around muttering to yourself lately. What's the trouble?"

"Nothing." But she had gone too far. She'd have to satisfy him somehow. She said, lightly, "It's just that obnoxious Dexter youngster. I couldn't pass him so I flunked him. Besides, he's been raising all sorts of ructions in class and school generally. Mr. Martin won't do anything about it. I hoped that Rogers would. But I might have known better."

"He ought to be fired," pronounced Jonathan.

"Who—Martin, Rogers or Larry?"

"All three," said Jonathan firmly.

"I'm inclined to agree with you, but just for the moment I'm concentrating on Larry. Not that it does any good."

"Oh, well," said Jonathan easily, "you'll soon be out of it. It can't be too soon for me," he added sitting beside her.

Rose smiled, and then frowned. He asked, "Why the scowl, darling, it doesn't become you?" and she replied, smoothing out her brow with laudable haste, "Oh, just men in general. You're as bad as Martin and Rogers, in one way. And I dare say everyone else would agree with you. Let it slide, take the easier way, shut your eyes to anything you don't happen to like. Let Larry Dexter graduate, he only has a few months anyway, and in a hundred years it won't make any difference to anyone," she concluded breathlessly.

They were alone in the living-room, Mrs. Ward having slipped away almost as soon as Rose arrived. Jonathan raised an eyebrow and quirked a finger. "Stand up," he commanded.

She rose, more docile than she appeared, and he pulled her down on his knee.

He said, "I hate like thunder to have anything bother you. If you want me to, I'll ride that young man out of town on a rail, plus the usual tar and feathers."

Rose laughed helplessly. She said, "That would help matters a lot and be especially good for your practice." She ran her fingers through his hair, which always irritated him, and he howled and battered it down again with the palms of his hands. "That's one habit I'll have to break you of," he threatened, and glared at her.

"Mustn't end sentences with a preposition," Rose told him. "Now, let's forget Larry and everything. Tell me about yourself."

"Very quiet day," he answered obediently, "one sacro iliac, one quinsy, one pneumonia . . . and oh, yes, Sally. I've been up to see her."

"What's wrong with her?"

"Heavy cold. She'll be all right though. Phil wasn't in evidence. She said he'd gone to New York. Do you know, I think the Dexter house is even more depressing than the Sutton mansion. All it lacks is hair wreaths and a photograph of Aunt Mary's third little boy in his coffin."

Rose shuddered. "Jon, how can you!"

"Oh, I assure you I've seen such," he said cheerfully.

"Sally in bed . . .?"

"Yes. She must feel pretty low or she'd never consent to stay there. Has a slight temperature, aches . . . the grippe, you know, cold and plenty of it. She looked as if she'd been crying," said Jonathan carefully, "it may have been the cold."

"I'll go see her to-morrow after church," said Rose. She stirred, announced, "I'm too heavy," and slipped from his knee to sit close beside him, her bright head against his shoulder. Presently she said slowly, "Sometimes I wish it would always be like this, just you and I, close together, quiet, not saying much, just aware of one another. But it won't be. We'll be like other people; we'll be irritable and intolerant, we'll quarrel and become reconciled, we'll find that common, everyday life blunts, inevitably and imperceptibly, the keen edge of our delight." To her astonishment she was almost crying. Her sight blurred and her throat thickened. She went on huskily, "But every so often there will be a moment just like this, and we'll know that being together is all that matters."

Jonathan's big hand rumpled her hair, his long fingers were drawn from her temples to her throat. He said, moved, "I ought to contradict you. I ought to say we won't be like other people. But I couldn't fool you, Rose, I suppose we will be. But we'll love each other, and that's the important thing. Look—if life were all a sort of firelight dream, with no antagonisms and no obstacles and no altercations, it wouldn't be life. It would be a pleasant sort of nothingness, a suspension between two worlds. Pretty cloying. Sure, you'll be irritable and so will I. We'll fight and we'll cry, and we'll swear—at least you'll cry and I'll swear——"

"DON'T be too sure," said Rose lazily. "I may do the swearing."

Jonathan grinned. He said, "Whatever comes we'll take it in our stride. I'll be late to dinner ten times out of nine. You'll bear with it for a while, and then it will get under your skin. You won't be able to convince yourself that you're a marvellous wife complementing the life of a busy humanitarian after the first few months. You'll just be a doctor's wife who will not be able to see the sixth roast burnt to a crisp with equanimity. And after a while you won't look on midnight telephone calls as a sort of accolade setting me apart from other men. You'll wish my patients were in Timbuctoo. But Lord, Rose, if it were made too easy for us, we wouldn't like it! It wouldn't be life and it wouldn't be marriage!"

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"Jon," she said, "you're such a comfort. Always looking on the bright side." She pulled his tall head down to hers and kissed him. "And now," she said severely, "will you kindly shut up and look at the fire with me and hold my hand and just be quiet for a little while? Because in ten minutes by the clock mother's coming in to ask us if we want a nice hot drink of cocoa."

She had forgotten Larry Dexter.

THE following morning after church Jonathan drove her up to the Dexters'. He left her downstairs in the amazing panelled hall tastefully set off with the mounted carcasses of unhappy fish, small birds, and the reproachfully glass-eyed heads of stags. Rose, waiting, wondered idly why on earth Sally had elected to live here instead of at her father's until the house she and Phil were building on the Dexter property, was ready. Mrs. Dexter slid through the hall like some vague and unelectrical eel, and threw her a mechanical greeting and a fixed bright smile which displayed her superb denture. And presently Rose, looking up from a contemplation of a gasping fish snared in Floridan waters was aware that Larry had come silently through the archway leading from the living-room to the hall, and was surveying her, his hands in his pockets.

She said, "Hello, Larry, I was waiting to see Sally. Jonathan's up with her now."

Larry grinned. He said, "Yeah, I know. If you can't get a doctor one way, you can get him another. I think Sally's in for quite a spell of invalidism—Phil's gone to New York. They had a battle. You know how that is. We knew, all right, we could hear them all over the house."

Rose said, distastefully, "I don't believe I care to hear about it."

"You wouldn't," he said amiably, and came a step closer to her. "Look here," he told her, "it won't do you any good to flunk me. Oh, I know, Mr. Martin had me on the carpet—in a nice way." He spoke with an incredible mincing falsetto which was completely a caricature of the principal's voice, "and gave me a 'little warning.' But it didn't take. If you think you're going to get me kicked out of your little tuppeny ha'penny school——"

"Larry," Rose began sharply, rising, but just as she did so Jonathan came running down the stairs. He said, "Go on up, Rose, Sally wants to see you. Don't go too near her . . . remember. I'll drop back for you. Have a couple of calls to make. I won't be long."

He nodded to Larry, smiled at her, and went to the door. Rose looking briefly at Larry, thought better of it, and walked past him to the stairway. Mounting it, her hand on the rail, she thought, I didn't come off very well in that encounter. But what was there to say? I couldn't get into a row with the boy in his own house . .

But now her mind was made up. She would go over the superintendent's head and make her report directly to the Board. She thought, furiously: To think I was such a coward—trying to convince myself that it would be better to drop it!

Sally was lying in the big four-poster, with a soft Angora bed jacket bordered with white fur about her shoulders. She looked bad, Rose thought, smiling at her from the doorway. Sally said, stifled, "Take a pew. Not too close. Kim warned me. Doesn't want you to catch my cold." Rose sat down in a chintz-covered wing chair. Sally sneezed into a handkerchief. "What are you looking so sober about?" she demanded.

"Just came from church."

"Is that how it affects you? You looked mad enough to chew nails. I bet you ran into my dear little brother-in-law on the way up."

Rose flushed. She said steadily, "I saw him—in the hall——"

"I suppose so," agreed Sally, regarding her steadily. "I've no doubt he told you that Phil and I threw things. I'll certainly be glad to get out of this house. Sorry now we didn't go home, but Phil was set on the Dexter manor. Thought it more fitting, I suppose. And look here, you needn't be evasive about Larry to me; I've learned plenty about him since I came to live here. But Phil won't hear a word against him—much less his mother and father. If he ends up on the gallows," remarked Sally cheerfully, "they have only themselves to blame."

"I'm sorry you're laid up," Rose began, and Sally laughed hoarsely.

"Such a subtle way to change the topic," she suggested, "and hasn't it been cold lately? Although I don't believe this winter will be as severe as last." She laughed again. "You and Kim think you're pretty smart," she said abruptly, "as if the whole town didn't know!"

Rose said, "We've told some people . . . I—I didn't want a formal announcement."

"You might have told me," said Sally. She widened her eyes at the other girl. "Scruples?" she asked. "You didn't really believe all that nonsense last summer . .? I was just having a little fun with you, that was all."

"Of course," Rose murmured.

SALLY said, "I've a lot of new clothes. Over there in the cupboard. Want to see 'em? Get up and take a look. Heaven knows why I bought them! I won't have a chance to wear them, and Phil says he can't get away again for a long time. I don't know what's got into him; he's the perfect young business-man. Father's simply delighted, and I'm bored to death."

Rose stayed an hour or so. Just before they heard Jonathan's ring at the doorbell, Sally caught her hand.

"You're lucky," she whispered, "terribly lucky! I hope you know it."

"I do," Rose assured her, smiling.

"I wonder," said Sally. She leaned back against the pillows and closed her eyes. Her small face lost its vivacity, became pinched and white. Rose regarded her with some anxiety. "Shall I call someone?" she asked quickly.

Sally shook her head.

"No; I'm all right. Kim wouldn't tell you professional secrets, you know, but I was very ill a few weeks ago. Been sort of run-down ever since, catch cold if someone opens a bureau drawer."

"I'm so sorry," said Rose inadequately. "I didn't know."

"No, and no one else. I had a fall," said Sally slowly.

"I didn't even know you were ill," Rose began.

"No—I didn't want people speculating; I'd hate that. It was at night—I called Kim. I stayed in bed for a while, and, except for the family, no one was the wiser."

Jonathan whistled from below stairs. Rose put on her things and went to the door, promising to come again.

"Bye," said Sally, "thanks for the sick call."

When the other girl had gone she began to cry weakly. She was terribly sorry for herself. She thought, If I'd waited, if I had not been such a fool!

She turned her face to the pillows. She told herself, half aloud, I've got to get over it; I can't live in the same town with him and not get over it. It's no use. And Phil and I have got to get things straight between us. I married him, didn't I? And I'll make the best of it.

. . . . . .

Her mind made up, Rose appeared before the Board at the next meeting and made her charges. She was, she admitted to herself, terribly frightened. Walking into the room, she wondered if everyone in it would know that her knees were shaking and that the palms of her hands were icy and damp. It seemed absurd to be afraid of men she had known all her life and yet, looking around the circle of frankly hostile faces, her heart quivered and sank. But she kept her chin up, and the color rose to her cheeks, and her eyes were bright with challenge. When she knocked on the door of the board-room she told herself, "This is the most unpleasant party you've ever crashed."

Standing there, by the big table, speaking quietly, she assured the members of the Board that she knew her behaviour was probably most irregular, but that she had been to both Mr. Martin and to Mr. Rogers on the matter and had had no satisfaction. Ergo, there was nothing else to do but appeal to the Board, she told them, trying to smile a little.

Sutton, as president and spokesman, listened to her in silence, interrupting now and then with a considered question. His manner toward her was courteous, even friendly, and set the model for the others. But back of it she sensed, accurately, his hostility.

She was charging Larry Dexter specifically with failure in classwork, with cheating at examinations—and not even successfully enough to pass—and with a total disregard of authority or discipline. She was also charging him with undermining his fellow students' discipline and character.

Afterwards she listened to the Senator's little speech. It was so brief, so inclusive, so almost graceful that it occurred to her later that it could not be entirely spontaneous. The Board, he assured her, was grateful to Miss Ward for bringing the matter to its attention. At the same time the Board—he knew he spoke for his fellow members—could not help but feel that her attitude was one of mistaken zeal and that she exaggerated the facts. However, the Board would confer on the matter and reserve their decision for a later period. Such grave accusations could not be ignored. But a decision which might affect the entire life of a student could not be handed down lightly. "Thank you, Miss Ward."

SHE was dismissed. She was quite aware, walking away from the door she had shut quietly, down the long corridor, that she had committed possibly the major idiocy of her life.

"My hair," she told herself absurdly, "is red, but I've a red-headed temper." She thought, "If I hadn't met Larry the other day, if he hadn't angered me, perhaps I would have forced myself to believe that discretion is the better part of valor. As it is, I've only made a mess of things."

There was no doubt in her mind that Sutton had already been consulted by both principal and superintendent, and that what to expect if this obstinate young woman chose to take matters in her own hands. Certainly neither he nor any other member of his Board appeared taken by

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surprise; therefore, if she had expected to throw a bombshell, her weapon had certainly proved a dud!

She returned home very much depressed, with the flat, let-down feeling which comes with the inner conviction that one has made a fool of one's self. Not that she did not believe herself right; she was convinced of the rightness of her course. But to take your courage in both hands and essay an important step in the interest of justice, and then find yourself regarded as if you were an irresponsible child, was almost too much to endure.

Jonathan would come to the house after evening office hours. Rose, eating no dinner, to Mrs. Ward's perturbation, wondered what on earth she would do with herself until he came. She couldn't, she decided, sit in the house and make conversation. Her mother's gentle fussing and anxious inquiries rubbed her nerves raw . . . "What in the world is the matter with you, Rose? You didn't eat a thing at dinner . . . Are you ill? . . . You haven't quarrelled with Jonathan, have you?"

"I'm perfectly all right," she said, again and again. "No, we haven't quarrelled—where did you get such a crazy idea?" But Mrs. Ward could scent trouble as a cat could catnip. She followed Rose about the living-room, watched her pick up a book and fling it down again, watched her poke needlessly at the fire, watched her finger objects on the table, watched her pick up a vase and permit it to slide through her fingers and shatter on the floor.

"I must say," commented Mrs . Ward tartly, "that you don't act normal to me."

SHE left the room, annoyed, to return with a dustpan and broom, and when Rose, remorseful, went to her assistance, pushed her aside. "For goodness' sakes—no—! You make me nervous—you'll probably cut yourself or something."

Matters were not mended when Mrs. Ward, returning from the disposal of the broken glass, found her daughter thoughtfully smoking one of Jonathan's cigarettes. Rose rarely smoked. Her mother disapproved, she herself didn't like it especially and, moreover, Riverport was of the opinion that its school teachers should set an example. Riverport knew well enough that its students smoked, some of them at a very early age, but it closed its eyes to that. However, it would open them wide enough if it ever saw one of its female educators polluting her fair lips with the reprehensible weed.

"Well!" said Mrs. Ward, surveying her.

Rose explained absently, "Jonathan left a pack here. . . ." She coughed a little, being more or less a novice and finding, besides, that the cigarette was dry. She thought: "They say it calms your nerves. . . . Well, we'll see!"

The doorbell rang. Rose looked at the clock. It was early; perhaps Jonathan hadn't had a very heavy office. In relief, she almost ran to the door, the cigarette between her fingers.

Her mother said thankfully, "Perhaps Jonathan can do something with you," and went off toward the kitchen murmuring, "He'll want a cup of coffee . . ." It was her fixed idea that Jonathan could enjoy no coffee but her own.

Rose opened the door, and then stepped back, astonished. For it wasn't Jonathan; and her astonishment held no pleasure, as it was Larry Dexter.

He looked at her and smiled a little, his regard including her hair, dishevelled from the many times she had thrust her fingers through it, and the cigarette she still held. He asked coolly, "May I come in, Miss Ward—? I'm sorry to disturb you, but it's important."

"Of course," she told him, and stood back to let him enter. He seemed entirely at ease, and as she followed him into the living-room she thought, "I believe he's been drinking."

There was just a suspicion of swagger in his walk., and the odor of liquor was perfectly plain. He took off his racoon coat and let it fall to a chair, followed by the hat he held in his hand. He said, "I don't suppose you are surprised to see me."

She wasn't, she assured herself, surprised in the dictionary sense. In the accepted and erroneous sense she was, however, and admitted mildly.

"SIT down, Larry, won't you?" she added.

But he stood over by the mantel, his back to the fire, bulking very large and solid in the comparatively small room. He accused her abruptly, "You've always had it in for me."

"That's not true . . .!"

"Yes, it is. Don't bother to deny it. You went before the Board to-day . . . I know all about it, you see. Old man Sutton came to the house before dinner."

She said, "Larry, if you can deny any of my charges . . ."

He shrugged. He said, "I wouldn't trouble . . . what I want to know is what's the big idea of riding me like this? What do you gain by having me kicked out of school? . . . Look out, you'll burn your finger," he warned her suddenly.

Rose looked down at the forgotten cigarette and put it in the nearest ashtray. She said, still standing, "I don't gain anything, of course. It has nothing to do with me, Larry." She looked at him steadily. She said, "You're a bad influence in the school. You lie, you gamble, you cheat—you drink. You're a coward."

He went very white. He said, "You'd better explain that."

"You understand, without explanation," said Rose.

Mrs. Ward came in. She said, before she reached the door, "I'm going to run next door for an hour, Rose—the coffee's on the stove . . . Oh . . .!" She looked at Larry in amazement, "Good evening," she said after a second of blankness. "I thought you were Doctor Kimber."

"No such luck," said Larry, laughing. As the older woman's footsteps died away he said:

"Look here, Miss Ward, I didn't come here to ask you to withdraw your charges . . . I came here to tip you off. If you don't withdraw them you may find yourself in pretty much of a hole."

She said, "I don't intend to withdraw them, Larry."

"I see." He shrugged again. "Well, don't say I didn't warn you," he informed her, and, picking up his things, went to the door. She did not move to follow him. She heard the door close behind him. She stood there a minute, five minutes, thinking, her face set in concentration. Then she went upstairs for her outdoor things.

Rose had to talk to someone. Perhaps Jonathan would be through work. But she could not endure to wait here for him. Her mother had left the house by the kitchen door just before Larry went. Rose went out, after locking up, and walked the short distance between her house and Jonathan's. She found the front door unlocked and went in. Evelina met her in the hall. Rose smiled at her.

"Doctor busy?"

"He's in the office, last patient left half an hour ago, I think," said Evelina. "But then I just came in from an errand."

The door to the office stood ajar. Rose didn't hear a sound as she crossed the living-room. She was at the door before she heard Sally's voice broken, husky . . .

"I'm sorry to have made such an idiot of myself, Kim, but I'm so terribly unhappy."

It was too late for Rose to retreat. Her hand on the knob, and it seemed without her volition the door swung open and she saw Sally Dexter crying in Jonathan's arms . . . He looked up and signalled frantically to her with his eyebrows. Rose, conscious of shock, stepped back from the door, but Sally heard her. She turned and exclaimed softly, "Rose, come back this instant . . ."

Rose came reluctantly. Of the three Jonathan was the most embarrassed. He looked a guilty man if Rose had ever seen one. He cleared his throat and shifted from one foot to the other.

Sally, pale, her eyes red-rimmed, her little nose discolored from crying, and from the remainder of her cold, began to laugh weakly. She said severely, "Rose Ward, stop looking like an avenging angel. I'm not trying to steal your man. I'm just making an imbecile of myself with my doctor's permission."

"Well," said Rose, coming into the office, "doctors are privileged."

"That has all the earmarks of a nasty crack," Sally told her. She sat down in a shabby leather armchair. "I—I haven't been sleeping. I'm all of a dither. You," she said suddenly, "don't look any too pert yourself. What's up? Larry?"

"How did you know?" asked Rose, too stunned for contradiction.

"Sally, the Sherlock of the North Country," said Sally. "I heard him—I heard him announce all over the place that he was going to give you a piece of his alleged mind. And I know all about the Board meeting. You won't get anywhere," said Sally.

Jonathan was looking from one to the other.

"What's it all about?" he demanded. "Or is it a guessing game? Can't I play, too?"

Rose sat down on the edge of his desk.

"NEITHER of you want to hear my troubles," she said lightly.

"Don't be too sure," Sally said, "and if it's my presence which is restraining you—" She rose, picked up her mink coat, and pulled a little soft toque over one eye . . . "You should have a mirror in your office," she told Jonathan.

"Wait a minute," said Rose. "I didn't mean to be abrupt, Sally; it's just that you——"

"That I'm in the enemy's camp?" asked Sally. "Don't be too sure. I've learned a lot in the last few months," she said, with extraordinary bitterness. "It was all right having my life run for me along lines of, shall we say, least resistance? I suppose I thought I was running it myself. But I've reached a different viewpoint. I'm not sure I like life-runners."

Rose said, after a moment:

"You don't want to be inflicted with this school business, Sally. You—you have your

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own loyalties. It wouldn't be fair for me to try to persuade you that——"

"That my darling brother-in-law is the brat of the world?" asked Sally. "You don't have to, I know plenty. Just what has he done, Rose? I heard a good deal, but it was highly colored by prejudice—in his favor."

Rose told her briefly. Sally whistled and arched her incredibly thin eyebrows . . . "As bad as that?" she said slowly.

"He came to the house to-night," Rose said. "I thought it was you, Jon—when the door bell rang."

"To beg you to spare him?" inquired Sally, grinning. "No, to warn me," said Rose.

"Warn you? Why," asked Sally, "what can happen to you?"

"I can be fired," Rose reminded her.

"On what grounds?" Sally asked sharply.

"Normally," replied Rose with a recitative glibness, "for poor class work; for being a bad influence on the pupils . . . to give you two of the possible reasons."

Jonathan turned red and spoke his mind freely for about twenty seconds. Sally gaped at him in frank admiration. "I never knew you had it in you, Kim," she complimented him. "My, that's powerful language, young man!"

Rose was laughing helplessly.

"Don't," she pleaded, "get all worked up. I'm just telling you some of the excuses they—the Board—might find to get rid of me."

"Not even my sainted father would have the nerve!" stated Sally. She rose and came over to the other girl and put her arm around her. "You're—pretty regular," she said, "and we won't let 'em put anything over on you . . . 'Bye . . . I've chaperoned you two long enough . . . 'Bye, Kim, thanks a lot."

WHEN they were alone they looked at one another. Jonathan said explosively, "I'd like to turn that little whippersnapper over my knee . . .!"

"Sally?" asked Rose, smiling.

"You know darned well what I mean . . ."

"What, which, or whom?"

"Look here, you aren't a school teacher now." He seized her, kissed her once, twice, a dozen times. Rose freed herself, laughing.

"Jon, for heaven's sake, if Evelina sees . . ."

"Do her good."

"Come, let's go back to the house. We have to be there before mother. I've locked her out . . . she may be on the doorstep freezing to death for all I know, this very minute," Rose told him.

Walking toward the cottage Jonathan said seriously, "Rose, why don't you resign? . . . I'll give you a certificate of ill-health."

"What! You'd be an accomplice or an accessory or something? No thanks, I'll stick it out—and I won't be railroaded," she added with energy.

"Just let 'em try," Jonathan told her. "Look here, when you came in and found Sally——"

His tone was diffident. She had to look at him to be convinced that he was a grown man walking sedately beside her, and not a small boy caught in overt mischief, stubbing his toe against the parlor rug, his eyes cast down before parental authority.

"In your arms?" said Rose . . . "Well, for a split second I'll admit I saw red—and green . . . and all the colors in the spectrum as well. Then I took hold of myself. I said, there's a reasonable explanation . . . that's Jonathan . . . that isn't just any man, it's Jon . . See?"

"Well, I'm not sure that I do," said Jonathan, obviously relieved, "but as long as you didn't think——"

"I wouldn't give myself time to think."

JONATHAN said soberly: "I'm sorry for Sally. She's got herself into something of a mess—oh, of course, I didn't think she was wildly in love with Phil when she married him, or Phil with her, for that matter. It was just one of those things. Matter of fact I didn't—and don't—believe Sally had it in her to be madly in love with anyone," he said, "but that's not the point. I always thought Dexter was a fairly easy-going fellow, a bit on the cock-eyed side, of course. Knew he had a temper, but most men have tempers, so that wasn't anything to write home about. But it seems he can be pretty—devilish—at times."

"Poor Sally!" exclaimed Rose. They had reached her steps. As she went up she put her arm through his. Jonathan took the key from her hand and opened the door. They went in together, the cold air following them. The door closed behind them and they went into the living-room with the firelight and lamplight and warmth and sense of comforting seclusion.

"It's nice to be here," Rose said, divesting herself of her outdoor things . . . "and alone."

Jonathan took her in his arms. He said, "I hope you'll always feel like that, whenever we are together."

"You know I will," she told him.

Sitting down beside her on the couch he asked, "What did Sally tell you about being ill?"

"The Sunday I went with you to see her.

Jonathan said, "Did she tell you it was Dexter's fault?"

"Why, no," said Rose, "she didn't. She said she'd had a fall. Jon, you don't, you can't mean he ill-treats her?"

"I mean just that," he said, frowning. "To-night . . . well, it seemed she couldn't stick it any longer, she'd told her father that she wanted a divorce and her father told her that if she got one it would be without his assistance. There'd never been a divorce in the family, he said. And Sally hasn't a cent of her own, you know."

Rose said, "If she feels that way . . . I mean . . . Oh, it's all so mixed up—part of me wants to urge her to get out, work, earn the money to free herself, and part of me says that she made up her bed and must lie in it, and that perhaps after a while things will grow better."

"I know," said Jonathan, "I couldn't advise her, of course. Oh, I could as a physician, I suppose. But I've come to look warily on psychological generalisation. She'll have to work things out for herself. Look here, never mind Sally, poor kid, What about you and this Dexter unmentionable?"

"I'll work that out, too," said Rose confidently. She leaned her head against his shoulder. "Did I ever tell you about my grandmother?" she demanded. "No? Well, when she was a girl she taught a district school. Ungraded. You know the type. Country. She boarded nearby. The last teacher had been a man who taught with a shot gun leaning up against his desk. Grandma didn't need the job. Her people were prosperous farmers, her father was a circuit rider whose health had failed and he'd gone into farming. Well, anyway, she taught and there was a very recalcitra pupil in the class. He did no work, was lazy and sullen. One day she k him in at the noon hour, locked him in fact, while she went across to road lunch. When she came back she found had climbed out of the window—as was pretty sure he would do. So when returned later with his class she said him, 'Freddy Frell, pick up your books go home and don't you dare to co back.' And then she sent a note to school board, or whatever functioned those days. She wrote: 'Freddy Frell lazy. Freddy Frell is shiftless and profa I have told him not to return class and I will not permit him to retu as long as I am its teacher.' Simp wasn't it?"

"What did the board do?" inquired Jon than, laughing.

"Oh, they offered her the job again a raise in the munificent wages of period, at the close of the school yea said Rose, "but Grandma meantime b fallen in love."

"Simple, wasn't it?" Jonathon echoed

Mrs. Ward came up the kitchen and rang the bell. Jonathan went answer it. Presently they came together.

"WHERE did you g asked Mrs. Ward, fixing Rose with a st eye, "and what happened to Jonathan coffee?"

"I turned off the gas," explained Ro pacifically, "before I went out. I'd have know, darling, I have that much sense went up to Jon's, I'm afraid to let out of my sight."

"Nonsense!" said her mother brisk "Well, I'll just go out and put some on. I could do with a cup myself."

The telephone rang, and Rose went answer it. An agitated voice which did not recognise asked if Doctor Kim were there.

"It's for you, Jon," she said, and m a face at him, "wouldn't you know would be? Poor mother, you'll never dr that coffee now."

"That's no attitude for a doctor's wi said Jonathan, and took the instrume from her. He spoke briefly into it. "Doc Kimber speaking. When? . . . Wha . . . All right. I'll be along."

He hung up and leaped for his co "What is it?" asked Rose anxiously. said, already on his way to the door. Larry Dexter, automobile accident, at F Corners. He's injured someone and, as as I can make out, himself. I'll have run and get out the car. They've phon for an ambulance but he's been taken the Phillips' house and Phillips called m

The door slammed behind him.

Jonathan reached the Phillips' house Four Corners just as the ambulance ca along. It was a private vehicle, as hospital maintained no bus service. spoke briefly to the men and went the house, which he knew well. It filled with neighbors and with, he m mised, morbid sightseers. There were a dozen cars outside as well as Larry's which reposed nearby in a ditch.

Jonathan looked at the people. He "Shoo!" gently and then amplified request not as gently and presently them out and there remained only Mr. Mrs. Phillips, elderly people, great agitated by what had happened, his patients and the mother of one of them.

For Larry had struck a half-grown

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who had been walking home, his skates over his shoulder, from a nearby pond.

Phillips said, tremulously, as Jonathan worked and issued terse, inclusive orders to Mrs. Phillips and the boy's mother, "I notified the police . . . and the Dexter family."

"Good!" said Jonathan.

The youngster was unconscious. He had a broken leg. Whether or not there were internal injuries could not now be determined. Jonathan made the initial examination and said, rising, "I'll get him to the hospital—we'll have an X-ray." He looked down at the white face, the faded freckles almost as bright as they would be in summer, against it. He did not know the boy; evidently they were new neighbors of the Phillips'. The mother said, suppressing her tears, "He'd just been skating . . . I never thought anything would happen to him . . ." She was a spare and fragile woman and, Mrs. Phillips whispered to him, a dressmaker by trade, a widow.

"He'll be all right, Mrs. Enders," Jonathan told her cheerfully.

As for Larry——

He, too, was unconscious, or had been. Now he was coming around, blinking at the lights and saying with weak truculence, "Oh, it's you," as he recognised Jonathan. As far as Jonathan could determine under the circumstances, there was nothing much wrong with him . . . a gash across the cheek from the windshield glass . . . bruises . . . a wrenched arm.

The police and Senator Sutton arrived simultaneously, and the knot of neighbors standing in the cold night air at the Phillips' gate whispered among themselves. Sutton strode in, followed by Anson, Chief of the Riverport police. "Well, what's all this?" he demanded. "Oh, so you're here, Kim, glad to see you . . . Larry badly hurt? . . . We must get him to the hospital immediately . . . His father isn't home, or Phil, and his mother is on the verge of collapse, so I——"

"He's not seriously hurt," interrupted Jonathan, and felt a most unprofessional sorrow that such was the case, "but the boy he hit may be . . . I'm taking him to the hospital at once. I've fixed up the cut on Larry's cheek . . . I'll take a look at him later, if you like——"

"WHAT boy——" For the first time Sutton seemed to see the Enders youngster. He was conscious now, wide eyes, almost turquoise-blue and very round, fixed on his mother's face, white lips trying to achieve a twisted sort of grin. "Oh—I see . . . Hit him, did he . . ." He frowned.

Anson stepped forward. While he was questioning Mr. and Mrs. Phillips and calling querulously for witnesses, Sutton pulled Jonathan's sleeve. "Just a moment," he said and jerked his head towards the adjoining room. Jonathan followed him in. He said impatiently, "I have to get the boy to the hospital . . . I'll talk to you later."

"Look," said Sutton, "we've got to get this—more or less smoothed over. The Dexters will be glad to settle the youngster's medical bill, of course. But this isn't Larry's first accident. Of course, we don't know how it happened; the roads are icy and the boy may have been blinded by the lights . . . however . . ."

"Larry was drunk," said Jonathan bluntly, "he reeks of whisky."

"I hope," said Sutton, "that you won't feel called upon to testify to that."

"Of course," said Jonathan angrily, "I'll testify to it if the occasion arises."

"It would be better for you if you didn't," warned Sutton.

"I'm sorry," said Jonathan, "but huffing and puffing won't make me change my mind." He found himself grinning, tingling a little, delighted to have the prospect of a fight on his hands. He turned away, "Not that I'll be called upon to do much testifying," he added, "as the Chief of Police will see that the entry on the blotter is just what you want it to be."

"Why, you confounded——" began Sutton furiously.

"Quite," agreed Jonathan, and went to the door to call the ambulance driver and his helper. In a very short time he had put the mother in the car with the boy. "Take it easy," he told the driver. "I'll be seeing you."

AS Jonathan went towards his own own car, Sutton called him from the steps. He said: "You needn't bother about seeing Larry again to-night, Kimber. I've already telephoned Doctor Jameson to be at the house when we reach there."

Jonathan drove off. As he slowed his car around to the main road he had an idea. He stopped and walked back to the scene of the accident. He took out a pocket-flash and looked at the tyre marks. There were also many footprints in the snow. He looked down at the car, which lay half on its side in the ditch. A plain glass flask had been broken apparently in a side-pocket and was spilled over the leather upholstery. He grinned and went back to his car and drove toward town and the hospital as fast as safety permitted, whistling, "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

The Enders boy was plucky. He submitted to a painful examination without wincing. He had the X-rays, and when they were developed Jonathan read them, frowning—a bad compound fracture.

Other than that, except for shock and bruises, the boy appeared to be all right. Jonathan took him up to the operating-room and reduced the fracture. Later, while the boy rested comfortably, recovering from the anaesthetic and under an opiate in a private room, his mother talked to Jonathan in the hall.

"They're very kind; they say I may stay here. We can't afford nurses," she explained.

"Of course, you may stay. But we'll put a nurse on for a day or so," Jonathan told her, "and Mr. Dexter will foot the bill."

She said pitiably, "Oh, why did it have to happen? . . . It means he'll be out of school this whole term. . . . He liked it so much; walked in every day—sometimes he got a lift. . . . It was his first year of high school."

"He'll be all right," said Jonathan, patting her shoulder.

"Doctor—Mr. Phillips said I should sue—"

Jonathan sighed. He said, "If you do—well, you'll have one witness, anyway, on your side. I'm not sure about any more. But I have to warn you, you may not get far with a suit. Meantime perhaps we can scare 'em into some sort of a decent settlement."

It was late when he left the hospital grounds, but he drove direct to Rose's. She'd be waiting, wondering what had happened. Yes, the living-room lights blazed. He stopped the car and tramped up the steps. The door opened before he had time to ring. "I've been out of my mind, wondering," said Rose breathlessly. "Was he badly hurt?"

"You remember the immortal phrase, 'nothing trivial, I hope'?" asked Jonathan. "No, not badly. Drunk as a loon, ran down a harmless kid on his way home from skating. I've been at the hospital with him."

"Who—Larry?"

"No, the kid . . . name of Enders . . . game little fellow."

"Jack Enders," said Rose. "I have him in class . . . freshman, English . . . he's a plucky youngster . . . is he seriously hurt?"

"Bad fracture," replied Jonathan absently. He looked across at her. "I had a little showdown with the Senator," he said. "Oh, yes, he showed up. Seems that Mrs. Dexter was prostrated, and Phil and his father weren't available. Sutton would like me to believe I made an error in saying that Larry had been drinking."

"Had he?"

"And how!"

"I thought he had been when he came here," she said slowly, "He must have gone on——"

"And on," agreed Jonathan grimly. "Well, that's that. I'd give a lot to see him deprived of his licence to drive, but of course that's a hope which will never be fulfilled. The Chief of Police has the blame pinned on the Enders kid already. And Jameson has charge of Larry's case. Read about it in your local paper." He yawned. He rose and pulled her up from her chair and kissed her. He said, "Good-night, darling. . . I'm off to catch a little sleep—I hope."

She went to the door with him, and watched him go; then she returned to the living-room and looked absently into the remains of the fire . . . ash and a live spark or two. The room had grown cold. She shivered.

The local paper certainly spread itself. According to its story, which had been given it by the police, young Mr. Dexter was a hero for the second time in a few months. He had run himself and his valuable car into a ditch in order to avoid hitting an obscure youngster who, the papers hinted, had no business to be coming home from a skating party at that time of night. The fact that he had hit him was regrettable, but not Mr. Dexter's fault. It sounded very much as if Enders had deliberately run into the car after every effort had been made to get it out of his way.

A reporter had seen Jonathan. He was a serious, long, lean young man who did the leg work about town and covered police reports as well as political doings. He said: "As the doctor on the scene . . ."

JONATHAN replied indifferently: "I suppose you've been to the hospital."

"They wouldn't give me any information."

"And rightly. Jack Enders has a bad compound fracture of the femur, if that means anything to you," Jonathan told him. "Why not go out and look at the tyre-marks and such around Four Corners? Larry Dexter was drunk. He drove his car into the ditch. He wasn't trying to avoid anyone or anything. He was probably too blind to know anyone was on the road. He wouldn't have seen a cow, much less an undersized 14-year-old kid. He hit him and went into a ditch, and that's all there is to it."

"Gee, Doc," said the reporter, pallid, "I wouldn't dare write that!"

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"No; I suppose not."

"They wouldn't print it," said the reporter.

"Check. 'Orders is orders'," said Jonathan grinning, "and I can't tell you any more I'm not the physician on Mr. Dexter's case. Better see Doctor Jameson. . . Sure . . . glad to be of service," he said ironically "Good morning."

Sam Patten was on the phone that day, too. "What's the low-down?" he demanded.

"Plenty. Look, I've a free hour. I'll drop by the office."

JONATHAN dropped by. He took a pew in the editor's sanctum and put his legs on the untidy editorial desk. Sam's was a small ramshackle building shaken once a week with the tumult of the running presses. The office was full of smoke, and the walls were grimy. When he had greeted Sam he said, "How afraid are you of Sutton?"

"Not at all," answered Sam, "especially since Cousin Mittie died."

"Who? Oh, that. I'd forgotten you came into a legacy; congratulations!" said Jonathan heartily.

Sam said in awe: "To think I had a relative worth two hundred and fifty thousand smackers and never knew it till she up and died in Idaho and left it all to me. I'm sitting pretty. Sutton has never been able to buy or freeze me out. Couldn't even when I didn't know how to meet the pay-roll. Can't now. Some of the boys want me to start a daily. I'm thinking of it—bigger and better quarters, more help and the devil take the hindmost. I'll bust this town wide open before I'm through and still keep within the law—the libel law, I mean."

"Good for you," said Jonathan, "you might start before then. . . Take last night's accident, for instance."

"You take it. Tell me."

Jonathan told and Sam whistled.

"Sutton said he'd had accidents before?" he inquired.

"Yes; he let that much slip."

"There was something—at the last prep. school—he had a car down there," said Sam, frowning. "Seems to me the Dexters had Hades' own time getting him out of it. I'll go through the clips and see what there is on it."

"That kid," remarked Jonathan, "is local Public Enemy Number One, Two, Three, and Four."

"You're telling me!"

Jonathan sat up and removed his legs from the desk. He leaned forward over it. He said, "Rose is doing her best to have him fired——"

"Let's have the filthy details," urged Sam, his eyes popping.

Jonathan told him and Sam shook his tousled head. "She'll run herself into a couple of mares' nests," he said regretfully, "but we'll bear it in mind. They can't intimidate us," he said, proudly, "now that we have Cousin Mittie's savings socked away—and a little backing to boot. I'm starting a campaign against the Track district old man Sutton owns. It will make him sore as boil. Did you meet Townsend when he was in town?"

"You mean the downstate paper-box man? Met him at Rotary last autumn, someone's guest. Why?"

"He wants to start a factory up here. Heaven knows we need it; the new business it will bring and the employment. Sutton, Dexter and Co. couldn't see it that way. They hate anyone coming in, young, aggressive, who might steal some of their plunder. So they were swell to Townsend and gave him an elegant dinner at the club and told him how happy they would be to see him sail in and make a go of it up here. Then they saw to it that there wasn't an available site for the proposed factory. But they overlooked my bright young wife," declared Sam happily.

"How do you mean, overlooked her?"

"Oh, she has a farm," said Sam, hooking his thumbs in his armpits. "It isn't much. Tenant on it sporadically. It's about five, ten minutes from town . . . goes down to the river. Make a nice little site for a factory. Papers are being signed next week."

"Well, you are doing things around here."

Sam said, "Honest, Kim, it isn't the sale money. We could get along without that nicely, and I saw to it that Townsend wasn't stuck. But I like the guy. I like his ideas. He's got three other successful plants scattered about. I went to his headquarters in New York a month ago, and I liked the people he has around him. He'll make things hum here. And—well, he isn't crazy about Sultan Sutton, and he'll back me for all he's worth, once he gets a foothold here. Said, by the way, that he'd like to live here part of the time. His wife and kids are crazy about the country. . . He's taking the big Masters camp for the summer, as a try-out."

"Nice going," said Jonathan appreciatively. "Say, I've got to get along."

"KEEP me posted on how Rose comes out," called Sam after him. "If she gets in a jam—well, there is such a thing as the power of the Press even that of a miserable weekly sheet. We might stir up something . . . a dose of arsenic for instance."

Jonathan was laughing as he went down the rickety stairs and made for the car and the hospital.

Mrs. Enders was waiting for him. After he had seen his patient she told him that a lawyer had come to see her. A Mr. Foster representing the Dexters. The Dexters had sent word that they wished to be generous. They were convinced that the accident had not been their son's fault. But they were willing to see the boy through his medical expenses . . . they offered five hundred dollars.

"Did you take it?" asked Jonathan sharply.

"No Doctor. I—I didn't know what to do. Five hundred dollars is a lot of money," she said twisting her needle-scarred hands, "and—but I thought I'd ask you."

He said, "Look, gamble on this, will you? If you don't win, I'll see that the hospital is paid and your doctor costs you nothing," he assured her. "Meantime I'll get you a lawyer. In fact come along with me, and we'll get him together."

He drove her, before she could protest, to Fred Patten Bates' office. Ushering her in he told Fred, who rose, astonished at this influx of clients on a dull day, "This is Mrs. Enders, Fred. Her boy was injured last night by Larry Dexter, who was doing a nice spot of drunken driving. The Dexters admit no culpability, and I'm afraid they have the police sewed up as well as any eye-witnesses. I think the Phillips' might stick. It happened outside their house. And I'll stick. The Dexters have offered Mrs. Enders five hundred dollars. Now . . . maybe we won't get to court, but would you take the case on a——"

"Contingency basis!" shouted Fred. "Never mind the fee." He waved his hand as if brushing aside a thousand-dollar retainer. "If he was drunk . . . Oh, boy!" he said inadequately. "I'd give five years of my life to get that gang into court and make 'em squirm! You're on!"

On the day Sam's paper came out with its version of the Dexter accident, including drawings of the scene of the accident and a none too veiled reference to the condition of the driver of the car, protected by a couple of dozen "allegeds," Rose was called before a special meeting of the Board.

Sutton, as the presiding officer, wasted no time in telling her why she had been called. He said in effect that the Board having considered her charges, had thought it expedient to interview the student in question, and felt that it was only fair to Miss Ward that she hear for herself the student's testimony.

Whereupon, at what seemed like a stage signal, a door opened and Larry came in together with his father, Mr. Martin, and Rogers.

"Now," said Sutton very kindly, "as you are quite aware, Larry, of the charges Miss Ward brought against you, perhaps you will make a statement concerning them."

Larry stammered something. He looked uneasy, his eyes would not meet Rose's. His cheek was decorated with plaster and he carried his arm in a black silk sling.

"Perhaps," said Sutton, "if I asked the questions it would be easier for you. First of all, Miss Ward states that you make no effort to keep up your work."

"I—I was behind in my work," admitted Larry, "and was tutored."

"Who tutored you?"

"Miss Ward.

"I see. And then——"

"Well, my father felt there was no further need for tutoring."

"I see. After Miss Ward was dismissed by your father your work began to suffer?"

"No," said Larry, "but my marks did."

Rose went scarlet, knowing glances were interchanged. The implication was perfectly clear.

Sutton's voice went on and on. Rose, sitting there at the table, scarcely listened. Routine question and answer. . . "No, I did not cheat!" . . . "No; I have not been gambling." . . . "I don't know what she's talking about."

Suddenly she became keenly aware of her surroundings. Sutton was asking:

"ON the 18th—was it not, you went to Miss Ward's house to ask her why she had been so unfair to you, and why she had approached the Board after being told by her principal and superintendent that her charges against you were insufficiently proven?"

"Yes, sir."

"You went in a—an amicable mood?"

"Gee, yes," said Larry, wide-eyed. "I only thought she wasn't being fair to me and I wanted to set her straight."

"What happened?"

"Well"—he began to flounder again. Gently Sutton prompted him:

"Was Miss Ward alone?"

"Yes, sir. That is, her mother went out as soon as I got there."

"Did she seem friendly?"

"Very."

"What did she say?"

"Why, she said she'd like to think it over, that perhaps she had been too hasty. She asked me to sit down and talk to her."

"And you did?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long were you there?"

"Not very long."

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"Long enough to smoke a cigarette?"

"Why, yes, sir . . . we smoked a cigarette together."

"Miss Ward smoked with you?"

"When she opened the door she had a lighted cigarette in her hand."

"What else happened?"

"Why, nothing. . . . She offered me a drink."

"What kind of a drink?"

"A highball. . . ."

Rose jumped to her feet. She cried, "That's a lie, Larry Dexter!"

"Sit down, Miss Ward!" ordered Sutton. "Go on, Larry."

"That's all," said Larry. . . "I left."

"Did you drink with Miss Ward?"

"I DIDN'T want to, but" —he made an appealing gesture, "I thought, gee, if I get her sore at me now!"

"That will do," said Sutton. "You may go now, Larry; I think Miss Ward has heard enough."

She did not wait for Larry and his father to leave the room. She got to her feet somehow, her face brilliant with anger and her eyes black with it. She said: "Larry Dexter came to my house to tell me that if I dared to press these charges against him I'd find myself in trouble. Then he left. I did not offer him anything to drink. There isn't any liquor in my house in the first place, and in the second—"

"Just a minute. Is it true that you had a cigarette in your hand when you went to the door?"

"Yes," said Rose, "but—"

"Is it true that your mother was out of the house during this student's visit?"

"Yes, Senator, but—"

"And you have no way to prove that you did not offer him a drink?"

"No," admitted Rose. "I haven't. It's his word against mine."

Sutton said: "I would be glad to spare you the rest of the charges Larry Dexter brings against you. . . . He has told this Board, in his father's presence, that the reason why the tutoring lessons were discontinued was that because, during these lessons, during the times you were closeted alone with this boy, several years your junior, you made certain advances to him—"

Rose said, "And you take his word for that!" She spoke very quietly. Surely there was nothing more they could do to her now!

"Oh, no," said Senator Sutton, "the servants have been questioned . . . and the family . . . it seems there were certain indications, not at the time significant, but——"

There was a pause. Rose stood there, not speaking. She was very white, and her eyes blazed. Senator Sutton said:

"Miss Ward, it is my painful duty to inform you that the Board agrees unanimously that you shall be suspended from further duties until you can disprove these charges. We are, we hope, fair. Next week, at this same time, you may bring your witnesses, if any, to prove to us that there is no cause for your dismissal. Or—if you would rather give us your resignation at once."

"No" responded Rose. "I won't give you my resignation. And if you think you can blackmail me out of my job——"

"Just a minute," said Sutton. "I think you've said all you need say. Good afternoon."

Rose left the room almost blind with rage. Walking out of the building she did not hear Sally's hail nor look up until that young lady tooted her horn vigorously. "Hey," she called. "Rose, what's the matter . . . deaf?"

Rose looked up and shook her head. She was so angry that she forgot she liked Sally. Sally was a Sutton, that was enough for her. Sally said, "Get in here. You look as if you were going to have a stroke or something. Father can find his way home alone. For heaven's sake, Rose, don't stand there looking as if you were going out to the Crusades!"

People were passing and eyeing them curiously. Rose wrenched the door open and got in. Sally shifted gears. "What's up?" she asked softly.

Rose told her. She could not have helped telling her. Words poured from her. She said finally . . . "Well, I've a week to get my witnesses together, and I haven't any! What mother will say—" she put her hands to her temples—"I'll have to tell her," she said dully.

"I suppose so." Sally was silent. Then she swore. She swore very fluently and Rose said, after a while, "Thanks a lot. I didn't know all the words. But I feel better."

"They won't put it over," said Sally, "not if it's my last official act. Let's go to your house and go into a huddle."

Rose put her hand over Sally's as it lay on the wheel. "Thanks," she said again.

On the steps of the house she found the afternoon paper. Sam's weekly. It was Sally who picked it up and looked at the headlines. "For the love of mud," she cried excitedly following Rose in. "Look at this!"

ROSE looked at it indifferently. She said, "Yes, I know. Jon told me. Sam is printing Jon's version of the accident. And Mrs. Enders is going to sue. Fred's her lawyer."

"Don't you see," Sally stormed, exasperated, "what this does? It tears things. Too bad the Board didn't wait till this came out. For at the Board meeting our precious Larry admitted he'd been drinking. Now he can't go back on it in court. They'll crawl. You watch. Don't let 'em. That was their story and so you stick to it. Trying to railroad, are they? Well, they've made a swell case for the Enders'. Sit tight. Don't let 'em squirm out of it. And keep your chin up." She kissed Rose. "I've work to do," she said, "and as for you, you get Jon around here quick. You need a doctor—your doctor."

"Where are you going?" asked Rose.

"I'm going to see Sam Patten," Sally answered.

Mrs. Ward came in almost simultaneously with Jonathan, but Jonathan had a word alone with Rose first. "I've been seeing Sam again . . . and I saw Sally. Keep a stiff upper lip . . . and we'll make it as easy for your mother as we can."

It wasn't necessary, Rose thought, to tell her mother everything.

Mrs. Ward was astonishingly calm. She said, "You were right. You haven't done anything you shouldn't, and Satan himself, let alone his right hand, Sutton, can't make you." If she went away after, to have a quiet little cry no one knew it. Now she said something tremulously about a cup of coffee—her antidote against any poison, her particular brand of Dutch courage.

"I'm afraid I'm in for it," remarked Rose to Jonathan. Her mouth shook and her eyes brimmed. He took her in his arms. He said, "We'll both be in for it, then, . . . together."

"Sally tell you everything?"

"Yes. She told Sam, too. I stopped at his office, and she came in. That dirty little—let's not waste words on him. But we have the Enders case in the bag."

The local papers carried an item concerning Rose's suspension from duty, and Sam broke all precedent by getting out an extra. He did not, of course, itemise the charges against Rose. He merely gave her record, and appealed to the student body for fair play for one of their most popular teachers. He did more than that. He had several earnest young men and women do a little hand-picked calling on certain students who, by reason of local standing, scholastic or athletic ability, were important in the school.

The result of this strategy was that, except for the handful which constituted Larry's following, the student body stuck.

They picketed the Sutton house and the Dexter house and the Rogers house and the Martin house. They had a marvellous time. They got into dust-ups with the police and came off victorious. You couldn't arrest several hundred students, the gaol wouldn't contain them. Most of them had won their parents to their way of thinking, and when Sam called a sort of unofficial meeting in the armory of Ward sympathisers, most of the town turned out and listened to his impassioned speech. Rose had become a Cause. She had become a lever by which a free citizenry could rid itself of dictatorship.

"Talk about Europe," yelled Sam, "why, my friends, Europe isn't in it!" He launched into a diatribe against the "Sutton-controlled interests—our schools, our police, our Press—saving my own presence." And the people, led by the students, cheered and clapped.

Rose wasn't at the meeting. She was home, with Jonathan. When Sam brought her word of the success of his assembly, she said, "I'm sort of scared."

"No," corrected Sam, "you aren't. Is she, Kim?"

"You're—pretty swell," said Rose.

"Me or Kim?"

"Both of you."

"Look here, it isn't all you," explained Sam earnestly, "much as I love you. You understand that. But I've been looking for a bone. I want to pick it. With our dear ex-Senator. You're it!"

"A very nice little bone," Jonathan told her.

"Bill Lynd's coming around presently, and Fred Bates. We're going to have a pow-wow," said Sam comfortably. "Oh, yes, and Sally."

"Sally?"

"SHE'S ours," said Sam, "and what a girl she is. If I weren't a bridegroom . . . and if she weren't a Dexter. Oh, well, perhaps it's as well. I couldn't do battle in public with a father-in-law."

All efforts to reach Miss Ward for the rest of the week were unavailing. Miss Ward was out of town, learned those who telephoned. No; they didn't know where she was.

When the day appointed for the Board meeting came around, Rose appeared duly. The Board was uneasy. It sat on needles and pins. It was inclined to make a routine matter of this business. Having gone so far, it could do nothing further, as Rose had refused all its advances but reinstate her, fully exonerated, or dismiss her . . . it was patent that she would not hand in her resignation. They did not like either idea, especially with the students picketing the school at this very minute and staging impromptu demonstrations. The students were having a marvellous time and a grand vacation.

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Rose put her witnesses in an anteroom, not the room in which Larry, sullen and ill at ease and accompanied by his father and brother, waited.

The preliminaries were brief. Rose stated, quietly, that there was no truth in any of the charges against her. She could not, she admitted, produce any witness to her visit from Larry Dexter, but she could produce a witness who would tell the Board that Larry had been drinking before he called upon her. She wished Larry and his father to be present.

They were, therefore, called and came in, not too happily. And Sally came in, too, from another room, looking very pert and pretty. The Senator's jaw dropped when he saw her and, as for Phil Dexter, he looked blacker than any thunderhead.

Sally said briskly:

"I won't take up much of your time. I was with Miss Ward on the evening of the 18th. We met at Doctor Jonathan Kimber's office. She told Doctor Kimber and me at that time that she had just had a visit from Larry Dexter. She told us what he said to her, that he came to warn her not to mix herself in his affairs, and that he didn't stay long. I left the doctor's office and drove on out of town a little way as I had a call to make—a personal errand. On the way out I passed the corner of Sixth and Elm. There's a sort of speakeasy there, a tobacco shop ostensibly, magazines, soda, and the like. I saw Larry's car outside. I stopped my car and went in to remonstrate with him over the way he was treating Miss Ward. I had difficulty persuading the proprietor I wasn't connected with the law. He has no licence to sell liquor. Finally, Larry came out of the back-room. He was very drunk. I tried to persuade him to go straight home. He was ugly, but promised he would. He didn't, of course. Later he drove to Four Corners, where he had an accident."

Her father said, "Sally, I insist that you——"

"Oh, no, you don't," she said, less formally. "I'm pretty sick of all this. You can't do things this way. Not in this day and age. Larry had been drinking when he went to Rose's, he boasted to me about it. He'd been to the Blind Pig earlier. I can produce the man if necessary. Or, you can take my word for it."

HER father, looking at her knew—for the first time in his life—defeat. He knew also a curious impersonal pride in the girl, his own child who stood there and defied him. Larry was white and red by turns. The board averted its united eyes and Dexter pulled at his collar. Phil spoke to his wife, almost pleadingly. "Sally——" he said.

Sally ignored him. She said, "And I'd like to produce Doctor Kimber."

Jonathan came forward from the back of the room. Sally said, "Doctor Kimber examined Larry after the accident before any other physician saw him."

Jonathan spoke directly to the Senator, declaring: "He had been drinking. There was also a broken bottle of liquor in the car. I mentioned that he had been drinking to you at the time. I believe you'll remember."

Sutton remembered.

Rose had one more witness. It was her mother. Mrs. Ward went straight to the point. She said:

"There's never been a drop of liquor in my house except for medicinal purposes. But the last of that went long ago. Rose couldn't have given this—this young man anything to drink. There wasn't anything there to drink unless," she added scornfully, "you believe that she keeps bottles hidden away in her bureau that I don't know about."

"If—" announced Sutton after a moment, "if the witnesses will withdraw . . . and Miss Ward—"

Rose went into the anteroom. Mrs. Ward said, "I've never been as humiliated. If the papers get hold of this!"

"They'll get it," said Sally. "At least Sam will. I'll see that he does. There's nothing private about these proceedings. There shouldn't be."

They sat there in the stuffy little room for perhaps, ten minutes. Someone spoke Rose's name outside the door. She went in, Sally and Jonathan close behind her.

Half an hour later they were in Jonathan's office, all of them. They had stopped there to see if he had any calls. And Sam was waiting for them with Bill Lynd. They sat and looked at one another, and once Sally laughed for no reason and once Rose cried.

It was all over, the teapot tempest. Miss Ward had been cleared of all charges, an apology was due and had been presented. Whereupon Miss Ward had offered her resignation. It was an easy way out for the board but they hadn't dared take it. They had begged her to reconsider. She had reconsidered. She would finish out the school year. And to-morrow the students would return to their classes—all except young Mr. Dexter.

"FOR it is obvious," said Jonathan gravely, "that Larry's health is none too good. The case against him won't come up for a while. I doubt if it ever does. I have an idea that the Dexters will settle, and settle through the nose."

He was, as it happened, a true prophet. Sam predicted bravely, "It's the beginning of the end for the Sutton dynasty—Gee, Sally, I'm sorry."

"I'm not," said Sally vigorously, "we'll be a lot better off, all of us. There was a time when I would have been sorry . . . but that's over." She picked up her coat. "So long, Gang!" she said.

"Where are you going?" Rose asked.

"Home, to make my peace—not that I'll try very hard."

Rose went to the door with her. "You've been—well, I haven't any words," she said, "you're a brave person, Sally Dexter."

"Maybe." Sally looked at her with bright, narrow eyes. "You and Jon may have a tough time for a little while," she said, "the royal influence isn't defeated in a day, you know. But you've got some swell people on your side."

"I can't thank you enough," avowed Rose.

"Don't. You've your work cut out for you. I've mine." She put her arm around the other girl. She said, as if to herself, "I married Phil. . . . it was a fool thing to do, but I'm sort of fond of him in a way; it's a habit, I suppose. This business has scared him. He's furious at me now but he'll get over it. In his sane moments he isn't fooled by Larry. Larry may grow up some day if he doesn't land in gaol first. Phil and I are moving out of the parental house. We're taking a place in town till our own house is built. He doesn't know it yet, but he'll agree . . . or else. I think we'll manage better alone." She kissed Rose. She said, "I'll be seeing you," and was gone.

Rose went back to the others. Sam took one look at her and tweaked Bill's arm. He said, rising, "Well drive you home, Mrs. Ward . . ."

"But Rose?" began Rose's mother.

"She has an appointment with her doctor," said Sam, and Bill grinned at him. Bill was a pretty good sport.

Now they were alone in Jonathan's office, the two of them. Jonathan said distractedly, "Rose, you're not crying . . .!"

"If I am it isn't for myself," she rebuted with a sniffle. "I'm pretty happy. Oh, not over this business, the way it ended. But over us—over having good friends . . . Jon, what's going to happen?"

"I DUNNO," admitted Jonathan. "I told you what I thought would happen to Larry. He won't graduate this year or any year probably. The Enders' will be taken care of. Sam will get out a daily after a while, with plenty of backing. He'll put up a stiff fight against conditions. In a few years perhaps we'll have him or Fred Baker or one of the younger crowd running for mayor and getting in. As Sally said, this is the beginning of the end for the Suttons."

Sally, thought Rose, had more courage than her father. She'd works things out for herself. Headstrong, arrogant, loyal and just at present embittered. She was stronger than Phil Dexter. If their marriage shattered it would be Sally who would shatter it. If it remained as complete as it could be it would be because of Sally, too.

Jonathan said, "I've lost some patients. But there'll be new ones. And it isn't a good thing for a doctor to be entirely immersed in his profession—and his wife. I'll play along with the boys I guess. Between us we may stir up this old town to a reform or two. I wish your uncle were here to help me."

"I do, too," murmured Rose. She went over to his chair and sat down on his knees. She said, "We've got to go back to the house soon, Bill's staying for supper, you know . . . Jon, I do love you so much——"

He did not reply in words. Evelina, coming in to announce a patient, quivered in the doorway. "For lan's sake!" she remarked reprovingly.

Rose sat up straight and looked at her. She said, "Don't frown at us, Evelina. We like it and you'll have to get used to it. What the matter?"

"A boy with a nail run through his foot," said Evelina.

"In winter," exclaimed Jonathan astonished. "You expect it in summer, but in winter!" He shook his head. "Send him in," he said.

"I'll go out the back way," Rose said. She put on her things and kissed him again. "I'll walk home," she said. "Don't be too late if you can help it."

"I won't," he told her, "and by the way you'll be saying that daily in the future."

Rose walking home through the blue winter dusk looked up at the sky. It was not yet dark and the horizon was that faint clear green only seen in winter and autumn. Lights shone on the snow from the houses she passed. She was thinking—in the future.

They would not be afraid of the future, she and Jonathan.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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FASHIONS & PICTURES

MARCH of the MODE by RENE

● BLACK TAFFETA for a beltless frock, caught up at the back to form a bustle effect and showing a tiny white lace petticoat train at the back.

● AMETHYST GEORGETTE makes the next informal night frock, featuring a yoke with full front bodice and sash of royal-blue and scarlet.

● GOLDENROD-YELLOW is a new and unusual color for an evening gown. This one, featuring cross-over shoulder - straps and trained skirt, is done in dull satin.

● A ROMANTIC picture frock in emerald taffeta. Note the flattering shoulder treatment, vari-colored window-box posy and enormous flared skirt.

● ANOTHER COMFORTABLE informal dinner gown for Sunday nights and parties at home is carried out in uncrushable sheer silk linen in a simple shirt style.

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A Trio for SUMMER

Morning... Afternoon... Night

● A FASCINATING frock for a young "lovely" is this cocktail and dinner model designed by a leading London house. It is made of white spotted sheer. The bodice, slightly gathered at the yoke, is really in a glorified shirtmaker style. Elbow-length puffy sleeves, a skirt fitted to the hipline and thence falling in generous frills to the hem, and touches of color in the matching belt, tie, hatband, and posy of field flowers complete its beauty.

✣ ✣ ✣

● WHITE knoppe linen makes a smart summer morning suit. At the top right are shown the tailored jacket and little hat. The skirt is plain with an inverted pleat in the centre seams front and back. The bodice has blue and red trimmings and these tones are repeated in the scarf.

✣ ✣ ✣

● STRIKING in its simplicity and yet entirely sophisticated is the evening gown at the right. Fashioned of flame sheer, it has the decollete and armholes outlined with silver daisies. A silver belt, graceful scarf, and rows of shaped shirring above the waist are other attractive notes.

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

Color Riots on Summer Beaches

SUMMER beaches will be a riot of color; vivid shades and white against sun-tanned bodies; wild, daring prints; feminine dresses and skirts and mannish shorts; huge straw cartwheels in bright and pastel tones; colored beach goggles; colored straw sandals; huge beach-bags, and gaily-colored towels and umbrellas.

Your make-up will be sun-tan, in harmony with your brown skin; swimming costumes will be as brief as Mr. Spooner will allow.

The trend is towards more feminine styles in beachwear. You will go to the beach and lie on the sand in flaring beach skirts and straight, wrap-over skirts that are long, short, or medium; long, Javanese beach dresses, bright basque jackets, calf-length culottes, beach smocks over knitted swim suits, rather boyish shorts accompanied by tailored jackets or capes, backless sun-dresses in every known cotton fabric; very long, wide-legged pyjamas that look like skirts. You will never see a pair of slacks.

For the first time you will see an abundance of prints on the beaches: dresses, skirts and jackets made of glazed chintz, cretonne, flowered cottons and linens, spotted piques, striped seersuckers, and any other printed cotton that is non-transparent.

Plain, colored fabrics include all the linens—especially the uncrushable variety, pique, shantung, cotton jersey, terry towelling, and plain cottons.

Tone Alliances

COLORS for the beach will be limitless, and color combinations bold. Sky-blue and raspberry will unite, also chartreuse-green with red, grey with bright coral, bright yellow with green, red with navy, purple with white. The smartest combination is a vivid color with white—navy and white; emerald and white, red and white, yellow and white, tan and white, and even black and white.

Of the plain colors, yellow, mauve and tan are new, while white, green and the pastels still remain the most becoming.

Soft blues, pink and greens look most attractive against sun-tanned skins for beach clothes and bathers, but they will fade if you wear them all the time. White, if you are very brown, is hard to beat.

You must be brown to wear yellow, tan, and mauve. If you have a white skin keep to dark or bright colors—black and navy look best, then bright greens and reds, dark brown, dark green and violet.

For actual bathing costumes cotton fabrics are trying to rival knitted wool, linen, alpaca, challis, cotton velveteen and pique. These are printed in bold floral designs and can be easily made, backless top and very short pants in one piece, then a short swathed skirt which ties at the waist. An example is sketched on this page. You can make the garment in three pieces, buttoning the pants on to the bodice. Pique with large printed spots is smart for these suits. The bodice can be lined with white jersey.

Some linen chintzes and challis are used; they are printed in a distinct design, generally in a color with white. Over these printed bathers wear a dress of the same fabric or a skirt and jacket in one of the colors in the print.

Brief Beachwear

YOUR beach dress, whether it be long or short, will be quite backless, with a very scanty bodice, with a halter neck or narrow shoulder-straps. The skirt may be almost circular, it may be cut straight and wrap over to one side, or it may be slightly flared and split or wrapped. With a short, full skirt wear a fitted, hip-length jacket or short, bolero jacket—either matching or contrasting with the dress. With a long or short, straight or slightly-flared skirt your jacket can be fitted or loose, short or three-quarter. With culottes which are calf-length and really trousers looking like a skirt, or shorts, you can wear any type of jacket or coat.

- ***WITH** a raspberry wool bathing costume wear longish shorts of turquoise-blue linen banded with raspberry, and an ankle-length blue terry cape.*
- ***YELLOW** pique sun-baking dress. Schiaparelli bonnet.*
- ***CULOTTE-DRESS** of pique or linen; navy, with white spots. The skirt is really trousers. The bodice is backless.*
- ***TO WEAR** over the spotted dress or with a white skirt is a short tailored jacket of white pique lined with the navy-and-white spotted fabric.*
- ***JAVANESE** beach dress of white linen; printed huge red flowers. A red jacket and red knitted costume go with this.*
- ***FABRIC** swim suit in printed linen. White flowers on an emerald-green ground. The bodice and pants are in one, and the skirt wraps on.*

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"Spectator" (REG) SPORTSWEAR

SOLOMON *In All His Glory...*

Will Not Equal Men of 1937

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

Gossip writers of 1937 are going to have a grand time.

No longer will they confine themselves to adjectival descriptions of feminine fripperies. They will then be able to write:—

"Mr. B—— looked charming in a delicious evening suit of midnight-blue, featuring the new roll collar. His softly-pleated shirt fell in entrancing folds under a loose bow of matching color——"

THAT will be fairly typical. Then there will be lots of scope for being critical.

"Mrs. S—— showed little discrimination in her choice of gown, which seemed insipid against the rich fuchsia of Mr. S——'s dinner jacket . . ."

Men will cease to be the pleasant black-and-white backgrounds we have always known in the evening, and the comforting Harris tweed shoulder is to vanish. Day and night men will look like the flowers of the field.

A cloud of glory will appear in a doorway and gradually resolve itself into Henry, wearing a suit of the new gold-and-silver weave in herringbone pattern, or perhaps a rose-red worsted with large but neat overchecks.

No! I am not making these up. I have just been to Simpson's, the new super-super men's store in Piccadilly, where they sell everything from aeroplanes to b.v.d.'s, not to mention the cutest suits of pyjama shorts in the sweetest shade of blue taffeta.

The 8000 lounge suits on the third floor were fairly discreet, although there seemed to be a lot of extra pockets and flaps which gave them a touch of jauntiness.

In Gorgeous Array

IN the department for more casual clothes I fingered suits of coarse white linen patterned in a dainty shade of blue, sample shirtings which nestled in inviting rosettes of sheer-white silk, delicately polka-dotted with pink.

Violently-checked shirts leapt to notice from quiet corners; embroidered Indian sandals and brightly-patterned Mexican shoes shone brilliantly in the footwear department. Ties of gay persuasion stood in bouquets of startling color, and, for the sporting gentleman, they were spotted with dogs or horses, with, of course, scarves to match.

Bright blue hopsack sailor pants for lounging, brighter green tweed pants for striding, brilliant checks for golfing—these are fashions for even strong and silent men.

At last the male of the species is to take his rightful place, emulating his feathered friend, the peacock.

For too long has woman flaunted her charms in gorgeous array while men have had to restrain their love of the spectacular to dazzling golf sweaters or exotic pyjamas.

In the fullness of time—only a matter of months—we are to see the new excitements of men's dress.

Perhaps the cycle is running backwards to the days when masculine hands peered from lace ruffles and their elegant calves were displayed in silken hose which ended in elaborately be-buckled shoes.

It is rather difficult to imagine our serious-minded commercial men saying "Good morning" to Miss Smith while clad in satin knee-breeches and velvet coats—but it may come.

For patriotic young men there is suggested for the Coronation month an enchanting evening ensemble—white dinner jacket, red silk cummerbund and bow-tie, wide trousers of midnight-blue, and a brilliant buttonhole.

This forecast leaves me in the state where I can only echo Mr. Pickwick and say, "Bless my soul! Bless my soul!"

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WORLD'S *Smartest Fashion* GROUP

Dictate What We Shall Wear

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

About twenty famous women, the world's smartest fashion clique, virtually form a group of fashion dictators who decide what the world's women shall wear.

They get no pay for the job. In fact, it is a pretty costly business for them—but, nevertheless, many envy what they have the opportunity of doing.

THE group is composed of about twenty smart Parisians—Parisians wherever they were born or wherever they reside, because they belong so definitely to the French capital's fashion life.

Their names are continually cropping up. They include the Duchess of Kent, Lady Abdy, Madame Martinez de Hoz, Princess Natalie Paley, Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, Lady Moira Combe, Baroness Yvonne Rothschild, Mlle. de Masirevich, and other well-known social leaders.

It is difficult to assess the amount spent by this group on clothes. An average of £5000 a year each would not be excessive, all things considered—which means £100,000 or more.

Assemble them all at one gathering and you'd have the most dazzling band of dress authorities in the world.

Most outstanding of this exclusive fashion group is the duchess of Kent. Her decision about any particular mode sets the seal on its success.

Couturiers vie for her patronage, which spells big business to the one fortunate enough to secure it. Wherever Princess Marina shops the smart set is sure to follow.

As an example, Madame Suzy's salon has become world famous since Marina purchased her trousseau hats there.

Lady Milbanke is a charming Australian whose flair for smart dressing has frequently influenced the ideas of fashion creators.

She is the daughter of the late Mr. Harry Chisholm, of Sydney, and married Sir John Milbanke in 1928.

Genius For Dress

LADY ABDY was formerly Miss de Gay, a noted stage beauty, renowned for chic styles.

Mrs. Fellowes is a daughter of the fourth Duc Decazes, and formerly the widow of Prince Jean de Broglie.

She is a grande dame to the finger-tips, which, incidentally, support no startling color schemes.

The big Paris houses compete with each other in designing models for her, so perfect is her dress sense.

Lady Moira Combe is the lovely wife of Lieut.-Colonel Henry Christian Seymour Combe, D.S.O.

She has a genius for dress, and is one of the comparatively few English-women who are always perfectly turned out. She looks equally smart in day and evening dress, and in town or country outfits.

Mlle. Masirevich is a beautiful Hungarian, who is well known to London society.

Day frocks, evening gowns, cocktail frocks, sports and cruise wear, lingerie, shoes, hats, and accessories—everything these people buy is stamped with an invisible sterling mark of quality and style that makes it a world favorite.

★

SUMMER is hardly here, but autumn fashion ideas are already in evidence. This beautiful Jeff model is a rust-brown velvet beret trimmed with a scarlet quill. It was specially chosen for Australian types.

—Air Mail photo.

Although you do not suspect it, what these women wear you will also choose.

The couturiers propose, but this score of glamorous women dispose. It is they who make one silhouette rather than another the Mode.

Probably they do not themselves realise that they are the arbiters of fashion, but hundreds of other women in all the capitals of Europe, smart women but not **quite** in the front rank, take mental note of what these leaders wear, at Court functions, at the races, in night clubs or at private parties, and what they wear on each occasion becomes mysteriously the fashion.

Follow the Lead

ASK an expert, immediately after the Paris collections, what will be chic for the coming season. If she knows her Paris she will tell you what the great houses are showing, and she can guess what will "take" and what will not.

But she does not definitely know what the new trend will be until these leaders begin to buy.

Half the couturiers in Paris showed the flaring skirt in the August collections this year, but no one knew even in October whether Paris would accept them.

But just let the Duchess of Kent appear at a function in a flaring skirt or Princess Paley visit Longchamps in the new "swing" mode, and wide skirts are "the thing."

When it comes to hats the position is the same. Every year in August the French modistes show high-crowned hats for the winter.

It is true you can be well dressed and smart enough, too, by choosing almost any becoming model from a good house, but if you wish to be in fashion's parade and not just a well-dressed spectator you must wait and see what the handful of internationally-known women have chosen—and follow their lead.

WHEN YOU COME TO NEW ZEALAND!

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Down by the Pool with the "Quins"

THE LATEST THING in bathing beauties—and what a grand parade! They're the Dionne "quins," of course, with their foster-daddy, Dr. Dafoe, on the edge of the new wading pool built in the "quins'" playground. Which one wins the beauty prize? Well, decide for yourself. Yvonne is on the left, then Marie, Annette, Emilie, and Cecile.

THEY'RE NOT AFRAID OF THE WATER, EITHER. Left, you see them working hard at having a good time with Nurse Leroux advising them on technique. At right, Marie has her hands full and Emilie is splashing merrily round the pool. That's the "Quins'" idea of a "bonser" time.

—Photos exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

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GODDESS *of* SUNSHINE *and* SURF

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS, sunshine, and surf! Australia has them all on a scale unrivalled anywhere else in the world. In this drawing Artist Boothroyd has depicted the lovely, distinctive Australian girl—a slender, sun-tanned goddess of the surf. 'Mid curling breakers on our sunny strands you'll find them in thousands, a new race of women that is evolving under the southern skies.

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